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THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

NOTES,

BY

JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

VOL. XVI.

CYMBELINE,
OTHELLO.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY J. MORGAN AND T. S. MANNING.

1809.

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CYMBELINE.

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CYMBELINE.

MR. POPE supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in some material parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*. *Steevens*.

The tale in *Westward for Smelts*, which I published some years ago, I shall subjoin to this play. The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a *page*. The general scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9,) and Shakspeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See Act II, sc. ii. It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] *have long since been published before*, as stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither savouring of his singular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario*, *Iachimo*, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

Malone.

An ancient translation, or rather a deformed and interpolated imitation, of the ninth novel of the second day of the *Decameron* of Boccacio, has recently occurred. The title and colophon of this rare piece, are as follows:

"This mater treateth of a merchaũtes wyfe that afterwarde went lyke a mã and becam a great lorde and was called Frederyke of Jennen afterwarde."

"Thus endeth this lytell story of lorde Frederyke. Imprỹted ỉ Anwarpe by me John Dusborowhge, dwellynge besyde ye Camer porte in the yere of our lorde god a. M.CCCCC. and xviij."

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This novel exhibits the material features of its original; though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes before us. John of Florence is the Ambrogiulo, Ambrosius of Jemens the Bernabo of the story. Of the translator's elegance of imagination, and felicity of expression, the two following instances may be sufficient. He has converted the picturesque mole under the left breast of the lady, into a black wart on her left arm; and when at last, in a male habit, she discovers her sex, instead of displaying her bosom only, he obliges her to appear before the King and his whole court completely "naked, save that she had a karcher of sylke before hyr members."—The whole work is illustrated with wooden cuts representing every scene throughout the narrative.

I know not that any advantage is gained by the discovery of this antiquated piece, unless it serves to strengthen our belief that some more faithful translation had furnished Shakspeare with incidents which, in their original Italian, to him at least were inaccessible. *Steevens.*

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, *king of* Britain.
Cloten, *son to the queen by a former husband.*
Leonatus Posthumus, *a gentleman, husband to* Imogen.
Belarius, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of* Morgan.
Guiderius, Arviragus, } *sons to* Cymbeline, *disguised under the names of* Polydore *and* Cadwal, *supposed sons to* Belarius.
Philario, *friend to* Posthumus, Iachimo, *friend to* Philario, } Italians.
A French *gentleman, friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *general of the* Roman *forces.*
A Roman *captain. Two* British *captains.*
Pisanio, *servant to* Posthumus.
Cornelius, *a physician.*
Two gentlemen.
Two gaolers.

Queen, *wife to* Cymbeline.
Imogen, *daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former queen.*
Helen, *woman to* Imogen.

Lords, ladies, Roman *senators, tribunes, apparitions, a soothsayer, a* Dutch *gentleman, a* Spanish *gentleman musicians, officers, captains, soldiers, messengers, and other attendants.*

SCENE,

Sometimes in Britain; *sometimes in* Italy.

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CYMBELINE.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

Britain. *The Garden behind* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.[1]

[1] *You do not meet a man, but* frowns: *our* bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
Still seem, *as does the king's.*] The thought is this: we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the king's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the sky] *than our courtiers* obey the heavens [God]. By which it appears that the reading—*our bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of *colour*, but by change of *countenance*. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore:

——————— *our* brows
No more obey the heavens, &c.

which is evident from the precedent words:

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following:

"——— But not a courtier,
"Although they wear their *faces* to the *bent*
"Of the king's *look*, but hath a heart that is
"Glad at the thing they *scowl* at."

The Oxford editor improves upon this emendation, and reads:

——————— *our* looks
No more obey the heart, ev'n *than our courtiers.*

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment. *Warburton.*

This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations proposed, Sir Thomas Hanmer's is the most licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: his reasoning upon his own reading is so obscure and perplexed, that I suspect some injury of the press.—I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and

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2 *Gent.* But what 's the matter?
1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods* —our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey* the laws of *heaven*,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers*:—that is than the *bloods of our courtiers*; but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem as doth the king's*. *Johnson.*

In *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*:

"For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Again, in *King Lear*, Act IV, sc. ii:

"——— Were it my fitness
"To let these hands obey my *blood*."

In *King Henry VIII*, Act III, sc. iv, is the same thought:

"—— subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,
"As I saw it inclin'd." *Steevens.*

I would propose to make this passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter:

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem, as does the king.

That is, *Still look as the king does*; or, as he expresses it a little differently afterwards:

"——— wear their faces to the bent
"Of the king's look." *Tyrwhitt.*

The only error that I can find in this passage is, the mark of the genitive case annexed to the word *courtiers*, which appears to be a modern innovation, and ought to be corrected. The meaning of it is this:—"Our dispositions no more obey the heavens than our courtiers do; they still seem as the king's does." The obscurity arises from the omission of the pronoun *they*, by a common poetical licence. *M. Mason.*

Blood is so frequently used by Shakspeare for *natural disposition*, that there can be no doubt concerning the meaning here. So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*:

"Now his important *blood* will nought deny
"That she 'll demand."

See also *Timon of Athens*, Act IV, sc. ii, Vol. XV.

I have followed the regulation of the old copy, in separating the word *courtiers* from what follows, by placing a semicolon after it. "Still seem," for "*they* still seem," or "our bloods still seem," is common in Shakspeare. The mark of the genitive case, which has been affixed in the late editions to the word *courtiers*, does not appear to me necessary, as the poet might intend to say—"than our courtiers obey the heavens:" though, it must be owned, the modern regulation derives some support from what follows:

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He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow;[2] though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.[3]

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;[4]

" ——— but not a *courtier*,
" Although they wear *their faces to the bent*
" *Of the king's looks*,——."

We have again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, a sentiment similar to that before us:

" —— for he would shine on those
" *That made their looks by his.*" *Malone.*

[2] ——— *She's* wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; &c] I would reform the metre as follows:
She's wed; *her husband banish'd, she imprison'd:*
All outward sorrow; &c.
Wed is used for wedded, in *The Comedy of Errors:*
" In Syracusa was I born, and *wed*, ——." *Steevens.*

[3] *You speak him* far.] i. e you *praise him extensively*. *Steevens.*
You are lavish in your encomiums on him: your eulogium has a wide compass. *Malone.*

[4] *I do* extend *him, sir,* within *himself;*] I extend him within himself; my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit.
Johnson.

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Crush him[5] together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What 's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;[6]
But had his titles by Tenantius,[7] whom

My eulogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence: it is rather abbreviated than expanded.—We have again the same expression in a subsequent scene: "The approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to *extend* him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale:* "The *report* of her is *extended* more than can be thought." *Malone.*

5 Crush *him* —] So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:
"Crowd us and *crush* us in this monstrous form." *Steevens.*

6 —— *who did join his* honour
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;] I do not understand what can be meant by "joining his *honour* against &c. with &c." Perhaps our author wrote:
—— *did join his* banner
Against the Romans &c.
In *King John*, says the bastard, let us—
"Part our *mingled colours* once again."
and in the last speech of the play before us, Cymbeline proposes that "a Roman and a British ensign should wave together."
Steevens.

7 —— *Tenantius,*] was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son, (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly payed the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of *Sicilius*, who was admitted king of Britain, A. M. 3659. The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind King of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in *King Lear*. See *Arcadia*, p. 69, edit. 1593. *Malone.*

Shakspeare, having already introduced Leonato among the characters in *Much Ado about Nothing*, had not far to go for Leonatus.
Steevens.

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He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus:[8]
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:[9]
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them;[1] and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,[2]
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;

[8] —— *Posthumus;*] Old copy—Posthumus *Leonatus*. *Reed.*

[9] —————— *Liv'd in court,*
(*Which rare it is to do,*) *most prais'd, most lov'd:*] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised*, is truly *rare*. *Johnson.*

[1] *A glass that* feated *them;*] *A glass that* formed *them;* a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. *Johnson.*

This passage may be well explained by another in *The First Part of King Henry IV:*

"—— He was indeed the glass
"Wherein the noble youths did *dress* themselves."

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet, as—

"The *glass of fashion*, and the mould of form."

To dress themselves, therefore, may be to form themselves.

Dresser, in French, is to form. To *dress* a spaniel is to break him in.

Feat is *nice, exact*. So, in *The Tempest:*

"—— look, how well my garments sit upon me,
"Much *feater* than before."

To feat, therefore, may be a verb meaning—to *render nice, exact*. By the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended to regulate their external appearance. *Steevens.*

[2] —— to *his mistress,*] means—*as* to his mistress. *M. Mason.*

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By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.
2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?
1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.
2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet it is true, sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.[3]

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

[3] —— *Imogen.*] Holinshed's *Chronicle* furnished Shakspeare with this name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Innogen*, the wife of *Brute*, King of Britain. There too he found the name of *Cloten*, who, when the line of Brute was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. Clotep, or Cloton, was King of Cornwall. *Malone.*

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Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril:—
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit* Queen.
Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty)[4] what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.[5]

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I 'll move him [*aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

[4] (*Always reserv'd my holy duty*)] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. *Johnson.*

[5] *Though ink be made of* gall.] Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink, with the animal *gall*, supposed to be bitter. *Johnson.*

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal galls* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. *Steevens.*

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Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death![6]—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the Ring.*
While sense can keep it on![7] And sweetest, fairest,

[6] *And* sear *up my embracements from a next*
With bonds of death!] Shakspeare may poetically call the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapped, *the bonds of death*. If so, we should read *cere* instead, of *sear:*

"Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death,
"Have burst their *cerements?*"

To *sear up*, is properly to *close up by burning;* but in this passage the poet may have dropped that idea, and used the word simply for to *close up* *Steevens.*

May not *sear up*, here mean *solder up*, and the reference be to a lead coffin? Perhaps *cerements* in Hamlet's address to the Ghost, was used for *searments* in the same sense. *Henley.*

I believe nothing more than *close up* was intended. In the spelling of the last age, however, no distinction was made between *cere-cloth* and *sear-cloth*. Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, explains the word *cerot* by *sear*-cloth. Shakspeare therefore certainly might have had that practice in his thoughts. *Malone.*

[7] *While sense can keep* it *on!*] This expression, I suppose, means, *while sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have its usual power*. That to *keep on* signifies to continue in a state of action, is evident from the following passage in *Othello:*

"——— *keeps* due *on*
"To the Propontick" &c.

The general sense of Posthumus's declaration, is equivalent to the Roman phrase,—*dum spiritus hos regit artus* *Steevens.*

The poet [if *it* refers to the *ring*] ought to have written—can keep *thee* on, as Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read. But Shakspeare has many similar inaccuracies. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"Casca, you are the first that rears *your* hand."

instead of—*his* hand. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"*Time's office is* to calm contending kings,

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As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle[8] of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, *and* Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.
Post. The Gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.[9]

"To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—
"To ruinate proud buildings with *thy* hours, ——."
instead of—*his* hours. Again, in the third Act of the play before us:
"—————— Euriphile,
"Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
"And every day do honour to *her* grave." *Malone.*

As none of our author's productions were revised by himself as they passed from the theatre through the press; and as *Julius Cæsar* and *Cymbeline* are among the plays which originally appeared in the blundering first folio; it is hardly fair to charge those irregularities on the poet, of which his publishers alone might have been guilty. I must therefore take leave to set down the present, and many similar offences against the established rules of language, under the article of Hemingisms and Condelisms; and, as such, in my opinion, they ought, without ceremony, to be corrected.

The instance brought from *The Rape of Lucrece* might only have been a compositorial inaccuracy, like those which occasionally have happened in the course of our present republication. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *a* manacle —] A *manacle* properly means what we now call a *hand-cuff*. *Steevens.*

[9] *There cannot be a pinch in death*
More sharp than this is.] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"—————— it is a sufferance, panging
"As soul and body 's parting." *Malone.*

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Cym. O disloyal thing,
That thou should'st repair my youth;[1] thou heapest
A year's age on me![2]
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.[3]
Cym. Past grace? obedience?

[1] *That should'st* repair *my youth;*] i. e. renovate my youth; make me young again. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609: "—— as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but *repair* it." Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

"———— it much *repairs* me,
"To talk of your good father." *Malone.*

[2] ———— *thou heapest*
A year's age *on me!*] The obvious sense of this passage, on which several experiments have been made, is in some degree countenanced by what follows in another scene:

"And every day that comes, comes *to decay*
"*A day's work in him.*"

Dr. Warburton would read "A *yare* (i. e. a speedy) age;" Sir T. Hanmer would restore the metre by a supplemental epithet:

———— *thou heapest* many
A year's age &c

and Dr. Johnson would give us:

Years, ages, *on me!*

I prefer the additional word introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to all the other attempts at emendation. "*Many* a year's age," is an idea of some weight; but if *Cymbeline* meant to say that his daughter's conduct made him precisely *one* year older, his conceit is unworthy both of himself and Shakspeare.—I would read with Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Steevens.*

[3] —— —— *a* touch *more rare*
Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *A touch more rare,* may mean *a nobler passion. Johnson.*

A *touch more rare* is undoubtedly *a more exquisite feeling; a superior sensation.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act I, sc ii:

"The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches,*
"Do strongly speak to us."

Again, in *The Tempest:*

"Hast thou, which art but air, a *touch,* a feeling
"Of their afflictions?" &c.

A *touch* is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in this sense. So, in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph,* a masque, 1623:

"You must not, Philis, be so sensible
"Of these small *touches* which your passion makes."
"—— Small *touches,* Lydia! do you count them small?"

Steevens.

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Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[4]
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.[5]
Cym. What!—art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done [*To the* Queen.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.[6]
Cym. Nay, let her languish

[4] ——*a* puttock.] A *kite. Johnson.*
A *puttock* is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training. *Steevens.*

[5] ——— *overbuys me*
Almost the sum he pays.] So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made (for which he paid himself), for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired. *Malone.*

[6] ——*your best* advice.] i. e. consideration, reflection. So, in *Measure for Measure:*
"But did repent me after more *advice.*" *Steevens.*

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A drop of blood a day;[7] and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fy!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on 't.
Imo. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A publick Place.

Enter CLOTEN, *and Two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice:

[7] ——— *let her languish*
A drop of blood a day;] We meet with a congenial form of malediction in *Othello:*
" ——— may his pernicious soul
" Rot half a grain a day!" *Steevens.*

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Where air comes out, air comes in: there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town. [*Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.[8] [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together:[9] She 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.[1]

[8] —— *he fled forward still, toward your face.*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" —— thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
" With his face backward " *Steevens.*

[9] —— *her beauty and her brain go not together:*] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, " Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together." *Johnson.*

That is, are not equal, " ne vont pás de pair." A similar expression occurs in *The Laws of Candy*, where Gonzalo, speaking of Erota, says:

" ——— and walks
" Her tongue the same gait with her wit?" *M. Mason.*

[1] *She 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.*] She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit. *O quanta species, cerebrum non habet!* Phædrus. *Edwards.*

I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward* show. *Johnson.*

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2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I 'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clo. You 'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is.[2] What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long

The same allusion is common to other writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn:*

"——— a common trull,
"A tempting *sign*, and curiously set forth,
"To draw in riotous guests."

Again, in *The Elder Brother*, by the same authors:

"Stand still, thou *sign* of man"

To understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it. *Steevens.*

2 ——— *'twere a paper lost,*
As offer'd mercy is I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal.

A thought resembling this, occurs in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

"Like a remorseful *pardon* slowly carried." *Steevens.*

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As he could make me with this eye or ear[3]
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less,[4] ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:[5]
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd madam,
With his next vantage.[6]

[3] —— *with* this *eye or ear* —] [Old copy—*his* eye, &c.] But how could Posthumus make himself distinguished by his *ear* to Pisanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this was certainly Shakspeare's intention. We must therefore read:

As he could make me with this *eye, or ear,*
Distinguish him from others,——

The expression is *δικτικῶς*, as the Greeks term it: the party speaking points to that part spoken of. *Warburton.*

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:

——————*for so long*
As he could mark *me with his eye, or* I
Distinguish ——.

The reason of Sir T. Hanmer's reading was, that Pisanio describes no address made to the *ear* *Johnson.*

[4] *As little as a crow, or less,*] This comparison may be illustrated by the following in *King Lear:*

" —— the *crows* that wing the midway air,
" Show *scarce so gross as beetles.*" *Steevens.*

[5] ——— *till the diminution*
Of space *had pointed him as sharp as my needle:*] *The diminution of space,* is *the diminution* of which *space* is the cause. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting,* not *blasted* lightning. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *next* vantage.] Next *opportunity.* *Johnson.*
So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*
" And when the doctor spies his *vantage* ripe," &c. *Steevens.*

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Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons,[7] for then
I am in heaven for him;[8] or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,[9] comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.[1]

[7] —— *encounter me with orisons,*] i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer. So, in *Macbeth:*

"See, they *encounter* thee with their hearts' thanks."

Steevens.

[8] *I am in heaven for him;*] My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *or ere I could*
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,] Dr Warburton pronounces as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were—*adieu Posthumus;* but as Mr. Edwards has observed, "she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *like the tyrannous breathing of the north,*
Shakes *all our* buds *from growing.*] i. e. our buds of *love,* as our author has elsewhere expressed it. Dr. Warburton, because the buds of flowers are here alluded to, very idly reads—Shakes all our buds from *blowing.*

The buds of *flowers* undoubtedly are meant, and Shakspeare himself has told us in *Romeo and Juliet* that they *grow:*

"This *bud of love,* by summer's ripening breath
"May prove a beauteous *flower,* when next we meet."

Malone.

A *bud,* without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. *Johnson.*

Dr. Warburton's emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in *The Two Noble Kinsmen,* which I have no doubt were written by Shakspeare. Emilia is speaking of a *rose:*

"It is the very emblem of a maid.
"For when the *west* wind courts her gently,

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Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO,[2] *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.[3]

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him[4] both without and within.

"How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
"With her chaste blushes?—when the *north* comes near her
"Rude and impatient, then like chastity,
"She locks her beauties in her *bud* again,
"And leaves him to base briars." *Farmer.*

I think the old reading may be sufficiently supported by the following passage in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

"Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *shake* fair *buds*."

Lyly, in his *Euphues*, 1581, as Mr. Holt White observes, has a similar expression: "The *winde shaketh off the blossome*, as well as the fruit." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *Iachimo,*] The name of *Giacomo* occurs in *The Two Gentlewomen of Venice*, a novel, which immediately follows that of *Rhomeo and Julietta* in the second tome of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. *Malone.*

[3] —— *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.] Thus the old copy; but Mynheer, and the Don, are mute characters.

Shakspeare, however, derived this circumstance from whatever translation of the original novel he made use of. Thus, in the ancient one described in our Prolegomena to this drama: "Howe iiii merchauntes met all togyther in on way, whyche were of iiii dyverse landes," &c. *Steevens.*

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French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.[5]

French. And then his banishment:——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,[6] are wonderfully to extend him;[7] be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality.[8] But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

word

and her colours

[4] —— makes *him*—] In the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar* you. *Johnson.*

So, in *Othello:*

"———— This is the night

"That either *makes* me, or fordoes me quite." *Steevens.*

Makes him, in the text, means *forms* him. *M. Mason.*

[5] —— *words him,——a great deal from the matter,*] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *under her colours,*] Under her banner; by her influence. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *and the* approbation *of those,*——are *wonderfully to extend him;*] This grammatical inaccuracy is common in Shakspeare's plays. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"The *posture* of your blows *are* yet unknown."

The modern editors, however, read—*approbations.*

Extend has here the same meaning as in a former scene. See p. 7, n. 4.

I perceive no inaccuracy on the present occasion. "This matter of his marrying his king's daughter,"—"and then his banishment;"—"and the approbation of those," &c. "*are* (i. e. all these circumstances united) wonderfully to extend him." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *without* more *quality.*] The folio reads *less* quality. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration. *Steevens.*

Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakspeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means. In a note on *Antony and Cleopatra,* I have proved this incontestably, by comparing a passage similar to that in the text with the words of Plutarch on which it is formed. The passage is:

"—— I—condemn myself to *lack*

"The courage of a woman, *less* noble mind

"Than she—."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

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Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:——

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.[9]

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you;[1] it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.[2]

"——— I ne'er heard yet
"That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
"*Less* impudence, to gainsay what they did,
"Than to perform it first."

Again, in *King Lear:*

"——— I have hope
"You *less* know how to value her deserts
"Than she to *scant* her duty."

See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV, sc. xii. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—without *more* quality, and so undoubtedly Shakspeare *ought* to have written. On the stage, an actor may rectify such petty errors; but it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote. *Malone.*

As on this occasion, and several others, we can only tell what Hemings and Condel printed, instead of knowing, with any degree of certainty, what Shakspeare wrote, I have not disturbed Mr. Rowe's emendation, which leaves a clear passage to the reader, if he happens to prefer an obvious sense to no sense at all. *Steevens.*

[9] ——*which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.*] So, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

"Which I will ever pay, and pay again,
"When I have found it."

Again, in our author's 30th Sonnet:

"Which I new pay, as if not pay'd before." *Malone.*

[1] ——*I did* atone &c.] To *atone* signifies in this place to *reconcile.* So, Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman:*

"There had been some hope to *atone* you."

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

"The constable is call'd to *atone* the broil." *Steevens.*

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Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:[3] but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other,[4] or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction,[5] suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I

2 ——*upon* importance *of so slight and trivial a nature.*] *Importance* is here, as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation. *Malone.*

So, in *Twelfth Night:* "Maria wrote the letter at Sir Toby's great *importance.*" Again, in *King John:*

"At our *importance* hither is he come." *Steevens.*

3 ——*rather shunned to go even with what I heard,* &c.] This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself. *Johnson.*

This passage cannot bear the meaning that Johnson contends for. Posthumus is describing a presumptuous young man, as he acknowledges himself to have been at that time; and means to say, that *he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience.*—To take for direction the experience of others, would be a proof of wisdom, not of presumption. *M. Mason.*

4 ——confounded *one the other,*] To *confound,* in our author's time, signified—to *destroy.* See Vol. IX, p. 270, n. 8. *Malone.*

5 ——*which may, without contradiction,*] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. *Johnson.*

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would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.[6]

[6] —— *though I profess* &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. *Johnson.*

The sense seems to require a transposition of these words, and that we should read:

Though I profess myself her friend, not her adorer.

meaning thereby the praises he bestowed on her arose from his knowledge of her virtues, not from a superstitious reverence only. If Posthumus wished to be believed, as he surely did, the declaring that his praises proceeded from adoration, would lessen the credit of them, and counteract his purpose. In confirmation of this conjecture, we find that in the next page he acknowledges her to be his wife.—Iachimo afterwards says in the same sense:

"You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser."

Which would also serve to confirm my amendment, if it were the right reading; but I do not think it is. *M. Mason.*

I am not certain that the foregoing passages have been completely understood by either commentator, for want of acquaintance with the peculiar sense in which the word *friend* may have been employed.

A *friend*, in ancient colloquial language, is occasionally synonymous to a *paramour* or *inamorato* of either sex, in both the favourable and unfavourable sense of that word. "Save you *friend* Cassio!" says Bianca in *Othello;* and Lucio, in *Measure for Measure*, informs Isabella that her brother Claudio "hath got his *friend* [Julietta] with child." *Friend*, in short, is one of those "*fond adoptious christendoms that blinking Cupid gossips*," many of which are catalogued by Helen in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, and *friend* is one of the number:

"A mother, and a mistress, and a *friend*,
"A phœnix, captain, and an enemy."

This word, though with some degradation, is still current among the harlotry of London, who, (like Macheath's doxies) as often as they have occasion to talk about their absent *keepers*, invariably call them their *friends*. In this sense the word is also used by Iago, in *Othello*, Act IV, sc. i:

"Or to be naked with her *friend* abed."

Posthumus means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor.—I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.—I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the raptures of a lover. This sense of the word also appears to be confirmed by a subsequent remark of Iachimo:

"You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser."

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Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.[7]

Post. I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were[8] wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

i. e. you are a *lover*, and therefore show your wisdom in opposing all experiments that may bring your lady's chastity into question. *Steevens.*

[7] *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not* but *believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.*] The old copy reads—*I could* not believe *she excell'd many;* but it is on all hands allowed that the reasoning of Iachimo, as it stands there, is inconclusive.

On this account, Dr. Warburton reads, omitting the word—*not*, "*I could believe* she excelled many."

Mr. Heath proposes to read, "I could *but* believe" &c.

Mr. Malone, whom I have followed, exhibits the passage as it appears in the present text.

The reader who wishes to know more on this subject, may consult a note in Mr. Malone's edit. Vol. VIII, p. 327, 328, and 329. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *if there were* —] Old copy—or *if—for* the purchases, &c. the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word—*or*, which has just occurred. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

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Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress;[9] if, in the holdinig or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused[1] in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation[2] of what I have spoke.

[9] —— *to* convince *the honour of my mistress;*] *Convince* for *overcome. Warburton.*
So, in *Macbeth:*
"—— their malady *convinces*
"The great essay of art." *Johnson.*

[1] —— *abused* —] *Deceived. Johnson.*
So, in *Othello:*
"The Moor 's *abus'd* by some most villainous knave."
Steevens.

[2] —— *approbation* —] Proof. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry V:*
"—— how many, now in health,
"Shall drop their blood in *approbation*
"Of what your reverence shall incite us to." *Steevens.*

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Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser.[3] If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

[3] *You are a* friend, *and therein the wiser.*] I correct it:

You are afraid, *and therein the wiser.*

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:

"——— But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you *fear*." *Warburton.*

You are a friend to the lady, *and therein the wiser*, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you *fear* is a proof of your *religious* fidelity. *Johnson.*

A *friend* in our author's time often signified a *lover*. Iachimo therefore might mean that Posthumus was wise in being only the *lover* of Imogen, and not having bound himself to her by the indissoluble ties of marriage. But unluckily Posthumus has already said he is *not* her *friend*, but her adorer: this therefore could hardly have been Iachimo's meaning.

I cannot say that I am entirely satisfied with Dr. Johnson's interpretation; yet I have nothing better to propose. "You are a friend to the lady, and therefore will not expose her to hazard." This surely is not warranted by what Posthumus has just said. He is ready enough to expose her to hazard. He has actually exposed her to hazard by accepting the wager. He will not indeed risk his *diamond*, but has offered to lay a sum of money, that Iachimo, "with all appliances and means to boot," will not be able to corrupt her. I do not therefore see the force of Iachimo's observation. It would have been more "german to the matter" to have said, in allusion to the former words of Posthumus—You are *not* a friend, i. e. a lover, and therein the wiser: for all women are corruptible. *Malone.*

See p. 25 and 26, n. 6. Though the reply of Iachimo may not have been warranted by the preceding words of Posthumus, it was certainly meant by the speaker as a provoking circumstance, a circumstance of incitation to the wager. *Steevens.*

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Iach. I am the master of my speeches;[4] and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions;[5] let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unse-

good your vaunlage

[4] *I am the master of my speeches;*] i. e. I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant. *Steevens.*

[5] Iach. ——— *If I bring you* no *sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are* yours; *so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are* yours, *&c.*

Post. *I embrace these conditions;* &c.] This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Posthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Posthumus: namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet: we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus: *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed,* &c. *my ten thousand ducats are* mine; *so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour,* &c. *she your jewel,* &c. *and my gold are* yours. *Warburton.*

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakspeare intended that Iachimo having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both. *Johnson.*

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duced, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POST. *and* IACH.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small Box.*
But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,[6]
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions?[7] I will try the forces

[6] *I* do *wonder, doctor,*] I have supplied the verb *do* for the sake of measure, and in compliance with our author's practice when he designs any of his characters to speak emphatically: Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "I *do* much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool" &c. *Steevens.*

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Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.
Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:[8]
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.
Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*
Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To* PIS.
Cor. [*aside*] I do not like her.[9] She doth think, she has

[7] *Other conclusions?*] Other *experiments. I commend,* says Walton, *an angler that trieth* conclusions, and improves his art. *Johnson.*

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"She hath pursued *conclusions* infinite
"Of easy ways to die." *Malone.*

[8] *Your highness*
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:] There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

"Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor." *Johnson.*

[9] *I do not like her.*] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows. *Johnson.*

The soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on recollection that the Queen had mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceived as to the quality of them; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. *Steevens.*

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Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats, and dogs;
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.[1]

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench;[2] and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,[3]
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?[4]
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know

[*The* Queen *drops a Box:* Pis. *takes it up.*

[1] *So to be false* with her.] The two last words may be fairly considered as an interpolation, for they hurt the metre, without enforcement of the sense.

For thee, in the next line but one, might on the same account be omitted. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *quench;*] i. e. grow cool. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *to shift his being,*] To change his abode. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *that leans?*] That *inclines* towards its fall. *Johnson.*

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What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on;[5] but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* Pis.]—A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet;[6] and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter Pisanio, *and* Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

Pis. And shall do:

[5] *Think what a* chance *thou* changest *on;*] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into—

Think what a chance *thou* chancest *on;*—

And—

Think what a change *thou* chancest *on;*—

but unnecessarily. The meaning is: "Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service." *Steevens.*

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* adds some support to the reading—thou *chancest* on, which is much in Shakspeare's manner:

"Let there *bechance him* pitiful mis-*chances.*" *Malone.*

[6] *Of* liegers *for her sweet;*] A *lieger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest. *Johnson.*

So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
"Intends you for his swift embassador,
"Where you shall be an everlasting *lieger.*" *Steevens.*

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But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there 's all I 'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief![7] and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious:[8] Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.[9]—Who may this be? Fy!

[7] —— *O, that husband!*
My supreme crown *of grief!*] Imogen means to say, that her separation from her husband is the completion of her distress. So, in *King Lear:*
"This would have seem'd a period
"To such as love not sorrow; but another,
"To amplify too much, would make much more,
"And *top extremity.*"
Again, in *Coriolanus:*
"—— the spire and *top* of praise."
Again, more appositely, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
"Make Cressid's name the very *crown* of falsehood."
Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"The *crown* and comfort of my life, your favour,
"I do give lost." *Malone.*

[8] —— *but most miserable*
Is the desire that 's glorious:] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chooses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that 's glorious;* which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters to—*The* degree *that 's glorious. Warburton.*

[9] —— *Blessed be those.*
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,

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Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a Letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir;

Which season's comfort.] The last words are equivocal; but the meaning is this: Who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for, or desire. *Warburton.*

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the present text, rather than change it, yet will propose, but with great diffidence, a slight alteration:

——— *Bless'd be those,*
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
With reason's *comfort.*———
Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments.
Johnson.

I shall venture at another explanation, which, as the last words are admitted to be equivocal, may be proposed. "To be able to refine on calamity (says she) is the miserable privilege of those who are educated with aspiring thoughts and elegant desires. Blessed are they, however mean their condition, who have the power of gratifying their honest inclination, which circumstance *bestows an additional relish* on *comfort* itself."

"You lack the *season* of all natures, sleep." *Macbeth.*

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"——— the memory of misfortunes past
"*Seasons* the welcome." *Steevens.*

I agree with Steevens that the word *seasons*, in this place, is used as a verb, but not in his interpretation of the former part of this passage. Imogen's reflection is merely this: "That those are happy who have their honest wills, which gives a relish to comfort; but that those are miserable who set their affections on objects of superior excellence, which are of course, difficult to obtain." The word *honest* means *plain* or *humble*, and is opposed to *glorious*. *M. Mason.*

In my apprehension, Imogen's sentiment is simply thus: *Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy*, (or, as she says in another place, *born a neat-herd's daughter*,) *I had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called, a* glorious *station; and most miserable in such a situation!* Pregnant with calamity are those desires, which aspire to glory; to splendid titles, or elevation of rank! *Happier far are those, how low soever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional* zest *to comfort itself, and renders it something more;* or, (to borrow our author's words in another place) *which keeps comfort always* fresh and lasting. *Malone.*

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You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [reads]—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest* LEONATUS.[1]
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I

[1] *Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your* truest LEONATUS.] [Old copy—your *trust.* LEONATUS.] Were Leonatus writing to his Steward, this style might be proper; but it is so strange a conclusion of a letter to a princess, and a beloved wife, that it cannot be right. I have no doubt therefore that we ought to read:

——*as you value your truest*
LEONATUS. *M. Mason.*

This emendation is at once so neat and elegant, that I cannot refuse it a place in the text; and especially as it returns an echo to the words of Posthumus when he parted from Imogen, and dwelt so much on his own conjugal fidelity:

"——— I will remain
"The *loyal'st* husband that did e'er plight troth." *Steevens.*

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture would have more weight, if it were certain that these were intended as the concluding words of the letter. It is more probable that what *warmed the very middle of the heart of Imogen*, formed the *conclusion* of Posthumus's letter; and the words—*so far*, and *by the rest*, support that supposition. Though Imogen reads the name of her husband, she might suppress somewhat that intervened. Nor, indeed, is the adjuration of light import, or unsuitable to a fond husband, supposing it to be the conclusion of the letter. Respect my friend, says Leonatus, as you value the confidence reposed in you by him to whom you have plighted your troth. *Malone.*

It is certain, I think, from the break—"*He is one*" &c. that the omitted part of the letter was at the beginning of it; and that what follows (all indeed that was necessary for the audience to hear) was its regular and decided termination.—Was it not natural, that a young and affectionate husband, writing to a wife whom he adored, should express the feelings of his love, before he proceeded to the detail of his colder business? *Steevens.*

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Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop[2] *cope*
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt *O'er*
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach?[3] and can we not *un-*

2 —— *and the rich* crop

Of sea and land,] He is here speaking of the *covering* of sea and land. Shakspeare therefore wrote:

—— *and the rich* cope —. *Warburton.*

Surely no emendation is necessary. The *vaulted arch* is alike the *cope* or covering of *sea and land.* When the poet had spoken of it once, could he have thought this second introduction of it necessary? *The crop of sea and land* means only the productions of either element. *Steevens.*

3 —— *and the twinn'd stones*

Upon the number'd *beach?*] I have no idea in what sense the beach, or shore, should be called *number'd.* I have ventured, against all the copies, to substitute—

Upon th' unnumber'd *beach?*——

i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epithet as coupled to the word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage,* like that in the beginning of Ovid's *Metamorphoses:*

"(In *nova* fert animus *mutatas* dicere formas
"Corpora.)"——

And then we are to understand the passage thus: *and the infinite number of twinn'd stones upon the beach. Theobald.*

Sense and the antithesis oblige us to read this nonsense thus:

Upon the humbled *beach;*——

i. e. because daily insulted with the flow of the tide. *Warburton.*

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous. Twinn'd stones* I do not understand.—*Twinn'd shells,* or *pairs of shells,* are very common. For *twinn'd* we might read *twin'd;* that is, *twisted, convolved:* but this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones. *Johnson.*

The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and shape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins.* So, in *The Maid of the Mill,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— But is it possible that two faces
"Should be so *twinn'd* in form, complexion," &c.

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus,* Act IV, sc. iv:

"Are still together, who *twin* as 'twere in love."

Mr. Heath conjectures the poet might have written—*spurn'd* stones. He might possibly have written that or any other word. —In *Coriolanus,* a different epithet is bestowed on the beach:

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Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.[4]

" Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach
" Fillop the stars ——."

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI, c. vii:

" But as he lay upon the *humbled* grass." *Steevens.*

Mr. Theobald's conjecture may derive some support from a passage in *King Lear*:

" —— the murm'ring surge
" That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chases —." *Malone.*

[4] *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*
Not so allur'd to feed.] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing. *Warburton.*

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object. *Johnson.*

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have both taken the pains to give their different senses of this passage; but I am still unable to comprehend how desire, or any other thing, can be made to *vomit emptiness*. I rather believe the passage should be read thus:

Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit, emptiness
Not so allure *to feed.*

That is, Should *not so*, [in such circumstances] *allure* [even] *emptiness to feed. Tyrwhitt.*

This is not ill conceived; but I think my own explanation right. *To vomit emptiness* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude. *Johnson.*

No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to un-

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Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,[5]
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech, you, sir, desire [*To* Pis.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.[6]

derstand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. Dr. Johnson's interpretation would perhaps be more exact, if after the word *Desire* he had added, *however hungry, or sharp-set*.

A late editor, Mr. Capell, was so little acquainted with his author, as not to know that Shakspeare here, and in some other places, uses *desire* as a trisyllable; in consequence of which, he reads—*vomit* to *emptiness*. *Malone*.

[5] *The cloyed will*, &c.] The present irregularity of metre has almost persuaded me that this passage originally stood thus:

The cloyed will,
(That 's satiate, yet unsatisfied, that tub
Both fill'd and running,) ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
What, dear sir, &c.

The want, in the original MS. of the letter I have supplied, perhaps occasioned the interpolation of the word—*desire*. *Steevens*.

[6] ——— *he*
Is strange *and peevish.*] He is a foreigner and easily fretted. *Johnson.*

Strange, I believe, signifies *shy* or *backward*. So, Holinshed, p. 735: "— brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange*."

Peevish anciently meant weak, silly. So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in his *Galatea*, [1592] when a man has given a conceited answer to a plain question, Diana says, "let him alone, he is but *peevish*." Again, in his *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601: "In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and *peevishness*." Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peevish* sheep,
"No ship of Epidamnum stays for me" *Steevens*.

Minsheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, explains *peevish* by *foolish*.—So again, in our author's *King Richard III*:

"When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy."

See also *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV, sc. iv; and Vol. X, p. 423, n. 7.

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Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* Pis.
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.[7]
Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him;[8] while the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for

Strange is again used by our author in his *Venus and Adonis*, in the sense in which Mr. Steevens supposes it to be used here:

"Measure my *strangeness* by my unripe years."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"I'll prove more true
"Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*."

But I doubt whether the word was intended to bear that sense here. *Malone.*

Johnson's explanation of *strange* [he is a foreigner] is certainly right. Iachimo uses it again in the latter end of this scene:

"And I am something curious, being *strange*,
"To have them in safe stowage."

Here also *strange* evidently means, being a *stranger*. *M. Mason.*

[7] —— *he is call'd*
The Briton reveller.] So in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 4369:

"That he was cleped Perkin *revelour*." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *he* furnaces
The thick sighs from him;] So, in Chapman's preface, to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "—*furnaceth* the universall sighes and complaintes of this transposed world." *Steevens.*

So, in *As you Like it:*

"—— And then the lover,
"*Sighing* like *furnace*, with a woful ballad." *Malone.*

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Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter. It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: but, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;[9]
In you,—which I count[1] his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,[2]
The remedy then born,[3]) discover to me

[9] —— *In himself, 'tis much;*] If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. *Malone.*

[1] —— *count* —] Old copy—account. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *timely* knowing,] Rather—*timely* known. *Johnson.*
I believe Shakspeare wrote—*known*, and that the transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. *Malone.*

[3] *The remedy then born,*] We should read, I think:
The remedy 's then born —. *Malone.*

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What both you spur and stop.[4]
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty;[5] this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here:[6] should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol;[7] join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,[8]

bo-peeping

[4] *What both you spur and stop.*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. *Johnson.*

This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop *at*, the poet means. See a note on Act II, sc. iii. *Malone.*

The meaning is, what you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold. *M. Mason.*

The allusion is to horsemanship. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably *spurred*, but so *short-reined*, as he cannot stirre forward."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Epigram* to the Earl of Newcastle:
"*Provoke* his mettle, and *command* his force." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *this hand, whose touch,*
—— *would force the feeler's soul*
To the oath of loyalty?] There is, I think, here a reference to the manner in which the tenant performed homage to his lord. "The lord sate, while the vassal kneeling on both knees before him, *held his hands jointly together between the hands of his lord*, and swore to be faithful and loyal." See *Coke upon Littleton*, sect. 85. Unless this allusion be allowed, how has *touching the hand* the slightest connection with taking *the oath of loyalty? H. White.*

[6] Fixing *it only here:*] The old copy has—*Fiering.* The correction was made in the second folio. *Malone.*

[7] —— *as common as the stairs*
That mount the Capitol;] Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase "as common as the highway." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *join gripes with hands,* &c.] The old edition reads:
—— *join gripes with hands*
Made hard with hourly falsehood (*falsehood as*
With labour) *then* by *peeping in an eye,* &c.
I read:
—— *then* lie *peeping* —.
Hard with falsehood, is hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. *Johnson.*

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Base and unlustrous[9] as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,[1]
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys,[2] hir'd with that self-exhibition[3]
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,[4]

[9] *Base and* unlustrous—] Old copy—*illustrious*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. That *illustrious* was not used by our author in the sense of *inlustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of *Patient Grissell*, 1603: "——the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds." *Malone*.

A "*lack-lustre* eye" has been already mentioned in *As you Like it*. *Steevens*.

[1] —— *to an* empery,] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete. Shakspeare uses it in *King Richard III*:

"Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own." *Steevens*.

[2] *With* tomboys,] We still call a masculine, a forward girl, a *tomboy*. So, in Middleton's *Game at Chess*:

"Made threescore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton."

Verstegan, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy*: "*Tumbe*. To dance. *Tumbod*, danced; heerof we yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy*: our name also of *tumbling* cometh from hence." *Steevens*.

[3] —— *hir'd with that self-exhibition* &c] *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband. *Johnson*.

[4] —— *such* boil'd *stuff*,] The allusion is to the ancient process of sweating in venereal cases. See *Timon of Athens*, Act IV, sc. iii. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

"—— look *parboil'd*,
"As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Sodden business! there 's a

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As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;[5]
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.[6]

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—

stew'd phrase indeed." Again, in *Timon of Athens:* "She 's e'en setting on water to *scald* such chickens as you are." All this stuff about *boiling, scalding,* &c. is a mere play on *stew,* a word which is afterwards used for a brothel by Imogen. *Steevens.*

[5] *Live like Diana's* priest, *betwixt cold sheets;*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, supposing this to be an inaccurate expression, reads:

Live like Diana's priestess 'twixt *cold sheets;*

but the text is as the author wrote it. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* DIANA says:

"My temple stands at Ephesus; hie thee thither;
"There, when my maiden *priests* are met together," &c.
Malone.

[6] *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So, in *Caltha Poetarum,* &c. 1599:

"—— she *sweare* him to his good abearing,
"Whilst her faire sweet *lips* were the books of swearing."
Steevens.

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The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew,[7] and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom[8]
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:[9]
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:[1]
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

[7] *As in a* Romish *stew,*] *Romish* was, in the time of Shakspeare, used instead of *Roman.* There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *and a daughter* whom —] Old copy—*who.* Corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

[9] ——— *such a holy* witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*
" —— he did in the general bosom reign
" Of young and old, and sexes both *enchanted*—
" Consents *bewitch'd,* ere he desire have granted." *Malone.*

[1] —— *like a* descended *god:*] So, in *Hamlet:*
" —— a station like the herald *Mercury,*
" *New lighted* on a heaven-kissing hill"
The old copy has—*defended* The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. *Defend* is again printed for *descend,* in the last scene of *Timon of Athens. Malone.*
So, in Chapman's version of the twenty-third Book of Homer's *Odyssey:*
" ——— as he were
" A *god descended* from the starry sphere." *Steevens.*

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More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking a[2] false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing)[3] have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,[4]
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn my honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,

2 —— *taking a* —] Old copy, vulgarly and unmetrically, —— *taking* of *a* —. *Steevens.*

3 —— *best* feather of our wing —] So, in Churchyard's *Warning to Wanderers Abroad*, 1593:

"You are so great you would faine march in fielde,
"That world should judge you *feathers of one wing*."
Steevens.

4 — *being strange,*] i. e. being a stranger. *Steevens.*

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By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?
Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

Court before Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and Two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast,[5] to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*aside*] crop the ears of them.[6]

[5] —— *kissed the jack upon an up-cast,*] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage. *Johnson.*

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632: "This city *bowler* has *kissed* the mistress at the first *cast*." *Steevens.*

[6] *No, my lord;* &c.] This, I believe, should stand thus:
1 Lord. *No, my lord.*
2 Lord. *Nor crop the ears of them.* [Aside. *Johnson.*

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Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?[7] 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* To have smelt[8] like a fool. [*Aside.*

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.[9] [*Aside.*

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion[1] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that 's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on 't!

2 *Lord.* He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There 's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

[7] *I* give *him satisfaction?*] Old copy—*gave*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[8] *To have* smelt —] A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding speech. *Malone.*

The same quibble has already occurred in *As you Like it*, Act I, sc. ii:

" *Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my *rank* —

" *Ros.* Thou losest thy old *smell.*" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *with your comb on.*] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's. *Johnson.*

The intention of the speaker, is to call Cloten a *coxcomb.* *M. Mason.*

[1] —— *every* companion —] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. *Johnson.*

See *Coriolanus*, Act IV, sc. v; and *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV, sc. iii. *Malone.*

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1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLO. *and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul explosion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-Chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed; a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who 's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit* Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,[2]

[2] *From fairies and the tempters of the night,*] Banquo, in *Macbeth*, has already deprecated the same nocturnal evils:

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Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps.* IACH. *from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin[3] thus
Did softly press the rushes,[4] ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows:[5] White and azure, lac'd

"Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
"Gives way to in repose!" *Steevens.*

3 —— Our *Tarquin* —] The speaker is an Italian. *Johnson.*

4 —— *Tarquin thus*
Did softly *press the* rushes,] This shows that Shakspeare's idea was, that the *ravishing strides* of Tarquin were *softly* ones, and may serve as a comment on that passage in *Macbeth*. See Vol. VII, p. 85, n. 4. *Blackstone.*

—— *the* rushes,] It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets: the practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica.* *Johnson.*

So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587: "Sedge and *rushes*,—with the which many in this country do use in sommer time to strawe their parlors and churches, as well for coolenes as for pleasant smell."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"—— his blood remains.
"Why strew *rushes*."

Again, in *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607:

"Were not the king here, he should strew the chamber like a *rush*."

Shakspeare has the same circumstance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— by the light he spies.
"Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks;
"He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies," &c.

The ancient English stage also, as appears from more than one passage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, was strewn with *rushes*: "Salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spred either on the *rushes* or on stooles about you, and drawe what troope you can from the *stage* after you." *Steevens.*

5 *Under these* windows:] i. e. her *eyelids*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Thy eyes' *windows* fall,
"Like death, when he shuts up the day of life."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

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With blue of heaven's own tinct.[6]—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures;—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:[7]—And the contents o' the story,—

"The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;
"Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth." *Malone.*

6 ——— *White* and *azure, lac'd*
With *blue of heaven's own tinct*] We should read:
——— *White* with *azure lac'd,*
The *blue of heaven's own tinct*
i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins. *Warburton.*

So, in *Macbeth:*

"His silver *skin lac'd with* his golden blood."

The passage before us, without Dr Warburton's emendation, is, to me at least, unintelligible. *Steevens.*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"What envious streaks do *lace* the severing clouds."

These words, I apprehend, refer not to Imogen's eye-*lids*, (of which the poet would scarcely have given so particular a description) but to the *inclosed lights*, i. e. her eyes: which though now shut, Iachimo had seen before, and which are here said in poetical language to be *blue*, and that blue celestial.

Dr. Warburton is of opinion that the eye-lid was meant, and according to his notion, the poet intended to praise its white skin, and blue veins.

Drayton, who has often imitated Shakspeare, seems to have viewed this passage in the same light:

"And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,
"Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have *lac'd,*
"She soon doth alter." *The Mooncalf*, 1627. *Malone.*

We learn from a quotation in n. 5, that by *blue windows* were meant *blue eye-lids;* and indeed our author has dwelt on corresponding imagery in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——— *violets*, dim,
"But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's *eyes.*"

A particular description, therefore, of the same objects, might, in the present instance, have been designed.

Thus, in Chapman's translation of the twenty-third Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, Minerva is the person described:

"—— the Dame
"That bears the *blue sky* intermix'd with flame
"In her fair *eyes*," &c. *Steevens.*

7 —— *The arras, figures,*
Why, such, and such:] We should print, says Mr. M. Mason, thus: "— the arras-figures; that is, the figures of the arras." But, I think, he is mistaken. It appears, from what Iachimo says afterwards, that he had noted, not only the figures of the arras, but the stuff of which the arras was composed:

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Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying![6]—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted,[9] like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip:[1] Here 's a voucher,

"—— It was hang'd
"With *tapestry* of *silk* and *silver*; the story
"Proud Cleopatra," &c.

Again, in Act V.:

"—— averring notes
"Of chamber-*hanging pictures*," &c. *Malone.*

6 ——— *but as a monument,*
Thus in a chapel lying!] Shakspeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were usually placed on the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a pillow. He has again the same allusion in his *Rape of Lucrece.* [See Mr. Malone's edition, Vol. X, p. 109, n. 4.] See also Vol. V, p. 259, n. 7. *Malone.*

7 ——— *On her left breast*
A mole cinque-spotted,] Our author certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccacio's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*, which the reader will find at the end of this play. In the DECAMERONE, *Ambrogioulo*, (the Iachimo of our author) who is concealed *in a chest* in the chamber of Madonna Gineura, (whereas in *Westward for Smelts* the contemner of female chastity hides himself *under the lady's bed,*) wishing to discover some particular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her husband, "at last espied a large *mole under her left breast*, with several hairs round it, of the colour of gold."

Though this mole is said in the present passage to be *on* Imogen's breast, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Posthumus, our author has adhered closely to his original:

"——— *under* her breast
"(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
"Of that most delicate lodging." *Malone.*

8 —— *like the crimson drops*
I' the bottom of a cowslip:] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was an observer of na-

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Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus;[2] here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night![3]—that dawning
May bare the raven's eye:[4] I lodge in fear; dare
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,[5]—Time, time!
[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.*

ture, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *She hath been reading late*
The Tale of Tereus:] [See *Rape of Lucrece*, Mr. Malone's edit. Vol. X, p. 149, n. 1.] *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, printed in quarto, in 1576. The same tale is related in Gower's poem *De Confessione Amantis*, B. V, fol. 113, b. and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, L. VI.
Malone.

[3] —— *you* dragons *of the night!*] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in *Il Penseroso;* and in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle:*

"—— the *dragon woomb*
"Of Stygian darkness"

Again, *In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis:*

"—— sub pedibus deam
"Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
"Frænis *dracones* aureis."

It may be remarked, that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. See Vol X, p. 217, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *that dawning*
May bare *the raven's eye:*] The old copy has—*beare.* The correction was proposed by Mr. Theobald; and I think properly adopted by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Johnson. *Malone.*

The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye. Steevens.*

It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble very much those of the raven) in his *Troilus and Cressida:*

"O Cressida, but that the busy day
"Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribbald crows—"
Heath.

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SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your Lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It 's almost morning, is 't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am advised to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,[6]
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;[7]

[5] *One, two, three,*] Our author is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was *almost midnight.* Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes:—yet we are now told it is *three* o'clock. *Malone.*

[6] *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*] The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book V:

" ——— ——— ye birds
" That singing up to *heaven's gate* ascend."

Again, in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:

" Like to the lark at break of day arising
" From sullen earth, *sings* hymns *at heaven's gate.*" *Steevens.*

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And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;[8]
With every thing that pretty bin :[9]
My lady, sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.

Perhaps Shakspeare had Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe* in his mind, when he wrote this song:

" —— who is 't now we hear?
" None but the lark so shril and clear;
" Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
" The morn not waking till she sings.
" *Hark, hark* ——." *Reed.*

[7] *His steeds to water at those springs*
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. *Warburton.*

It may be noted that the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*. *Johnson.*

—————— *those springs*
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;] It may be observed, with regard to this apparent false concord, that in very old English, the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth*, as well as the singular; and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated idiom worn out in our author's time, as appears from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish *hairs*,
" Which once untangled, much misfortune *bodes*."

as well as from many others in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. *Percy.*

Dr. Percy might have added, that the third person plural of the *Anglo-Saxon* present tense ended in *eth*, and of the *Dona-Saxon* in *es*, which seems to be the original of such very ancient English idioms. *Tollet.*

Shakspeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
" Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkness *lies*."

Steevens.

See also Vol. II, p. 62, n. 2; and Vol. IV, p. 394, n. 7. There is scarcely a page of our author's works in which similar false concords may not be found: nor is this inaccuracy peculiar to his works, being found in many other books of his time and of the preceding age. Following the example of all the former editors, I have silently corrected the error, in all places except where either the metre, or rhymes, rendered correction impossible. Whether it is to be attributed to the poet or his printer, it is such a gross offence against grammar, as no modern eye or ear could have endured, if from a wish to exhibit our author's writings with strict fidelity it had been preserved. The reformation there-

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So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better:[1] if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts,[2] nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt* Musicians.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that 's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time

fore, it is hoped, will be pardoned, and considered in the same light as the substitution of modern for ancient orthography. *Malone.*

[8] *And winking* Mary-buds *begin*
To ope their golden eyes:] The *marigold* is supposed to shut itself up at sunset. So, in one of Brown's Pastorals:
"—— the day is waxen olde,
"And gins to shut up *with* the *marigold*." *Steevens.*

[9] ——— *pretty* bin:] is very properly restored by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for *pretty is;* but he too grammatically reads:
With all the *things that pretty* bin. *Johnson.*
So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B I, c. i:
"That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they *been.*"
Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
"Sir, you may boast your flockes and herdes, that *bin* both fresh and fair."
Again:
"As fresh as *bin* the flowers in May."
Again:
"Oenone, while we *bin* disposed to walk."
Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakspeare. The real author was George Peale. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *I will* consider *your musick the better:*] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV: "—— being something gently *consider'd*, I 'll bring you" &c. *Steevens.*

[2] —— cats-*guts*,] The old copy reads—*calves*-guts. *Steevens.*
The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. In the preceding line *voice*, which was printed instead of *vice*, was corrected by the same editor. *Malone.*

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Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.
Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits;[3] and be friended[4]
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.
Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.
Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that 's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.[5]—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need

[3] *To orderly* solicits;] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. *Steevens.*

The oldest copy reads—*solicity.* The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[4] —— *and* be friended &c.] We should read:
—— *and* befriended
With aptness of the season.
That is, "with solicitations not only proper but well timed." So Terence says: "In tempore ad eam veni, quod omnium rerum est primum." *M. Mason.*

[5] *And towards himself his goodness forespent on us*
We must extend our notice.] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. *Warburton.*

That is, we must extend towards himself our notice *of* his goodness heretofore shown to us. Our author has many similar ellipses. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"Thine honourable metal may be wrought
"From what it is dispos'd [*to*]."

See Vol. XI, p. 115, n. 9; and p. 341, n. 2. *Malone.*

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To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt* Cym. Queen, Lords, *and* Mess.
Clo. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves,[6] yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who 's there, that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That 's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What 's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There 's gold for you; sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.
Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

[6] —— false *themselves,*] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb;* and as such is used in *The Comedy of Errors:* "Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing*." Act II, sc. ii. Spenser often has it:

"Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury." *Steevens.*

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If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.[7]

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.[8]

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:[9] and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract[1] you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,

[7] —— *one of your* great knowing
Should learn, being taught, *forbearance.*] i. e. A man who is taught *forbearance should learn it.* *Johnson.*

[8] *Fools are not mad folks.*] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.* *Steevens.*

[9] —— *so* verbal:] is, so *verbose*, so full of talk. *Johnson.*

[1] *The contract* &c.] Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one—

" Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
" And leave eighteen ——."

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. *Johnson.*

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(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;[2]
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil[3]
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery,[4] a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues[5] to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?[6]

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

2 —— *in* self-figur'd *knot;*] This is nonsense. We should read—self-*finger'd knot*, i. e. A knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more publick considerations. *Warburton.*

But why nonsense? A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourself. *Johnson*

3 —— *soil* —] Old copy—*foil.* See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I, sc. iv, Vol. XIII. *Steevens*

4 *A* hilding *for a livery,*] A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey. See Vol. VI, p. 68, n. 3; Vol. IX, p. 12, n. 9; and p. 324, n. 8. *Malone.*

5 —— *if 'twere made*
Comparative *for your virtues,*] If it were considered as a *compensation adequate* to your virtues, to be styled, &c. *Malone.*

6 *Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?*] Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus:
—— *all made such men.*
Clot. *How now?*
Imo. *Pisanio!* *Johnson.*

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Clo. His garment?
Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;[7]
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm;[8] it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw 't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:[9]
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit* Pis.
Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?
Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.[1]
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady;[2] and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

[7] *I am* sprighted *with a fool;*] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— Julius Cæsar,
" Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted.*" *Steevens.*

[8] —— *a jewel, that* too casually
Hath left mine arm;] That hath *accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence. *Malone.*

[9] *Last night 'twas on my arm; I kiss'd it:*] *Arm* is here used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. *Malone.*

I must on this occasion repeat my protest against the whole tribe of such unauthorized and unpronounceable dissyllabifications. I would read the now imperfect line before us, as I suppose it came from our author:

Last night it was upon *mine arm; I kiss'd it.* *Steevens.*

[1] —— *call witness* to 't.] I cannot help regarding the redundant—*to 't*, as an interpolation. The sense is obvious, and the metre perfect without it. *Steevens.*

[2] *She's* my good lady;] This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to—my good friend. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II: " —— and when you come to court, stand *my good lord*, pray, in your good report." *Malone.*

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Clo. I 'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come:[3] In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He 'll grant the tribute,[4] send the arrearages,
Or look[5] upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
(Statist[6] though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions,[7] now in Gallia, sooner landed

[3] *Quake in the present* winter's state, *and wish*
That warmer days would come:] I believe we should read *winter-state,* not *winter's state.* *M. Mason.*

[4] *He 'll grant the tribute,*] See p. 8, n. 7. *Malone.*

[5] Or *look* —] This the modern editors had changed into *E'er* look. *Or* is used for *e'er.* So, Gawin Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil:*

" ——— sufferit he also,
" *Or* he is goddes brocht in Latin."

See also Vol. II, p. 13, n. 6; and Vol. VII, p. 389, n. 7. *Steevens.*

[6] *Statist* —] i. e. Statesman. See note on *Hamlet,* Act V, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

[7] *The* legions,] Old copy—*legion.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. So, afterwards:

" And that the *legions* now in Gallia are
" Full weak to undertake our war," &c. *Malone.*

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In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages)[8] will make known
To their approvers,[9] they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.[1]

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.[2]

[8] —— mingled *with their courages* —] The old folio has this odd reading:

——— *Their discipline*
(*Now* wing-led *with their courages*) *will make known* —.
Johnson.

Their discipline (*now* wing-led *by their courages*) may mean their discipline borrowing wings from their courages; i. e. their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery. *Steevens.*

The same error that has happened here being often found in these plays, I have not hesitated to adopt the emendation which was made by Mr. Rowe, and received by all the subsequent editors. Thus we have in the last Act of *King John*, *wind*, instead of *mind*; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *winds*, instead of *minds*; in *Measure for Measure*, *flawes*, instead of *flames*, &c. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I, sc. ii, Vol. XIII *Malone.*

[9] *To their* approvers,] i. e. To those who try them. *Warburton.*

[1] *The swiftest harts have posted you by land,*
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.] From this remark our author appears to have been conscious of his glaring offence against one of the unities, in the precipitate return of Iachimo from the court of Cymbeline. *Steevens.*

[2] *Is* one the *fairest* &c.] So, p. 45:
" And he is *one*
" *The* truest manner'd; —."
The interpolated old copy, however, reads, to the injury of the metre:
Is one of *the fairest*, &c. *Steevens.*

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Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,[3]
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius[4] in the Britain court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.[5]
Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
had *Iach.* If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge[6] of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now

[3] ——— *or let her beauty*
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,] So, in *Timon of Athens:*
"—— let not those milk paps,
"That through the window bars bore at men's eyes,
"Make soft thy trenchant sword." *Malone.*

[4] Phi. *Was Caius Lucius* &c.] This speech in the old copy is given to Posthumus. I have transferred it to Philario, to whom it certainly belongs, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, who justly observes that "Posthumus was employed in reading his letters." *Malone.*

[5] *But not approach'd.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the apparent defect in this line, by reading:
But was *not* yet *approach'd.* *Steevens.*

[6] —— *knowledge* —] This word is here used in its scriptural acceptation: "And Adam *knew* Eve his wife: —." *Steevens.*

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Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,[7]) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride:[8] A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was ——[9] *it*

[7] *Had that was well worth watching,*] i. e. that which was well worth watching, or lying awake *for*. See p. 57, n. 5. *Malone.*

[8] *And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for*
The press of boats, or pride:] Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *which, I wonder'd,*
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since *the true life on 't was* —] This passage is nonsense as it stands, and therefore the editors have supposed to be an imperfect sentence. But I believe we should amend it by reading—
Such *the true life on 't was,*
instead of *since*. We frequently say the life of a picture, or of a statue; and without alteration the sentence is not complete.
M. Mason.

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Post. This is true;[1]
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves:[2] the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb;[3] outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted:[4] Her andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely

[1] *This is true;*] The present deficiency in the metre, shows that some word has been accidentally omitted in this or in the preceding hemistich. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

Why, *this is true.* *Steevens.*

[2] *So likely to report themselves:*] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture.* *Johnson.*

[3] *Was as another nature,* dumb;] The meaning is this: The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb;* he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion.* In *breath* is included *speech* *Johnson.*

[4] *With* golden cherubins *is* fretted:] The same tawdry image occurs again in *King Henry VIII:*

"—— their dwarfish pages were
"As *cherubins, all gilt.*"

The sole recommendation of this Gothick idea, which is tritically repeated by modern artists, seems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvas or marble; for chubby, unmeaning faces, with ducks' wings tucked under them, are all the circumstances that enter into the composition of such infantine and absurd representatives of the choirs of heaven. *Steevens.*

——*fretted:*] So again, in *Hamlet:* "— this majestical *roof, fretted* with golden fire —." So, Spenser's *Fairy Queen,* B. II, ch. ix:

"In a long purple pall, whose skirt with *gold*
"*Was fretted* all about, she was array'd." *Malone.*

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Depending on their brands.[5]
Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted,[6] you have seen all this,[7] (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale;[8] I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!—

[5] ——— *nicely*
Depending on their brands.] I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poized on their inverted torches*, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary. *Steevens.*

I have equal difficulty with Mr. Steevens in explaining this passage. Here seems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the *andirons*, on which the wood for the fire was supported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a spit, is more properly termed the andiron. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called *dogs*, are here termed *brands*. *Whalley.*

It should seem from a passage in *The Black Book*, a pamphlet published in 1604, that andirons in our author's time were sometimes formed in the shape of human figures: "— ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where he sawe a paire of corpulent gigantick *andirons*, that stood like *two burgomasters* at both corners." Instead of these corpulent *burgomasters*, Imogen had *Cupids*.

The author of the pamphlet might, however, only have meant that the andirons he describes were uncommonly large. *Malone.*

[6] *Let it be granted*, &c.] Surely, for the sake of metre, we should read, with some former editor:
Be it granted, &c. *Steevens.*

[7] *This is her honour!* ——
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, &c.] The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience:
"This is her honour!"——
That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. *Johnson.*

[8] ——— *if you can,*
Be pale;] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage. *Johnson.*

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Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too:[9] She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the Ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: The vows of women[1]
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women,[2] being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.[3]
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,

[9] *And yet enrich'd it* too:] The adverb—*too*, which hurts the metre, might safely be omitted, the expression being sufficiently forcible without it *Steevens.*

[1] —— *The vows of women* —] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *if one* of *her women,*] *Of* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[3] *Hath stolen it from her.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer (for some words are here deficient) has perfected the metre by reading:
Might not *have stolen it from her. Steevens.*

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She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:[4]—They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance[5] of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of ——
Post. Never talk on 't:
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing)[6] lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger

[4] —— *her attendants are*
All sworn, *and honourable:*] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office In the household book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512) it is expressly ordered [p. 49] that "what person soever he be that commyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be intred in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be *sworn* in the countynge-hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the presence of the hede officers; and on theire absence before the clerke of the kechynge either by such an oath as is in the *Book of Othes*, yff any such [oath] be, or ells by such an oth as thei shall seyme beste by their discretion."
Even now every *servant* of the king's, at his first appointment is sworn in, before a gentleman usher, at the lord chamberlain's office. *Percy.*

[5] *The* cognizance —] The badge; the token; the visible proof. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry VI*, P. I:
"As *cognizance* of my blood-drinking hate." *Steevens.*

[6] (*Worthy* the *pressing*)] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads:
(*Worthy* her *pressing*) ——. *Johnson.*
The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The compositor was probably thinking of the word *her* in the preceding line, which he had just composed. *Malone.*

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To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iach. I 'll be sworn, ——
Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.
Iach. I will deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I 'll do something —— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath[7]
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers?[8] We are bastards all;[9]

[7] —— pervert *the present wrath* —] i. e. *turn* his wrath to another course. *Malone.*

To *pervert*, I believe, only signifies to *avert* his wrath from himself, without any idea of turning it against another person. To what *other course* it could have been diverted by the advice of Philario and Iachimo, Mr. Malone has not informed us. *Steevens.*

[8] *Is there no way* &c.] Milton was very probably indebted to this speech for one of the sentiments which he has imparted to Adam, *Paradise Lost*, Book X:

" —— O, why did God,
" Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
" With spirits masculine, create at last
" This novelty on earth, this fair defect
" Of nature, and not fill the world at once
" With men, as angels, without feminine,

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And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit:[1] Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;[2] that I thought her

" *Or find some other way to generate*
" *Mankind?*"

See also, *Rhodomont's* invective against women, in the *Orlando Furioso*, and above all, a speech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy that bears his name. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *We are bastards all;*] Old copies—*We are* all *bastards*. The necessary transposition of the word—*all*, was Mr. Pope's. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *was I know not where*
When I was stamp'd; *some* coiner *with his tools*
Made me a counterfeit:] We have again the same image in *Measure for Measure:*

" —— It were as good
" To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
" A man already made, as to remit
" Their saucy sweetness, *that do coin heaven's image*
" *In stamps* that are forbid." *Malone.*

This image is by no means uncommon. It particularly occurs in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III, sect. 3: "Severus the Emperor in his time made lawes for the restraint of this vice; and as Dion Cassius relates in his life, *tria millia moechorum*, three-thousand cuckold-makers, or *naturæ monetam adulterantes*, as Philo calls them, *false coiners* and clippers of nature's mony, were summoned into the court at once." *Steevens.*

[2] *Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,*
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it *with*
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;] It certainly carries with it a very elegant sense, to suppose the lady's denial was so modest and delicate as even to inflame his desires: But may we not read it thus?

And pray'd me oft forbearance: Did *it* &c.

i. e. complied with his desires in the sweetest reserve; taking *did* in the acceptation in which it is used by Jonson and Shakspeare in many other places. *Whalley.*

Admitting Mr. Whalley's notion to be just, the latter part of

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As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,[3] foamy
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted:[4] found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard.[5] Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

this passage may be compared with one in Juvenal, Sat. IV, though the *pudency* will be found wanting:

" —— —— omnia fient
" Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
" Laomedontiades, et Nestoris hernia possit." *Malone.*

3 —— *a German* one,] Here, as in many other places, we have *—on* in the old copy, instead of—*one* See Vol. VII, p. 357, n. 1.

In *King Henry IV*, P II, Falstaff assures Mrs. Quickly, that—"the *German hunting* in water-work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings." In other places, where our author has spoken of the *hunting* of the *boar*, a *German one* must have been in his thoughts, for the boar was never, I apprehend, hunted in England.

Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton read—a *churning on;* and, what is still more extraordinary, this strange sophistication has found its way into Dr. Johnson's most valuable Dictionary. *Malone.*

4 —— *and* mounted:] Let Homer, on this occasion, keep our author in countenance:

"Ἀργιόν, ταῦρόν τε, συῶν τ' ἐπιδήτορα καπρον."
Odyss. XXIII, 278.

Thus translated by Chapman:

"A lambe, a bull, and *sow-ascending* bore." *Steevens.*

5 —— *found no opposition*
But *what he look'd for should oppose, and she*
Should from encounter guard.] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read:

—— *found no opposition*
From *what he look'd for should oppose*, &c.

This alteration probably escaped the observation of the late Mr. Edwards, or it would have afforded occasion for some pleasant commentary. *T. C.*

Thomas Harvey in his Epistle to Sir T. H. and Thomas Potter, his Epigram on Dr. W. sufficiently demonstrate how little these criticks were at home, when they presumed on any circumstance touching the premises which our author hath, in this place, somewhat obscurely figured. *Amner.*

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Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd,[6] nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.[7] [*Exit.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of State in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, *and* Lords, *at one Door; and at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS, *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?[8]

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,[9]
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,

[6] —— *that* may be nam'd,] Thus the second folio. The first, with its usual disposition to blundering:

All faults that náme.

I have met with no instance in the English language, even tending to prove that the verb—to *name,* ever signified—*to have a name. Steevens.*

[7] —— *to pray they have their will:*

The very devils cannot plague them better.] So, in Sir Thomas More's *Comfort against Tribulation:* "God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes." *Steevens.*

[8] *Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?*] So, in *King John:*

"Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *thine uncle,*] Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Cassibelan. See p. 8, n. 7. *Malone.*

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And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable,[1] and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame:* with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles![2]) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune![3*]) to master Cæsar's sword,[4]

[1] *With* rocks *unscaleable*,] This reading is Sir T. Hanmer's. The old editions have:

With oaks *unscaleable*. *Johnson.*

"The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their wooden forts and castles; our *rocks*, shelves, and *sirtes*, that lye along our coasts; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of Bariffe's *Military Discipline*, 1639, seemingly from Tooke's *Legend of Britomart*. *Tollet*

[2] (*Poor* ignorant *baubles!*)] *Unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas. *Johnson.*

[3] (*O*, giglot *fortune!*)] O false and inconstant fortune! A *giglot* was a strumpet See Vol. X, p. 98, n. 9: So, in *Hamlet:*

"Out, out, thou *strumpet fortune!*" *Malone.*

[*] A giddy thoughtless girl, is called a *giglet* at the present day: The word is derived from *giggle*, to titter, or laugh at every thing said, with or without excitement. In the present instance it may be supposed to mean either *giddy*, or *foolish*. *Ann. Ed.*

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Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Briton's strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us,[5] we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all colour,[6] here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. [We do] say then to Cæsar, *Clot.*
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,[7]

[4] *The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point*
—— to master Cæsar's sword,] Shakspeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The same historie (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of *Nennius*, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him.—But Nennius died within 15 dayes after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand, although after he was hurt he slew Labienus one of the Roman tribunes." Book III, ch. xiii. Nennius, we are told by Geffrey of Monmouth, was buried with great funeral pomp, and Cæsar's sword placed in his tomb. *Malone.*

[5] *This tribute* from us,] The unnecessary words —*from us*, only derange the metre, and are certainly an interpolation. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *against all* colour,] Without any pretence of right. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:
"For, of no right, nor *colour* like to right, —." *Steevens.*

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Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.[8]

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look

[7] *Mulmutius,*] Here the old copy in contempt of metre, and regardless of the preceding words—

" ——— *Mulmutius, which*
" Ordain'd our laws;")

most absurdly adds:

——— *made our laws,* ——.

I have not scrupled to drop these words; nor can suppose our readers will discover that the omission of them has created the smallest chasm in our author's sense or measure. The length of the parenthetical words (which were not then considered as such, or enclosed, as at present, in a parenthesis,) was the source of this interpolation. Read the passage without them, and the whole is clear: Mulmutius, which ordained our laws; *Mulmutius, who was the first of Britain,* &c. *Steevens.*

[8] ——— *Mulmutius,*
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.] The title of the first chapter of Holinshed's third book of the History of England is—"Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was *crowned with a golden crown, his laws, his foundations,* &c.

"Mulmucius,—the sonne of *Cloten,* got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and after his father's decease began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeare of the world—3529.—He made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called *Mulmucius lawes,* turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English, by Alfred king of England, and mingled with his statutes. After he had established his land,—he ordeined him, by the advice of his lords, a crowne of golde, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned;—and because he was the first that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before-rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governours.

"Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and measures, with the which men should buy and sell. And further he caused sore and streight orders for the punishment of theft." *Holinshed, ubi supra. Malone.*

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For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.
Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius,
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him;[9] of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance;[1] I am perfect,[2]
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms:[3] a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:

[9] *Thou art welcome, Caius.*
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him;] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed:
"Kymbeline, says he, (as some write,) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."
"—— Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britons refused to pay that tribute."
"—— But whether the controversy, which appeared to fall forth betwixt the Britons and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, I have not a vouch."
"—— Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *keep* at utterance;] means to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, b. l. no date: "— Here is my gage to sustaine it *to the utteraunce*, and befight it to the death." *Steevens.*

So, in *Macbeth:*
"Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
"And champion, me *to the utterance.*"
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
"So be it, either *to the uttermost*,
"Or else a breath"
See Vol VII, p 126. n. 3. *Malone.*

[2] —— *I am perfect,*] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth:*
"—— in your state of honour *I am perfect.*" *Johnson.*
See Vol. VII, p. 187, n. 1. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for*
Their liberties, are now *in arms;*] The insurrection of the Pannonians and Dalmatians for the purpose of throwing off the Roman yoke, happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his father, Tenantius. *Malone.*

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So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine; All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser?[4]—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,[5]) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She 's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.[6]—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low,[7] as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?

[4] *What* monster 's *her* accuser?] The old copy has—What *monsters* her *accuse?* The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The order of the words, as well as the single person named by Pisanio, fully support the emendation. *What monsters her accuse*, for *What monsters accuse her*, could never have been written by Shakspeare in a soliloquy like the present. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—What monsters *have accus'd her?* *Malone.*

[5] —— *What false Italian*
(*As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,*)] About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. *Johnson.*

[6] —— take in *some virtue.*] To *take in* a town, is to *conquer* it. *Johnson.*

[7] *Thy mind to* her *is now as low.*] That is, thy mind *compared* to hers is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. Our author should rather have written—thy mind to *hers;* but the text, I believe, is as he gave it. *Malone.*

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Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do 't: The letter* [reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:[8]—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act,[9] and look'st

[8] —— *Do 't: The letter*
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:] Here we have another proof of what I have observed in the Dissertation at the end of *King Henry VI*, that our poet from negligence sometimes make words change their form under the eye of the speaker; who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. A former instance of this kind has occurred in *All's Well that Ends Well.* See Vol. V, p. 237, n. 3.

The *words* here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*,) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader. *Malone.*

[9] *Art thou a* feodary *for this act,*] A *feodary* is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord.
Hanmer.

How a letter could be considered as a *feudal vassal*, according to Hanmer's interpretation, I am at a loss to know. *Feodary* means, here, a *confederate*, or *accomplice*. So, Leontes says of Hermione, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" More, she 's a traitor, and Camillo is
" A *federary* with her."

I also think that the word *feodary* has the same signification in *Measure for Measure*, though the other commentators do not, and have there assigned my reasons for being of that opinion.
M. Mason.

Art thou a feodary *for this act,*] Art thou too *combined*, art thou a *confederate*, in this act?—A *feodary* did not signify a feudal vassal, as Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors have supposed, (though if the word had borne that signification, it certainly could not bear it here,) but was an officer appointed by the Court of Wards, by virtue of the Statute 32 Henry VIII, c. 46, to be *present with*, and *assistant* to the Escheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king.

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So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.[1]

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,[2]—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physick love;[3]—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,

His duty was to survey the lands of the ward after office found, [i. e. after an inquisition had been made to the king's use] and to return the true value thereof to the court, &c. "In cognoscendis rimandisque feudis (says Spelman) ad regem pertinentibus, et ad tenuras pro rege manifestandas tuendasque, operam navat; Escaetori ideo *adjunctus*, omnibusque nervis regiam promovens utilitatem." He was therefore, we see, the Escheator's *associate*, and hence Shakspeare, with his usual licence, uses the word for a confederate or associate in general. The feudal vassal was not called a *feodary*, but a *feodatary* and *feudatory*. In Latin, however, *feudatarius* signified both *Malone*

[1] *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. *Steevens.*

So, in *King Henry IV*, Part I:

"O, I am ignorance itself in this." *Malone.*

[2] —— *let that grieve him,*] I should wish to read:

Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet no;
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him! *Tyrwhitt.*

Tyrwhitt wishes to amend this passage by reading *no*, instead of *not*, in the first line; but it is right as it stands, and there is nothing wanting to make it clear, but placing a stop longer than a comma, after the word *asunder*. The sense is this:—"Let the letter bring me tidings of my lord's health, and of his content; not of his content that we are asunder—let that circumstance grieve him; but of his content in every shape but that.

M. Mason.

[3] *For it doth* physick *love;*] That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour. *Johnson*

So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, *physicks* the subject, makes old hearts fresh." *Steevens.*

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You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.[3]—Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes.[4] *Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow,*[5] *and your, increasing in love,*[6]

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

[3] ——— *Bless'd be,*
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.] The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blessed by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters. *Steevens.*

[4] *Justice*, &c.] Old copy—*Justice, and your father's wrath*, &c. *could not be so cruel to me* as *you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.* This passage, which is probably erroneous, is nonsense, unless we suppose that the word *as* has the force of *but*. "Your father's wrath could not be so crue to me but you could renew me with your eyes." *M. Mason*

I know not what idea this passage presented to the late editors, who have passed it in silence. As it stands in the old copy, it appears to me unintelligible. The word *not* was, I think, omitted at the press, after *would*. By its insertion a clear sense is given: Justice and the anger of your father, should I be discovered here, could not be so cruel to me, *but that you*, O thou dearest of creatures, *would be able* to renovate my spirits by giving me the happiness of seeing you. Mr. Pope obtained the same sense by a less justifiable method, by substituting *but* instead of *as*; and the three subsequent editors adopted that reading. *Malone.*

Mr. Malone reads—"would *not*," and I have followed him. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *that remains* loyal to his vow, &c.] This subscription, to the second letter of Posthumus, affords ample countenance to Mr. M. Mason's conjecture concerning the conclusion of a former one. See p. 36, n. 1. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *and* your, *increasing* &c.] We should, I think, read thus:—*and increasing in love*, Leonatus Posthumus,—to make it

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O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond,[7]) say, and speak thick,[8]
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return,[9] to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?[1]
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun, and sun,

plain, that *your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increasing;* and that the latter is a *participle present*, and not a *noun*. *Tyrwhitt*.

[7] *For mine 's beyond beyond,*] The comma, hitherto placed after the first *beyond*, is improper. The second is used as a substantive; and the plain sense is, that her longing is *further than beyond;* beyond any thing that desire can be said to be beyond. *Ritson.*

So, in *King Lear:*

"*Beyond* all manner of so much I love you." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *speak thick,*] i. e. croud one word on another, as fast as possible. So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II:

"And *speaking thick*, which nature made his blemish,
"Became the accents of the valiant." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *from our hence-going,*
And *our return,*] i. e. in consequence of our going hence and returning back. All the modern editors, adopting an alteration made by Mr. Pope,—*Till* our return.

In support of the reading of the old copy, which has been here restored, see *Coriolanus*, Act II, sc. i, Vol. XIII. *Malone.*

[1] *Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?*] Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary! *Malone.*

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Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,[2]
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:[3]——But this is fool-
ery:— *by half*
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.[4]

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.[5]

Imo. I see, before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.[6] Away, I pr'ythee;

[2] —— *of* riding *wagers,*] Of wagers to be determined by the speed of horses. *Malone.*

[3] *That run i' the clock's behalf:*] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. *Warburton.*

[4] *A* franklin's *housewife.*] A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder,* with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal.* *Johnson.*
See Vol. VIII, p. 198, n 5. *Steevens.*

[5] *Madam,* you 're *best consider.*] That is, "*you 'd* best consider." *M. Mason.*
So afterwards, in sc. vi: "*I were* best not call." *Malone.*

[6] *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,*
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.] The lady says: "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination. *Johnson*

When Imogen speaks these words, she is supposed to have her face turned towards Milford; and when she pronounces the words, *nor here, nor here,* she points to the right and to the left. This being premised, the sense is evidently this:—"I see clearly the way before me; but that to the right, that to the left, and that behind me, are all covered with a fog that I cannot penetrate. There is no more therefore to be said, since there is no way accessible but that to Milford."—The passage, however, should be pointed thus:

"I see before me, man;—nor here, nor here,
"Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
"That I cannot look through."

What ensues means *what follows;* and Shakspeare uses it here, somewhat licentiously, to express what is behind. *M. Mason.*

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Do as I bid thee: There 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys:[7] This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet[8] through
And keep their impious turbans on,[9] without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd:[1] To apprehend thus,

[7] —— Stoop, *boys:*] The old copy reads—*Sleep*, boys:—from whence Sir T. Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—*Stoop*, boys—as that word affords an apposite introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads—*See*, boys,—which (as usual) had been silently copied. *Steevens.*

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*Sweet boys;* which is more likely to have been confounded by the ear with "*Sleep*, boys," than what Sir T. Hanmer has substituted. *Malone.*

[8] —— *may* jet —] i. e. strut, walk proudly. So, in *Twelfth Night:* "—— how he *jets* under his advanced plumes." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *Their impious turbans on,*] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. *Johnson.*

[1] This *service is not service*, &c.] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. *Johnson.*

As this seems to be intended by Belarius as a general maxim,

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Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle[2] in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;[3]
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;[4]

not merely confined to services in war, I have no doubt but we should read:

That *service is not service*, &c. *M. Mason.*

This service means, any particular service. The observation relates to the court as well as to war. *Malone.*

[2] *The* sharded *beetle*—] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V, fol. 103, b:

"That with his swerd, and with his spere,
"He might not the serpent dere:
"He was so *sherded* all aboute,
"It held all edge toole withoute."

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason. *Steevens.*

See Vol. VII, p. 137, n. 3. Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1679, has—"A *shard* or crust—*Crusta*;" which in the Latin part he interprets—"a crust or shell, a *rough casing*; shards," "The cases (says Goldsmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live *under the surface of the earth, in holes*, which they dig out by their own industry." These are undoubtedly the *safe holds* to which Shakspeare alludes. *Malone.*

The epithet *full-wing'd* applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar towards the sun beyond the reach of the human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day. *Henley.*

[3] ——*attending for a* check;] *Check* may mean, in this place, a *reproof*; but I rather think it signifies *command, controul*. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's *checks*. *Steevens.*

[4] ——*than doing nothing for a* babe;] [Dr. Warburton reads——*bauble*.] i. e. vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford editor reads—for a *bribe* *Warburton.*

The Oxford editor knew the reason of this alteration, though his censurer knew it not.

Of *babe* some corrector made *bauble*; and Sir Thomas Hanmer thought himself equally authorised to make *bribe*. I think *babe* can hardly be right. It should be remembered, however, that *bauble* was anciently spelt *bable*; so that Dr. Warburton in reality has added but one letter. A *bauble* was part of the insignia of a fool. So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV, sc. v, the Clown says:

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Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd:[5] no life to ours.[6]

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,

"I would give his wife my *bauble*, sir."
It was a kind of truncheon (says Sir John Hawkins) with a head carved on it. To this Belarius may allude, and mean that honourable poverty is more precious than *a sinecure* at court, *of which the badge is a truncheon or a wand.* So, in Middleton's *Game at Chess*, 1623:

"Art thou so cruel for an honour's *bable?*"

As, however, it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of *infants* who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of these neglected orphans. *Steevens.*

I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose:

Richer than doing nothing for a brabe; ——.

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe;* and I am forced to propose it without the support of any authority. *Brabrium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward.* Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game.* *Johnson.*

A *babe* and *baby* are synonymous. A *baby* being a puppet or *plaything* for children, perhaps, if there be no corruption, a *babe* here means a puppet:—but I think with Dr. Johnson that the text is corrupt. For *babe* Mr. Rowe substituted *bauble.*

Doing nothing in this passage means, I think, being *busy* in petty and unimportant employments: in the same sense as when we say, melius est *otiosum* esse quam nihil agere.

The following lines in Dryden's *Owle*, 4to. 1604, may add, however, some support to Rowe's emendation, *bable* or *bauble:*

"Which with much sorrow brought into my mind
"Their wretched soules, so ignorantly blinde,
"When even the greatest things, in the world unstable,
"Clyme but to fall, and *damned for a bable.*" *Malone.*

[5] *Yet keeps his book* uncross'd:] So, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598:

"Yet stands he in the *debet book uncrost.*" *Steevens.*

[6] —— *no life* to *ours.*] i. e. *compared* with ours. So, p. 78:

"Thy mind *to* her is now as low," &c. *Steevens.*

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That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.[7]

Arv. What should we speak of,[8]
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak![9]
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body 's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name

[7] *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound. *Johnson.*
In the preceding line the old copy reads—A prison, *or a* debtor, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[8] *What should we speak of.*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. *Johnson.*

[9] *How you speak!*] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. *Steevens.*

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Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.[1] I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt* GUI. *and* ARV.

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow,[2] their thoughts do hit

[1] *And we will fear no poison, which attends*
In place of greater *state*] The comparative—*greater*, which violates the measure, is surely an absurd interpolation; the *low-brow'd* cave in which the princes are *meanly* educated, being a place of *no state at all*. *Steevens*.

" —— nulla aconita bibuntur
" Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
" Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro." *Juv.*
Malone.

[2] —— *though train'd up thus meanly*
I' the cave, wherein they bow,] The old editions read:
I' the cave, whereon the bowe;
which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, [as it stands in the text.]—In this very cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. Belarius had spoken before of the lowness of this cave:

" A goodly day! not to keep house, with such

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The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,[3]—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck;—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,[4]
(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure, *vigor*

" Whose *roof 's as low* as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
" Instructs you how to adore the heavens: and bows you
" To morning's holy office." *Warburton*

[3] —— *This* Polydore,] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline, Pólidore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are some who may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R Chester, 1601:

" This noble king builded fair Caerguent,
" Now cleped Winchester of worthie fame;
" And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,
" That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name." *Steevens.*

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinshed, which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore* [i. e. Polydore Virgil] is often quoted in the margin; and this probably suggested the name to Shakspeare. *Malone.*

Otway (see p. 87, n. 9,) was evidently of the same opinion, as he has so denomiated one of the sons of Acasto in *The Orphan.*

The translations, however, of both Homer and Virgil, would have afforded Shakspeare the name of *Polydore*. *Steevens.*

[4] *The younger brother*, Cadwal,] This name is found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*, which is printed in the same collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wise*, &c. quoted in the preceding note:

" —— Augisell, king of stout Albania,
" And *Caduall*, king of Vinedocia ——."

In this collection one of our author's own poems was originally printed. *Malone.*

See Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X, p. 341, n. 9. *Steevens.*

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Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;[5]
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:[6]
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthúmus?[7] What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd

[5] —— *I stole these babes;*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *to* her *grave:*] i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or, to the grave of *their mother, as they suppose it to be* The poet ought rather to have written—to *thy* grave *Malone.*

Perhaps he did write so, and the present reading is only a corruption introduced by his printers or publishers. *Steevens.*

[7] *Where is Posthúmus?*] Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Almost throughout this play he calls Posthŭmus, Posthūmus, and Arvirăgus, always Arvirāgus. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by William Alexander of Menstrie, (lord Sterline) 1603, Darīus is always called Darĭus, and Euphrātes, Euphrătes. *Steevens.*

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Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour[8] of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before:[9] if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd[1] Italy hath out-craftied him,[2]
And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [reads] *Thy mistress*, Pisanio, *hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou*, Pisanio, *must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at* Milford-Haven: *she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.[3]—No, 'tis slander;

[8] —— *haviour* —] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, Æglogue, IX:

"Their ill *haviour* garres men missay." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *if it be* summer news,
Smile to 't before:] So, in our author's 98th Sonnet:

"Yet not the lays of birds, not the sweet smell
"Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
"Could make me any *summer's story* tell." *Malone.*

[1] —— *drug-damn'd* —] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *out*-craftied *him*,] Thus the old copy, and so Shakspeare certainly wrote. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— —— chaste as the icicle,
"That 's *curdied* by the frost from purest snow."

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—out-*crafted* here, and *curdled* in *Coriolanus*. *Malone.*

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Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile;[4] whose breath
Rides on the posting winds,[5] and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,[6]
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?[7]
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour 's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,[8]
Whose mother was her painting,[9] hath betray'd him:

[4] *What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper*
Hath cut her throat already.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
"Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?"
Malone.

[4] *Outvenoms all the worms of Nile;* &c.] So, in Churchyard's *Discourse of Rebellion* &c. 1570:
"Hit venom castes as far as Nilus flood, [brood]
"Hit poysoneth all it toucheth any wheare."
Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, several instances are given in the last Act of *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Steevens.*

[5] *Rides on the* posting winds,] So, in *King Henry V:*
"—— making the *wind* my *post-horse*." *Malone.*

[6] —— *states,*] Persons of high rank. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *What is it to be false?*
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?] This passage should be pointed thus:
——— *What! is it to be false,*
To lie in watch there, and to think on him? *M. Mason.*

[8] —— *Some* jay *of Italy,*] There is a prettiness in this expression; *pulta,* in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *whore:* I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. *Warburton.*
So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* "Teach him to know turtles from *jays*." *Steevens.*

[9] *Whose* mother *was her* painting,] *Some jay of Italy,* made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. *Johnson.*

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Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;[1]
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:[2]—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where 't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece: "—a parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whose fathers were their garments.*" *Steevens.*

In *All 's Well that Ends Well*, we have—

" ——— whose judgments are
" Mere *fathers of their garments.*" *Malone.*

Whose mother was her painting,] i. e. her likeness. *Harris.*

[1] *Poor I am stale,* a garment out of fashion;] This image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded: "But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her *as a garment out of fashion.*" *Steevens.*

[2] *And, for I am* richer *than to* hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:] To *hang by the walls*, does not mean, to be converted into *hangings for a room*, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglected contents of a *wardrobe*. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

" That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall.*"

When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half.

Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substances, were occasionally *ripped* for domestick uses, (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds,) articles of inferior quailty were suffered to *hang by the walls*, till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations.

" Comitem horridulum tritâ donare lacerna,"

seems not to have been customary among our ancestors.—When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent-Garden Theatre, a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts.* *Steevens.*

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Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;[3]
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter[4]
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand.[5] Come, here 's my heart;
Something 's afore 't:[6]—Soft, soft; we 'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures[7] of the loyal Leonatus,

[3] *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;* &c.] i. e. says Mr. Upton, "wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass) and wilt render them suspected." In the line below he would read—*fall*, instead of *fail*. So, in *King Henry V:*

"And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot
"To mark the full-fraught man, and best-indued,
"With some suspicion."

I think the text is right. *Malone.*

[4] *Against self-slaughter* &c.] So again, in *Hamlet:*

"——— the Everlasting ——— fix'd
"His canon 'gainst self-slaughter." *Steevens.*

[5] *That* cravens *my weak hand*] i. e. makes me a coward. *Pope.* That makes me *afraid* to put an end to my own life. See Vol. VI, p. 68, n. 7. *Malone.*

[6] *Something 's afore 't:*] The old copy reads—Something 's *a-foot*. *Johnson.*
The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

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All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that[8] did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows,[9] shalt hereafter find *followers*
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd[9] by her
That now thou tir'st on,[1] how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where 's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I 'll wake[2] mine eye-balls blind first.[2] *crack*

[7] *The* scriptures —] So, Ben Jonson, in *The Sad Shepherd:*
" The lover's *scriptures*, Heliodore's, or Tatius'."
Shakspeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*. *Steevens*.

[8] —— thou *that* —] The second *thou*, which is not in the old copies, has been added for the sake of recovering metre. *Steevens*.

[9] —— *disedg'd* —] So, in *Hamlet:* "It would cost you a groaning, to *take off mine edge*." *Steevens*.

[1] *That now thou* tir'st *on*,] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she pecks; from *tirer*, French. *Johnson*.
See Vol. VI, p 214, n. 3. *Steevens*.

[2] *I 'll* wake *mine eye-balls* blind *first*.] [In the old copies, the word—*blind* is wanting] The modern editions for *wake* read *break*, and supply the deficient syllable by—*Ah* wherefore. I read—I 'll wake mine eye-balls *out* first, or, *blind* first. *Johnson*.
Sir T. Hanmer had made the same emendation. *Malone*.
Dr. Johnson's conjecture (which I have inserted in the text) may receive support from the following passage in *The Bugbears*, a MS. comedy more ancient than the play before us:
" —— I doubte
" Least for lacke of my slepe I shall *watche my eyes oute*."
Steevens.

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Imo. And Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent,[3] when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?[4]

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I 'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am

[3] *To be unbent,*] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to an hunter. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *when* thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer *before thee?*] So, in one of our author's poems, *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599:
"When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
"And *stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike.*" *Malone.*

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Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:[5] *empty*
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?[6]
Hath Britain all the sun that shines?[7] Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.[8]

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven

[5] *With that harsh, noble,* &c.] Some epithet of two syllables has here been omitted by the compositor; for which, having but one copy, it is now vain to seek. *Malone.*

Perhaps the poet wrote:

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten;
That Cloten, &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *Where then?*] Hanmer has added these two words to Pisanio's speech. *Malone.*

[7] Where *then?*

Hath Britain all the sun that shines?] The rest of Imogen's speech induces me to think that we ought to read "*What* then?" instead of "*Where* then?" The reason of the change is evident. *M. Mason.*

Shakspeare seems here to have had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580, which he has imitated in *K. Richard II:* "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished, that had the *sunne*, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted, that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. But thou art driven out of Naples: that is nothing. All the Athenians dwell not in Colliton, nor every Corinthian in Greece, nor all the Lacedemonians in Pitania. How can any part of the world be distant far from the other, when as the mathematicians set downe that the earth is but a point compared to the heavens?" *Malone.*

[8] *There's livers out of Britain.*] So, in *Coriolanus:*

"There is a world elsewhere." *Steevens.*

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To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is;[9] and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view:[1] yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty,[2] not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to[3] a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel:[4] nay, you must

9 —— *Now, if you could wear a* mind
Dark as your fortune is;] To wear a *dark mind*, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy;* applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. *You must*, says Pisanio, *disguise that* greatness, *which, to appear* hereafter *in its proper form*, cannot yet appear without great *danger to itself*. *Johnson*.

1 —— *full of view:*] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. *Johnson*.
Full of view may mean—affording an *ample prospect*, a *complete* opportunity of discerning circumstances which it is your interest to know. Thus, in *Pericles*, "*Full of face*" appears to signify—*amply beautiful;* and Duncan assures Banquo that he will labour to make him "*full of growing*," i. e. of *ample growth*.
Steevens.

2 Though *peril to my modesty,*] I read—*Through* peril. *I would for such means adventure* through *peril of modesty;* I would risque every thing but real dishonour. *Johnson*.

3 —— *to* —] Old copies, unmetrically,—*into*. *Steevens*.

4 *As quarrellous as the* weasel:] So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:
"A *weasel* hath not such a deal of spleen
"As you are toss'd with."
This character of the *weasel* is not warranted by naturalists. *Weasels*, however, were formerly kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. So, Phædrus, IV, i, 10:
"*Mustela*. quum annis et senecta debilis,
"*Mures* veloces non valeret adsequi."

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Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy![5]) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan;[6] and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy,[7] (which you 'll make him
know,[8]

Again, Lib. IV, 5, 3:

"Quum victi *mures mustelarum exercitu—*
"Fugerent," &c.

Our poet, therefore, while a boy, might have had frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition. In Congreve's *Love for Love*, (the scene of which is in London) old *Foresight* talks of having "met a *weasel*." It would now be difficult to find one at liberty throughout the whole county of Middlesex. "Frivola hæc fortassis cuipiam et nimis levia esse videantur, sed curiositas nihil recusat." *Vopiscus in Vita Aureliani*, c. x. *Steevens.*

[5] *Exposing it* (*but, O, the harder* heart!
Alack, no remedy!)] I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

——— *the harder* hap! *Johnson.*

[6] —— common-kissing *Titan;*] Thus, in *Othello:*

"The bawdy wind that *kisses all it meets* ——."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. III: "—— and beautifull might have been, if they had not suffered greedy *Phœbus*, over-often and hard, to *kisse* them." *Steevens.*

[7] *Wherein you are* happy,] i. e. wherein you are *accomplished.* *Steevens.*

[8] —— *which* you 'll *make him* know,] This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. The common books have it:

—— *which* will *make him* know, ——.

Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove that it should be:

—— *which* will *make him* so, ——.

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If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad[9]
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.[1] Pr'ythee, away:
There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll even
All that good time will give us:[2] This attempt
I 'm soldier to,[3] and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewel;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;[4]
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,

He is followed by Dr. Warburton. *Johnson.*

The words were probably written at length in the manuscript, *you will*, and *you* omitted at the press: or *will* was printed for *we 'll*. *Malone.*

9 —— *your means abroad* &c.] As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me. So, in sc. v: "—— thou should'st neither want my *means* for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment." *Malone.*

1 —— diet *me with.*] Alluding to the spare regimen prescribed in some diseases. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "—— to fast, like one that takes *diet*." *Steevens.*

2 —— —— —— *we 'll* even
All that good time will give us:] We 'll make our work *even* with our *time;* we 'll do what time will allow. *Johnson.*

3 —— —— —— *This attempt*
I 'm soldier to,] i. e. I have inlisted and bound myself to it. *Warburton.*

Rather, I think, I am equal to this attempt; I have enough of *ardour* to undertake it. *Malone.*

Mr. Malone's explanation is undoubtedly just. *I 'm soldier to,* is equivalent to the modern cant phrase—*I am up to it,* i. e. I have ability for it. *Steevens.*

4 *Here is a* box; *I had it from the queen;*] Instead of this box, the modern editors have in a former scene made the Queen give Pisanio a *vial,* which is dropped on the stage, without being broken. See Act I, sc. vi.

In *Pericles,* Cerimon, in order to recover Thaisa, calls for *all the boxes* in his closet. *Malone.*

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And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir, I desire of you[5]
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you![6]
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewel, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Lords.
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,

[5] *So, sir, I desire* of you —] The two last words are, in my opinion, very probably omitted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, as they only serve to derange the metre. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *all joy befal* your *grace, and you!*] I think we should read —*his* grace, and you. *Malone.*
Perhaps our author wrote:
——— *your grace, and* yours!
i. e. your relatives. So, in *Macbeth:*
"And beggar'd *yours* for ever." *Steevens.*

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That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an* Attend.
Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.[7]

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Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exit* CLO.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she 's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?
Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day![8]
[*Exit* Queen.
Clo. I love, and hate her: for she 's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman;[9] from every one
The best she hath,[1] and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what 's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,

[7] *Son, I say, follow the king.*] Some word, necessary to the metre, is here omitted. We might read:
Go, *son, I say; follow the king.* *Steevens.*

[8] ——— *May*
This night forestall *him of the coming day!*] i. e. May his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an anticipated and premature destruction! So, in Milton's *Masque:*
"Perhaps *fore-stalling night* prevented them." *Malone.*

[9] *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite*
Than lady, ladies, woman;] *She has all courtly parts,* says he, *more exquisite than* any *lady,* than all *ladies,* than all *womankind.* *Johnson.*
There is a similar passage in *All 's Well that Ends Well,* Act II, sc. iii: "To any count; to all counts; to what is man." *Tollet.*

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I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady! In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,[2]
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*

Clo. Let 's see 't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.[3] [*Aside.*

[1] ——— *from every one*
The best she hath,] So, in *The Tempest:*
" ——— but you, O you,
" So perfect, and so peerless, are created
" Of every creature's best." *Malone.*

[2] —— *Close villain,*] A syllable being here wanting to complete the measure, perhaps we ought to read:
——— *Close villain,* thou, ——. *Steevens.*

[3] *Or this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says:
Let 's see 't:—I will pursue her

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She 's far enough; and what he learns by this, May prove his travel, not her danger. } *Aside.*

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I 'll write to my lord, she 's dead. O Imogen, Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should-est neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.
Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:
She's far enough; &c. *Johnson.*

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish,* properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it:* or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added slily: *You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two.*—The subsequent remark, however, of Mr. Henley, has taught me diffidence in my attempt to justify the arrangement of the old copies. *Steevens.*

I cannot but think Dr. Johnson in the right, from the account of this transaction Pisanio afterwards gave:

"———— Lord Cloten,
"Upon my lady's missing, came to me,
"With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore
"If I discovered not which way she was gone,
"*It was my instant death:* By accident,
"I had a *feigned letter* of my master's
"Then in my pocket, which directed him
"To seek her on the mountains near to Milford."

But if the words, *Or this, or perish,* belong to Pisanio, as the letter was *feigned,* they must have been spoken out, not aside.

Henley.

Cloten knew not, till it was tendered, that Pisanio had such a letter as he now presents; there could therefore be no question concerning his giving it *freely* or *with-holding* it.

These words, in my opinion, relate to Pisanio's present conduct, and they mean, I think, "I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury." *Malone.*

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Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon:—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the Clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,

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To him that is most true.[4]—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, *in Boy's Clothes.*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer,[5] than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call;[6] I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who 's here?
If any thing that 's civil,[7] speak; if savage,

[4] *To him that is* most true.] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both. *Malone.*

[5] *Is* sorer,] Is a *greater*, or *heavier* crime. *Johnson.*

[6] I were *best not call;*] Mr. Pope was so little acquainted with the language of Shakspeare's age, that instead of this the original reading, he substituted—'*Twere* best not call. *Malone.*

[7] *If any thing that 's* civil,] *Civil*, for human creature. *Warburton.*

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Take, or lend.[8]—Ho!—No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword[9] and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,[1] and

[8] *If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,*
Take, *or* lend.] I question whether, after the words, *if savage,* a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read:

——— *Ho! who 's here?*
If any thing that 's civil, take *or* lend,
If savage, speak.

If you are *civilised* and *peaceable, take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompense; if you are *rough inhospitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *speak*, that I may know my state.
Johnson.

It is by no means necessary to suppose that *savage hold* signifies the habitation of *a beast*. It may as well be used for the cave of a *savage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were represented as residing in the woods, like the famous *Orson, Bremo* in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the savage in the seventh canto of the fourth Book of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, and the sixth B. c. 4.
Steevens.

Steevens is right in supposing that the word *savage* does not mean, in this place, a *wild beast*, but a *brutish man*, and in that sense it is opposed to *civil:* in the former sense, the word *human* would have been opposed to it, not *civil*. So, in the next Act, Imogen says:

"Our courtiers say, all 's *savage* but at court."

And in *As you Like it*, Orlando says:

"I thought that all things had been *savage* here."
M. Mason.

The meaning, I think, is, If any one resides here that is accustomed to the modes of civil life, answer me; but if this be the habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, or of one banished from society, that will enter into no converse, let him at least *silently* furnish me with enough to support me, accepting a price for it, or giving it to me without a price, in consideration of future recompense. Dr. Johnson's interpretation of the words *take*, or *lend*, is supported by what Imogen says afterwards:

"Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
"To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took."

but such licentious alterations as transferring words from one line to another, and transposing the words thus transferred, ought, in my apprehension, never to be admitted. *Malone.*

[9] Best draw, *my sword;*] As elliptically, Milton, where the 2nd brother in *Comus* says:

"*Best draw*, and stand upon our guard." *Steevens.*

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Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:[2]
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth[3]
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What 's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon![4]—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found

[1] —— *woodman,*] A *woodman*, in its common acceptation (as in the present instance) signifies a *hunter*. For the particular and original meaning of the word, see Mr. Reed's note in *Measure for Measure*, Vol. III, p. 452, n. 3. *Steevens.*

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"He is no *woodman* that doth bend his bow
"Against a poor unseasonable doe." *Malone.*

[2] —— *'tis our* match:] i. e. our compact. See p. 88, l. 16. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *when* restive *sloth* —] *Resty* signified, mouldy, rank. See Minsheu, in v. The word is yet used in the North. Perhaps, however, it is here used in the same sense in which it is applied to a horse. *Malone.*

Restive, in the present instance, I believe, means unquiet, shifting its posture, like a restive horse. *Steevens.*

[4] *An earthly paragon!*] The same phrase has already occurred in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"No; but she is *an earthly paragon.*" *Steevens.*

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Gold strew'd o' the floor.[5] Here 's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted[6]
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.[7]
Bel. What is your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.[8]
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I 'd buy.[9]

[5] —— o' the *floor.*] Old copy—*i' the* floor. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. *Malone.*

[6] —— *and parted*—] A syllable being here wanting to the measure, we might read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer—and parted *thence*. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *sir.*] This word, which is deficient in the old copies, has been supplied by some modern editor, for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

[8] *I am fallen* in *this offence.*] *In*, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here used instead of—*into*. Thus, in *Othello:*

"Fallen *in* the practice of a cursed slave."

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"But first, I 'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave." *Steevens.*

[9] *I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,*
I bid for you, as I 'd buy.] The old copy reads—as *I do* buy. The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. He reads unnecessarily, *I 'd* bid for you, &c. In the folio the line is thus pointed:

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Arv. I 'll make 't my comfort,
He is a man: I 'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I 'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting[1]
To thee, Posthúmus. } *Aside.*
Bel. He wrings at some distress.[2]
Gui. 'Would, I could free 't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by

"*I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty:*
"*I bid for you,*" &c. *Malone.*

I think this passage might be better read thus:

I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I 'd buy.

That is, I should woo hard, but *I would* be your *bridegroom.* [And when I say, that I would *woo hard*, be assured that] in honesty I bid for you, *only at the rate at which* I would purchase you.

Tyrwhitt.

[1] ——— *then had my* prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting —] Sir Thos. Hanmer reads plausibly, but without necessity, *price* for *prize*, and *balancing* for *ballasting*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is,—Had I been a less prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. *Johnson.*

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

"It is war's *prize* to take all vantages."

Again, *ibidem:*

"Methinks, 'tis *prize* enough to be his son."

The same word occurs again in this play of *Cymbeline*, as well as in *Hamlet*. *Steevens.*

[2] He *wrings* at some distress.] i. e. writhes with anguish. So, in our author's *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"To those that *wring* under a load of sorrow."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, bl. l.

"I think I have made the cullion to *wring*." *Steevens.*

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That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)[3]
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.[4]

[3] *That* nothing gift *of* differing *multitudes*,] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of defering *multitudes:*

i. e. obsequious, paying deference.——Deferer, *Ceder par respect a quelqu'un, obeir, condescendre,* &c.—Deferent, *civil, respectueux,* &c. Richelet. *Theobald.*

He is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. *Johnson.*

It certainly may; but then nothing is predicated of the many-headed multitude, unless we supply words that the text does not exhibit, "That worthless boon of the *differing* of many-headed multitude, [*attending upon them, and paying their court to them;*]" or suppose the whole line to be a periphrasis for *adulation* or *obeisance.*

There was no such word as *defering* or *deferring* in Shakspeare's time. "*Deferer* a une compaigne," Cotgrave, in his *Dictionary*, 1611, explains thus: "To yeeld, *referre*, or attribute much, unto a companie" *Malone.*

That *nothing gift* which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory, reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands; as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it. *Heath.*

I believe the old to be the right reading. *Differing multitudes* means *unsteady multitudes*, who are continually changing their opinions, and condemn to-day what they yesterday applauded. *M. Mason.*

Mr. M. Mason's explanation is just. So, in the Induction to *The Second Part of King Henry IV:*

"The still *discordant, wav'ring* multitude." *Steevens.*

[4] *Since Leonatus false.*] Mr. M. Mason would read:

Since Leonatus is *false.*——

but this conjecture is injurious to the metre. If we are to connect the words in question with the preceding line, and suppose that Imogen has completed all she meant to say, we might read:

Since Leonate is false.

Thus, for the convenience of versification, Shakspeare sometimes calls Prospero, Prosper, and Enobarbus, Enobarbe. *Steevens.*

As Shakspeare has used "thy *mistress'* ear," and "*Menelaus'* tent," for thy *mistresses* ear, and *Menelauses* tent, so, with still greater licence, he uses—Since *Leonatus false*, for—Since Leonatus *is* false. *Malone.*

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Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter Two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that[5] the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.[6] Long live Cæsar!
Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time

Of such a licence, I believe, there is no example either in the works of Shakspeare, or of any other author. *Steevens.*

[5] *That since the common men are now in action*
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that &c.] These facts are historical. *Steevens.*
See p. 77, n. 3. *Malone.*

[6] ——— *and to you the tribunes,*
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.] He *commands* the commission to be given to you. So we say, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen. *Johnson.*

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Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV..... SCENE I.

The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for[7] 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:[8] yet this imperseverant[9] thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:[1] and all this

perverse, errant

[7] ——*for*—] i. e. because. *Steevens.*

[8] ——*in single* oppositions:] In single combat. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"*In single opposition*, hand to hand,
"He did confound the best part of an hour,
"In changing hardiment with great Glendower."

An *opposite* was in Shakspeare the common phrase for an adversary, or antagonist. See Vol. XI, p 192, n. 2. *Malone.*

[9] ——*imperseverant*—] Thus the former editions. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*ill-perseverant*. *Johnson.*

Imperseverant may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *im*bosomed, *im*passioned, *im*masked. *Steevens.*

[1] ——*before* thy *face:*] Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We should read—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's: done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten. *Warburton.*

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done, spurn her home to her father;[2] who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*to* IMO.] remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To* IMO.
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting, I 'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all.[3] I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I 'm not very sick,

Shakspeare, who in *The Winter's Tale,* makes a Clown say: "If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on after thou art dead," would not scruple to give the expression in the text to so fantastick a character as Cloten. The garments of Posthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face,* though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten, would consider this circumstance as any aggravation of the insult. *Malone.*

[2] ——*spurn her home to her father;*] Cloten seems to delight in rehearsing to himself his brutal intentions; for all this he has already said in a former scene: "—and when my lust hath dined, —to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again." *Steevens.*

[3] *Stick to your* journal *course: the breach of custom*
Is breach of all.] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. *Johnson.*

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Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity,[4] the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewel.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.[5]
Imo. [*aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all 's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas[6] breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug.

[4] How *much the quantity,*] I read—*As* much the quantity. *Johnson.*

Surely the present reading has exactly the same meaning. *How* much soever the mass of my affection to my father may be, so much precisely is my love for thee: and as much as my filial love weighs, so much also weighs my affection for thee. *Malone.*

[5] —— *So please you, sir.*] I cannot relish this *courtly phrase* from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech. *Tyrwhitt.*

[6] *The* imperious *seas* —] *Imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial*. *Malone.*

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Gui. I could not stir him:[7]
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;[8]
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We 'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.
Arv. We 'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And so shalt be ever.[9] [*Exit* IMO.
This youth, howe'er distress'd,[1] appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery![2] He cut our roots in characters;[3]

[7] *I could not* stir *him:*] Not *move* him to tell his story. *Johnson.*

[8] —— gentle, *but unfortunate;*] *Gentle,* is *well-born,* of birth above the vulgar. *Johnson.*
Rather, of rank above the vulgar. So, in *King Henry V:*
"—— be he ne'er so vile,
"This day shall *gentle* his condition." *Steevens.*

[9] *And* so *shall be ever.*] The adverb—*so,* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

[1] Imo. *Well, or ill.*
I am bound to you.
Bel. *And so shalt be ever.*—
This youth, howe'er distress'd, &c.] These speeches are improperly distributed between Imogen and Belarius; and I flatter myself that every reader of attention will approve of my amending the passage, and dividing them in the following manner:
Imo. *Well, or ill,*
I am bound to you; and shall be ever.
Bel. *This youth, howe'er distress'd,* &c. *M. Mason.*
And shalt be ever.] That is, you shall ever receive from me the same kindness that you do at present: you shall *thus* only be *bound* to me for ever. *Malone.*

[2] Gui. *But his neat cookery!* &c.] Only the first four words of this speech are given in the old copy to Guiderius: The name of Arviragus is prefixed to the remainder, as well as to the next speech. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

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An' sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,[4]
Mingle their spurs together.[5]
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine![6]
Bel. It is great morning.[7] Come; away.—Who 's there?

[8] —— *He* cut *our roots* in characters;] So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Act IV:
"And how to *cut* his meat *in characters*." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *rooted in* him *both*,] Old copy—in *them*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[5] *Mingle their* spurs *together*.] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. *Pope.*
Spurs are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. Our poet has again used the same word in *The Tempest*:
"—— the strong bas'd promontory
"Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*
"Pluck'd up the pine and cedar."
Hence probably the *spur* of a post; the short wooden buttress affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground. *Malone.*

[6] *And let the stinking* elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!] Shakspeare had only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read—*untwine—from the vine*. *Johnson.*
Surely this is the meaning of the words without any change. May patience increase, and may the stinking elder, grief, *no longer twine* his decaying [or destructive, if *perishing* is used actively,] root *with* the vine, patience, thus increasing!—As *to untwine* is here used for *to cease to twine*, so, in *King Henry VIII*, the word *uncontemned* having been used, the poet has constructed the remainder of the sentence as if he had written *not contemned*. See Vol. XI, p. 279, n. 4. *Malone.*

[7] *It is great morning*.] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. *Steevens.*

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Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.
Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* BEL. *and* ARV.
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.[8]
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
Gui. To, who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.[9] Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No,[1] nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.[2]

[8] ——— *than answering*
A slave *without a knock.*] Than answering that abusive word *slave*. *Slave* should be printed in Italicks. *M. Mason.*
Mr. M. Mason's interpretation is supported by a passage in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Now, Tybalt, take *the villain* back again." *Malone.*

[9] ——*for I wear not*
My dagger in my mouth.] So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599:
"*I fight not with my tongue:* this is my oratrix." *Malone.*

[1] *No,*] This negation is at once superfluous and injurious to the metre. *Steevens.*

[2] *No, nor thy* tailor, *rascal,*
Who is thy grandfather; *he made those clothes,*
Which, as it seems, make thee.] See a note on a similar passage in a former scene, p. 92, n. 9. *Steevens.*

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Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loth to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What 's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were 't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I 'm son to the queen.
Gui. I 'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustick mountaineer.[3] [*Exeunt, fighting.*

[3] *Yield, rustick mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I, sc. iv, the Lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Guiderius. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or ideot; and yet, Act III, sc. i, he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though *it may lack form a little*, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants; to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy

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Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company 's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking,[4] were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear:[5] But see, thy brother.

the Queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. *Steevens.*

4 —— *the snatches in his voice,*
And burst of speaking,] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. *Johnson.*

5 —— *for* the effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cause *of fear:*] [Old copy—*defect* of judgement—] If I understand this passage, it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. Belarius is giving a description of what Cloten formerly was; and in answer to what Arviragus says of *his being so fell*, "Ay, (says Belarius) he was so fell; and being scarce then at man's estate, he had no apprehension of roaring terrors, i. e. of any thing that could check him with fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? *For* defect *of* judgment *is oft the cause of fear*. I think the poet meant to have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this sense, and reconciles the reasoning of the whole passage:

—— *for* th' effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cause of fear, ——. *Theobald.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads with equal justness of sentiment:

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Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *Head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:[6]
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what:[7] cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,[8]
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)[9] they grow,

——*for defect of judgment*
Is oft the cure *of fear,* ——.

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cause* more resembling the manner of our author *Johnson.*

If *fear,* as in other passages of Shakspeare, be understood in an active signification for what may cause fear, it means that Cloten's defect of judgment caused him to commit actions to the terror of others, without due consideration of his own danger therein. Thus, in *King Henry IV,* Part II:

" —— all these bold *fears,*
" Thou see'st with peril I have answered." *Tollet.*

[6] —— *not Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:] This thought had occurred before in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" — if he knock out either of your brains, a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel." *Steevens.*

[7] *I am* perfect, *what:*] I am *well informed,* what. So, in this play:

" I am *perfect,* the Pannonians are in arms." *Johnson.*

[8] —— *take us in,*] To *take in,* was the phrase in use for to *apprehend* an out-law, or to make him amenable to publick justice. *Johnson.*

To *take in* means, simply, to conquer, to subdue. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— cut the Ionian seas,
" And *take in* Toryne." *Steevens.*

That Mr. Steevens's explanation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the present allusion to Cloten's speech, and also from the speech itself in the former part of this scene. He had not threatened to render these outlaws amenable to justice, but to kill them with his own hand:

" *Die the death:*
" When I have *slain thee with my proper hand,*" &c.

" He'd *fetch us in,*" is used a little lower by Belarius, in the sense assigned by Dr. Johnson to the phrase before us. *Malone.*

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And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore, to take our lives? The law
Protects not us:[1] Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law?[2] What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation;[3] ay, and that

9 —— (*thank the gods!*)] The old copies have—(*thanks the gods*). Mr. Rowe, and other editors after him,—*thanks* to *the gods*. But by the present omission of the letter *s*, and the restoration of the parenthesis, I suppose this passage, as it now stands in the text, to be as our author gave it. *Steevens.*

1 —— *The law*
Protects not us:] We meet with the same sentiment in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"The world is not thy friend, *nor the world's law.*" *Steevens.*

2 For *we do fear the law?*] *For* is here used in the sense of *because*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:
"See the simplicity of these base slaves!
"Who, *for* the villains have no faith themselves,
"Think me to be a senseless lump of clay."
Again, in *Othello:*
"And, *for* I know thou art full of love," &c. *Malone.*

3 —— *Though his* humour
Was nothing but mutation; &c.] Old copy—his *honour.*] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a madman, or not?—I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning seems plainly this: Though he was always fickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprize of this nature alone, and unseconded." *Theobald.*

The text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion which was perpetually changing. *Warburton.*

This would be a strange description of honour; and appears to me in its present form to be absolute nonsense. The sense indeed absolutely requires that we should adopt Theobald's amendment, and read *humour* instead of *honour*.

Belarius is speaking of the disposition of Cloten, not of his principles:—and this account of him agrees with what Imogen

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From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.[4]

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,

says in the latter end of the scene, where she calls him "that *irregulous* devil Cloten." *M. Mason.*

I am now convinced that the poet wrote—his *humour*, as Mr. Theobald suggested. The context strongly supports the emendation; but what decisively entitles it to a place in the text is, that the editor of the folio has, in like manner printed *honour* instead of *humour* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I, sc. iii:

"Falstaff will learn the *honour* of the age."

The quarto reads rightly—"the *humour* of the age."

On the other hand in the quarto, signat. A 3, we find, "—Sir, my *honour* is not for many words," instead of "—Sir, my *humour*," &c. *Malone.*

[4] *Did make my way long forth*] Fidele's sickness made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*. *Johnson.*

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Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet,[5] would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,[6]
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,[7]
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,[8]
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful;[9]

[5] ——— *revenges,*
That possible strength might meet,] Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *To gain his colour,*] i. e. to restore him to the bloom of health, to recall the colour of it into his cheeks. *Steevens.*

[7] *I'd let a* parish *of such Clotens blood,*] I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a *parish*. *Johnson.*
" His visage, (says Fenner of a *catchpole*,) was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face." *Farmer.*

[8] —— *They are as gentle*
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind, &c.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*
" His qualities were beauteous as his form,
" For maiden tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
" Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
" As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
" When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be."
Malone.

[9] ——'*Tis wonder*ful,] Old copies—*wonder*. The correction

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That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it 's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body 's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn Musick.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,[1]
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead, in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

is Mr. Pope's. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Keep a good student from his book, and *it is wonderful*." *Steevens.*

[1] ——*lamenting* toys,] *Toys* formerly signified freaks, or frolicks. One of N. Breton's poetical pieces, printed in 1577, is called, "The *toyes* of an idle head." See Vol. XI, p. 14, n. 6. *Malone.*

Toys are *trifles*. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. I:

"That for a *toy*, a thing of no regard."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Each *toy* seems prologue to some great amiss." *Steevens.*

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Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?[2] find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?[3]—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,[4]

[2] *O, melancho'y!*
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?] So, in *Alba, the Monthes Mind of a Melancholy Lover*, by R. T. 1598:
"This woeful tale, where sorrow is the ground,
"Whose bottom 's such as nere the depth is found."
Malone.

[3] —— *what coast thy sluggish* crare
Might easiliest harbour in?] The folio reads:
—— *thy sluggish* care?
which Dr Warburton allows to be a plausible reading, but substitutes *carrack* in its room; and with this, Dr. Johnson tacitly acquiesced, and inserted it in the text. Mr. Simpson, among his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, has retrieved the true reading, which is—
—— *thy sluggish* crare.
See *The Captain*, Act I, sc. ii:
"—— let him venture
"In some decay'd *crare* of his own."
A *crare*, says Mr. Heath, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The same word, though somewhat differently spelt, occurs in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, Book XXXIX, Stanza 28:
"To ships, and barks, with gallies, bulks and *crayes*," &c.
Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:
"Behold a form to make your *craers* and barks."
Again, in *Amintas for his Phillis*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:
"Till thus my soule doth passe in Charon's *crare*."
Mr. Tollet observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed, as twice, p. 906, Vol. II. *Steevens.*
Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*thou*, sluggish crare, *might'st*, &c. The epithet *sluggish* is used with equal propriety, a *crayer* being a very slow-sailing unwieldly vessel. See Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598, "*Vurchio.* A hulke, a *crayer*, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen." *Malone.*

[4] —— *but I,*] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but* ah! The meaning of the passage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I* know, *thou died'st*, &c. *Tyrwhitt.*
I believe, "but *ah!*" to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the

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Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark,[5] as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues[6] from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:[7]
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.[8]

Arv. With fairest flowers,

first folio, and in all books of that time, printed instead of *ah!* Hence probably *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text here.

Heaven knows (says Belarius) *what a man thou would'st have been*, had'st thou lived; but alas! *thou diedst of melancholy, while yet only a most accomplished boy.* *Malone.*

[5] *Stark,*] i. e. stiff. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"——————— guiltless labour
"When it lies *starkly* in the traveller's bones."

Again, in *King Henry IV*, Part I:

"And many a nobleman lies *stark*—
"Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies." *Steevens.*

[6] —— clouted *brogues* —] are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts*, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. *Brog* is the Irish for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom. *Steevens.*

[7] *Why, he but sleeps:*] I cannot forbear to introduce a passage somewhat like this, from Webster's *White Devil or Vittoria Corombona*, [1612] on account of its singular beauty:

"Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
"To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
"Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
"Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
"Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,
"While horror waits on princes!" *Steevens.*

[8] *And worms will not come to* thee.] This change from the second person to the third, is so violent, that I cannot help imputing it to the players, transcribers, or printers; and therefore wish to read:

And worms will not come to him. *Steevens.*

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Whilst summer lasts,[9] and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the rudduck would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.[1]

[9] *With fairest flowers*
Whilst summer lasts, &c.] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, (edit. 1609):

"No, I will rob Tellus of her weede,
"To strewe thy greene with flowers: the yellowes, blues,
"The purple violets and marygolds,
"Shall as a carpet hang upon *thy grave*,
"*Whilst summer dayes doth last.*" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *the ruddock would,*
With charitable bill,—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground *thy corse.*] Here again the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss?* A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading:

*To winter-*gown *thy corse:* ——

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moss*. *Warburton.*

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakspeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The *rúddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser:

"The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite."

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl:*

"Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
"The little *red-breast* teacheth charitie."

See also, Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, B. I, p. 10. *Steevens.*

—— *the* ruddock *would*, &c.] Is this an allusion to the *Babes of the*

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Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,

Wood, or was the notion of the red-breast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? *Percy.*

In *Cornucopia, or divers Secrets wherein is contained the rare Secrets in Man, Beasts, Foules, Fishes, Trees, Plantes, Stones, and such like most pleasant and profitable, and not before committed to bee printed in English Newlie drawen out of divers Latine Authors into English, by* Thomas Johnson, 4to. 1596, signat. E. it is said: "The robin redbrest if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also." *Reed.*

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil;* and in such a manner as confirms the old reading:

"Call for the robin-red-brest and the wren,
"Since o'er shady groves they hover,
"And with leaves and flowers do cover
"The friendless bodies of unburied men;
"Call unto his funeral dole
"The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
"To rear him *hillocks* that shall keep him warm," &c.
Farmer.

Which of these two plays was first written cannot now be determined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shakspeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the edition of Webster's play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare: "And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakspeare," &c. *Steevens.*

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet.* It is spoken by a distracted lady:

"—— you 're very welcome;
"Here 's rosemary for you, and rue for you;
"Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it;
"I have left more for myself."

Dr. Warburton asks, "What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss?*" But perhaps *winter-ground* does not refer to *moss*, but to the last antecedent, *flowers*. If this was the construction intended by Shakspeare, the passage should be printed thus:

Yea, and furr'd moss besides,—when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corse.

i. e. you shall have also a warm covering of moss, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which WINTER is usually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1625: "He looks like WINTER, stuck here and there with fresh *flowers*."—I have not, however, much confidence in this observation. *Malone.*

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And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.
Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother;[2] use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arv. We 'll speak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less:[3] for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that:[4] Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world[5]) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,

[2] *As once our mother;*] The old copy reads:
As once to *our mother;*——
The compositor having probably caught the word—*to* from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[3] *Great griefs, I see, medicine the less:*] So again, in this play:
"—— a touch more rare
"Subdues all pangs, all fears."
Again, in *King Lear:*
"—— Where the greater malady is fix'd,
"The lesser is scarce felt." *Malone.*

[4] *He was paid for that:*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
He has *paid for that:* ——
rather plausibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *punished.* So, Jonson:
"Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,
"For which, or pay me quickly, or I 'll *pay* you." *Johnson.*
So Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* after having been beaten, when in the dress of an old woman, says, "I pay'd nothing for it neither, but *was paid* for my learning." See Vol. III, p. 136, n. 2; and Vol. VIII, p. 231, n. 2. *Malone.*

[5] —— reverence,
(*That angel of the world*)—] *Reverence,* or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. *Johnson.*

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Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BEL.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*[6]
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.[7]

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*[8]
Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*[9]
Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

[6] *Fear no more* &c.] This is the topick of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewel we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τέκνον ἄθλιον οὐκέτι διψήσεις, οὐκέτι πεινήσεις, &c. *Warburton.*

[7] *The sceptre, learning,* &c.] The poet's sentiment seems to have been this:—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *the all-dreaded* thunder-stone;] So, in Chapman's translation of the fifteenth *Iliad:*

"—— though I sinke beneath
"The fate of being shot to hell by Jove's fell *thunder-stone.*" *Steevens.*

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Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must.*
Consign to thee,[1] *and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*[2]
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;*[3]
And renowned be thy grave![4]

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the Body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down,

Bel. Here 's a few flowers; but about midnight, more: The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night, Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:[5]—

[9] *Fear not slander,*] Perhaps:
Fear not slander's *censure rash.* *Johnson.*

[1] *Consign to* thee,] Perhaps:
Consign to this, ——
And in the former stanza, for—*All follow this,* we might read—
All follow thee. *Johnson.*
Consign to thee is right. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" —————— *seal*
" A dateless bargain to engrossing death."
To consign to thee, is *to seal the same contract* with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. *Steevens.*

[2] *No* exorciser *harm thee!*] I have already remarked that Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorciser* to express a person who can raise spirits, not one who lays them. *M. Mason.*
See Vol. V, p. 309, n. 5. *Malone.*

[3] *Quiet* consummation *have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *King Edward III,* 1596:
" My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,
" This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
" To darkness, *consummation,* dust and worms."
Milton, in his *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester,* is indebted to the passage before us:
" Gentle lady, may thy grave
" Peace and quiet ever have!" *Steevens.*
So Hamlet says:
" —— 'tis a *consummation*
" Devoutly to be wish'd." *M. Mason.*

[4] —— *thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. *Johnson.*

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You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt* Bel. Gui. *and* Arv.

Imo. [*awaking*] Yes sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins![6]—can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the Body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes:[7] Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthûmus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face[8]—

[5] —— *Upon their faces:*] Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed. This passage might have taught Dr. Warburton not to have disturbed the text in a former scene. See p. 114, n. 1. *Malone.*

[6] *'Ods pittikins!*] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Hoe*, 1600; in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, or *The Gentle Craft*, 1600. It is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*. *Steevens.*

[7] *Which the* brain *makes of* fumes:] So, in *Macbeth*:
"That memory, the warder of the *brain*,
"Shall be a *fume*." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *his* Jovial *face* —] *Jovial* face, signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatick writers.

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Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil,[9] Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top![1]—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ah me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.[2]—How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant![3]
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed; and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

So, Heywood, in *The Silver Age:*

" —— Alcides here will stand,
" To plague you all with his high *Jovial hand!*"

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

" Thou *Jovial* hand hold up thy scepter high."

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, speaking of Jupiter:

" ———— All that stand,
" Sink in the weight of his high *Jovial* hand." *Steevens.*

9 *Conspir'd with that* irregulous *devil,*] I suppose it should be—
Conspir'd with th' irreligious *devil,* —— *Johnson.*

Irregulous (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata.* In Reinolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, edit. 1679, p. 121, I meet with " *irregulated* lust." *Steevens.*

1 —— *the main-top!*] i. e. the top of the mainmast. *Steevens.*

2 *Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,*
And left this *head on.*—] I would willingly read:
And left thy *head on.* *Steevens.*

This head means the head of Posthumus; the head that *did* belong to *this* body. See the preceding page, n. 5. *Malone.*

3 —— *'tis* pregnant, pregnant!] i. e. 'tis ready, apposite conclusion. So, in *Hamlet:*

" How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are?" *Steevens.*

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Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain, *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia.
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.[4]

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captain look to 't.—Now sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:[5]
(I fast, and pray'd,[6] for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south[7] to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:

[4] *Sienna's brother.*] i. e. (as I suppose Shakspeare to have meant) brother to the Prince of Sienna: but, unluckily, *Sienna* was a republick. See W. Thomas's *Historye of Italye*, 4to. bl. l. 1561, p. 7, b. *Steevens.*

[5] *Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:*] It was no common dream, but sent from the *very gods*, or the gods themselves. *Johnson.*

[6] *I fast and pray'd,*] *Fast* is here very licentiously used for *fasted*. So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find—*lift* for *lifted*. *Malone.*

[7] —— *the* spongy *south* —] Milton has availed himself of this epithet, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle:*

"—— —— Thus I hurl
"My dazzling spells into the *spungy* air." *Steevens.*

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For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let 's see the boy's face.
Cap. He is alive, my lord.
Luc. He 'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
nform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?[8] What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never[9]
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ.[1] If I do lie, and do

[8] —— *who was he,*
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?] To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases; the question therefore is,—Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it? *Johnson.*
Olivia, speaking of her own beauty as of a *picture*, asks Viola if it "is not well *done?*"
Again, in Chapman's version of the *Iliad:*
"—— The golden scourge most elegantly *done*
"He tooke, and mounted to his seate —." *Steevens.*
Fecit was, till lately, the technical term universally annexed to pictures and engravings. *Henley.*

[9] *Try many, all good, serve truly, never* —] We may be certain that this line was originally complete. I would, therefore, for the sake of metre, read:
Try many, and *all good; serve truly, never* &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *Richard du Champ,*] Shakspeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection of stories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure,*

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No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.[2]

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith;[3] thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But, first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes[4] can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;

1576, I find the following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity. In the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the *roaring of cannons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and "*that her father wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to the Turke.*—Eriphile, after the death of her husband Amphiaraus, (*the Theban prophet*) calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infortunio* was drowned towards her," &c. &c. *Cannon-shot* is found in Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, B. III. *Steevens.*

This absurdity was not confined to novels. In Lodge's *Wounds of Ciuill War*, 1594, one of the directions is, "*Enter Lucius Fauorinus, Pausanias*, with Pedro a Frenchman," who speaks broken English; the earliest dramatick specimen of this sort of jargon now extant. *Ritson.*

[2] *Fidele.*] Old copy—Fidele, *sir;* but for the sake of metre I have omitted this useless word of address, which has already occurred in the same line. *Steevens.*

[3] *Thy name well fits thy faith;*] A similar thought has been already met with in *King Henry V*, where Pistol having announced his name, the King replies: "It sorts well with your fierceness." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *these poor pickaxes* —] Meaning her fingers. *Johnson.*

[5] *So please you* entertain *me.*] i. e. hire me; receive me unto your service. See Vol. III, p. 34, n. 6. *Malone.*

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And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave:[6] Come, arm him.[7]—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*[8]

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, *and* PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness of which her life 's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,

[6] *And make him with our* pikes *and* partisans
A grave:] Surely the Roman troops had no pioneers among them; and how a grave could be made with such instruments as are here specified, our poet has not informed us. After all, a *grave* is *not* made; but Cloten is found lying on the surface of the earth, with the supposed remains of Imogen. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *arm him,*] That is, *Take him up in your arms. Hanmer.*
So, in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen:*
" —— *Arm* your prize,
" I know you will not lose her."
The *prize* was *Emilia. Steevens.*

[8] —— Cymbeline's *Palace.*] This scene is omitted against all authority by Sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next Act. *Johnson.*
The fact is, that Sir Thomas Hanmer has inserted this supposed omission as the eighth scene of Act III. The scene which in Dr. Johnson's first edition is the eighth of Act III, is printed in a small letter under it in Sir T. Hanmer's, on a supposition that it was spurious. In this impression it is the third scene of Act IV, and that which in Dr. Johnson is the eighth scene of Act IV, is in this the seventh scene. *Steevens.*

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Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your royal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will,[9] no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time 's troublesome;
We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy [*To* Pis.
Does yet depend.[1]

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—

[9] *And* will,] I think it should be read—*And* he 'll. *Steevens.*

There are several other instances of the personal pronoun being omitted in these plays, beside the present, particularly in *King Henry VIII*, nor is Shakspeare the only writer of that age that takes this liberty. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 793, edit. 1631: "—— after that he tooke boat at Queen Hith, and so came to his house; where missing the afore named counsellors, *fortified* his house with full purpose to die in his own defence."

Again, in the Continuation of Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543: "Then when they heard that Henry was safe returned into Britagne, *rejoyced* not a little."

Again, in Anthony Wood's *Diary*, ad. ann. 1652: "One of these, a most handsome virgin,—kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to save her life: and being strucken with a deep remorse, *tooke* her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c.

See also *King Lear*, Act II, sc. iv, note on—"Having more man than wit about me, *drew*." *Malone.*

[1] —— *our jealousy*
Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the *cause* is *depending*. *Johnson.*

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I am amaz'd with matter.[2]

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of:[3] come more, for more you 're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let 's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter[4] from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.[5]
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king,[6] or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

[2] *I am* amaz'd *with matter.*] i. e. confounded by a variety of business. So, in *King John:*

" I am *amaz'd*, methinks, and lose my way,
" Among the thorns and dangers of this world." *Steevens.*

preparation can affront *&c.*] Your forces are able to *face* my as we hear the enemy will bring against us. *Johnson.*
.52, n. 2. *Malone.*

:d *no letter* —] I suppose we should read with Sir Thos.

've had *no letter* ——. *Steevens.*

aps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's We yet say—I have not *heard* a *syllable* from him. *Malone.*

—*not true,* to be *true.*] The uncommon roughness of this rsuades me that the words—*to be,* are an interpolation, to prevent an ellipsis, has destroyed the measure. *Steevens.*

the note o' the king,] I will so distinguish myself, the remark my valour. *Johnson.*

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SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we[7] in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts[8]
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd;[9] and so extort from us
That which we 've done, whose answer[1] would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses[2] neigh,

[7] ——*find we* —] Old copy—*we find*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[8] ——*revolts* —] i. e. revolters. So, in *King John:*
"Lead me to the *revolts* of England here." *Steevens.*

[9] ——————*a* render
Where we have liv'd;] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man. *Johnson.*
Render is used in a similar sense in *Timon of Athens*, Act V:
"And sends us forth to make their sorrow'd *render*."
Steevens.
So again, in this play:
"My boon is, that this gentleman may *render*,
"Of whom he had this ring." *Malone.*

[1] ——*whose answer* —] The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten would be *death*, &c. *Johnson.*

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Behold their quarter'd fires,[3] have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life;[4] aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,[5]
Cannot be question'd.
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I 'll go:

[2] ——the *Roman horses*—] Old copy—*their* Roman. This is one of the many corruptions into which the transcriber was led by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[3] —— *their* quarter'd *fires,*] Their fires regularly disposed. *Johnson.*

Quarter'd fires, I believe, means no more than *fires in the respective quarters* of the Roman army. *Steevens.*

[4] *The* certainty *of this hard life;*] That is, the certain consequence of this hard life. *Malone.*

[5] —— *o'ergrown,*] Thus, Spenser:
" —— *o'ergrown* with old decay,
" And hid in darkness, that none could behold
" The hue thereof." *Steevens.*

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If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chanc'd to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V..... SCENE I.

A Field between the British *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody Handkerchief.*[6]

Post. Yea, bloody cloth,[7] I 'll keep thee; for I wish'd[8]
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?[9]—O, Pisanio!

[6] —— *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing Act determined to send. *Johnson.*

[7] *Yea, bloody cloth,* &c.] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next sooths his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *I wish'd* —] The old copy reads—*I* am *wish'd. Steevens.* The correction was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

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Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on[1] this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch from hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;[2]
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.[3]

[9] *For* wrying *but a little?*] This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of his translation of Virgil, 1582:

"—— the maysters *wrye* their vessels."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. I, edit. 1633, p. 67: "— that from the right line of vertue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts."

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

"—— in her sinking down she *wryes*
"The diadem ——." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *to put on* —] Is to *incite*, to *instigate*. *Johnson.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

"——— the powers above,
"*Put on* their instruments." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *each elder worse;*] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

—— *each* worse than other;

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they knew, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads:

—— *each elder worse;*

The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*. *Johnson.*

—— *each elder worse;*] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime. *Tollet.*

I believe our author must answer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently considered the latter evil deed as the elder; having probably some general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil, commencing with our first parents, and gradually accumulating in process of time by a repetition of crimes. *Malone.*

[3] *And make them* dread it *to the doer's thrift.*] The divinity schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures:

"You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
"To have them fall no more: —."

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes:

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But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey![4]—I am brought hither

"And make them *dread it*, to the doer's thrift."
Here is a relative without an antecedent substantive; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read:

And make them dreaded, *to the doer's thrift.*

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. *Theobald.*

This emendation is followed by Sir T. Hanmer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence:

And make them dread, *to the doer's thrift.*

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation,—

And make them deeded, *to the doer's thrift.*

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakspeare has, in another sense, *undeeded* in *Macbeth:*

"——— ——— my sword
"I sheath again *undeeded.*"

I will try again, and read thus:

——*others you permit*
To second ills with ills, each other worse,
And make them trade it, *to the doer's thrift.*

Trade and *thrift* correspond. Our author plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Isabella says:

"Thy sin's, not accidental, but a *trade.*" *Johnson.*

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions.* Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in *Hamlet*, that Pope and Rowe have not refused this mode of speaking:—"To *sinner it*, or *saint it*,"—and "to *cay it.*"
Steevens.

There is a meaning to be extracted from these words as they now stand, and in my opinion not a bad one:—"Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers."

The whole speech is in a religious strain.—*Thrift* signifies a *state of prosperity.* It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doer's thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation.—The same sentiment occurs in *The False One*, though not so seriously introduced, where the Soldier, speaking of the contrition of Septimius, who murdered Pompey, says, "he was happy he was a rascal, to come to this." *M. Mason.*

[4] —— *Do your* best *wills,*
And make me bless'd to obey!] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written:

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Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the* Roman *Army; at the other Side, the* British *Army;* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in Skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,[5]

—— *Do your* bless'd *wills,*
And make me bless'd t' obey! *Johnson.*

[5] —— *this* carl,] *Carl* or *churl* is a clown or husbandman. *Ritson.*
Verstegan says *ceorle,* now written *churle,* was anciently understood for *a sturdy fellow.* *Reed.*
Carle is used by our old writers in opposition to a *gentleman.* See the poem of *John the Reeve.* *Percy.*
Carlot is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As you Like it.* Again, in an ancient *Interlude,* or *Morality,* printed by Rastell, without title or date:
" A *carlys* sonne, brought up of nought."
The thought seems to have been imitated in *Philaster:*
" The gods take part against me; could this *boor*
" Have held me thus else?" *Steevens.*

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A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The Battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.
Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons: *They rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let 's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought:[6] The king himself
Of his wings destitute,[7] the army broken,

[6] *But that the heavens fought:*] So, in *Judges*, v. 20: "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *The king himself*
Of his wings destitute,] "The Danes rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after

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And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;[8]
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base,[9] than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)[1]
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's *harts die flying, not our men:*

the left wing of the Scots, was constreined to retire and flee back. —HAIE beholding *the king*, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now *destitute of the wings*," &c. Holinshed. See the next note. *Malone.*

[8] *Close by the battle,* &c.] The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155: "There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane fensed on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes supposing they might best staie the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they meet fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battell," &c.

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs*, &c. Article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject. *Musgrave.*

[9] *The country* base,] i. e. a rustick game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. So, in the tragedy of *Hoffman*, 1632:

"—— I 'll run a little course
"At *base*, or barley-brake ——." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *for preservation or* shame,)] *Shame* for modesty. *Warburton.*

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To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, *and will give you that*
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made:[2] And now our cowards,
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need;[3] having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs[4] o' the field.

[2] —— they *victors made:*] The old copy has—*the* victors &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[3] —— became

The life o' the need;] i. e. that *have become* the life, &c. Shakspeare should have written *become*, but there is, I believe, no corruption. In his 134th Sonnet, he perhaps again uses *came* as a participle:

"The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
"Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
"And sue a friend, *came* debtor for thy sake."

Became, however, in the text may be a verb. If this was intended, the parenthesis should be removed. *Malone.*

[4] —— *bugs* —] Terrors. *Johnson.*
So, in *The First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605:
"Where nought but furies, *bugs*, and tortures dwell."

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Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it:[5] You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend:
For if he 'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewel; you are angry. [*Exit.*
Post. Still going?—This is a lord![6] O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,[7]

Again, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:
"Is Amurath Bassa such a *bug*,
"That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?" *Steevens.*
See Vol. II, p. 153, n. 9. *Malone.*

[5] *Nay, do not wonder at it:*] Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *This* is *a lord!*] Read:—*This a lord! Ritson.*

[7] —— *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition: which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristick, say, "Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent." And Prior, in his *Alma:*
"North Britons hence have *second sight;*
"And *Germans free from gun-shot fight.*" *Warburton.*
See Vol. X, p. 408, n. 3 So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*
"Their seconds minister an oath
"Which was indifferent to them both,
"That, on their nightly faith and troth,
"No *magick* them supplied;
"And sought them that they had no *charms*

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Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:
For, being now a favourer to the Roman,[8]
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be[9]
Britons must take: For me, my ransome 's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I 'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British *Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Capt.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Capt.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,[1]
That gave the affront with them.[2]

1 *Capt.* So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand![3] who is there?

"Wherewith to work each other's harms,
"But come with simple open arms
"To have their causes tried."

Again, in Chapman's version of the tenth Book of Homer's *Odyssey:*

"Enter her roof; for thou 'rt to all proof *charm'd*
"Against the ill day." *Steevens.*

8 ——*favourer to the* Roman,] The editions before Sir Thomas Hanmer's, for *Roman* read *Briton;* and Dr. Warburton reads *Briton* still. *Johnson.*

9 ——*great the* answer *be*—] *Answer*, as once in this before, is *retaliation. Johnson.*

1 ——*a* silly *habit,*] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustick*. So, in *King Lear:*

"——twenty *silly* ducking observants ——." *Steevens.*

So, in the novel of Boccace, on which this play is formed: "The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a *silly* chapperone," &c. *The Decameron*, 1620. *Malone.*

2 *That gave the* affront *with them.*] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. *Johnson.*

To *affront*, Minsheu explains thus in his *Dictionary*, 1617: "To come face to face. v. *Encounter.*" *Affrontare*, Ital. *Malone.*

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Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been dropping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE,[4] *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and* Roman *Captives. The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and Two* Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen,[5] you have locks upon you;
So graze, as you find pasture.
2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt* Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

[3] —— *Stand!*] I would willingly, for the sake of metre, omit this useless word, and read the whole passage thus:

But none of them can be found.—Who's there?
Post. *A Roman;* —. *Steevens.*

[4] *Enter* Cymbeline, &c.] This is the only instance in these plays of the business of the scene being entirely performed in dumb show. The direction must have proceeded from the players, as it is perfectly unnecessary, and our author has elsewhere [in *Hamlet*] expressed his contempt of such mummery. *Ritson.*

[5] *You shall not now be stolen,*] The wit of the Gaolor alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. *Johnson.*

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Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.[6]
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that 's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for their figure's sake;
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.[7] O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

[6] ——— *to satisfy,*
If of *my freedom 'tis the main part, take*
No stricter render of me, than my all.] Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I doff *my freedom*, ——. *Steevens.*

I believe Posthumus means to say, "Since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeased, how small soever the atonement may be." I suspect, however, that a line has been lost, after the word *satisfy*. If the text be right, *to satisfy* means, *by way of satisfaction. Malone.*

[7] —— *cold bonds.*] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetick speeches. *Johnson.*

An allusion to the same legal instrument has more than once debased the imagery of Shakspeare. So, in *Macbeth:*

"*Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond*
"That keeps me pale." *Steevens.*

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Solemn musick.[8] *Enter, as in an apparition,* Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Posthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Posthumus, *with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Posthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Posthumus *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.

[8] *Solemn musick.* &c.] Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophesy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this Act I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare. *Pope.*

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakspeare, who has conducted his fifth Act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay* will show that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable:—"We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet by Nash, called *Lenten Stuffe, with the Prayse of the Red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs, foure Acts*, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players." *Steevens.*

One would think that, Shakspeare's style being too refined for his audiences, the managers had employed some playwright of the *old school* to regale them with a touch of "King Cambyses' vein." The margin would be too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation. *Ritson.*

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Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,[9]
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,[1]
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck[2] and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

[9] *That from me was Posthúmus ript,*] Perhaps we should read:
That from my womb *Posthumus ript,*
Came crying 'mongst his foes. *Johnson.*
This circumstance is met with in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607. The play of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623:
"What would'st thou run again into my womb?
"If thou wert there, thou should'st be *Posthumus*,
"And ript out of my sides," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *With* marriage *wherefore was he* mock'd,] The same phrase occurs in *Measure for Measure:*
"I hope you will not *mock* me with a *husband.*" *Steevens.*

[2] *And to become the* geck—] And permit *Posthumus* to become the geck, &c. *Malone.*

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2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius'[3] right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends*[4] *in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.*

A *geck* is a fool. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *Tenantius'* —] See p. 8, n. 7. *Steevens.*

[4] *Jupiter descends* —] It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to King Henry VIII, bl. l. 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state: "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a dayes in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some Saynt is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towardes some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie." The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, "the lyke maner used nowe at our dayes in stage playes." *Steevens.*

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Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted.[5] Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.[6] [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell:[7] the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us:[8] his ascension is

[5] *The more delay'd,* delighted.] That is, the more delightful for being delayed.—It is scarcely necessary to observe, in this play and in *Hamlet*, that Shakspeare uses indiscriminately the active and passive participles. *M. Mason.*

Delighted is here either used for delighted *in*, or for *delighting*. So, in *Othello:*

"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack ——." *Malone.*

Though it be hardly worth while to waste a conjecture on the wretched stuff before us, perhaps the author of it, instead of *delighted* wrote *dilated*, i. e. expanded, rendered more copious. This participle occurs in *King Henry V*, and the verb in *Othello.* *Steevens.*

[6] —— *my palace crystalline.*] Milton has transplanted this idea into his verses *In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis:*

"Ventum est Olympi et *regium chrystallinum.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *He came in thunder; his celestial breath*
Was sulphurous to smell:] A passage like this one may suppose to have been ridiculed by Ben Jonson, when in *Every Man in his Humour* he puts the following strain of poetry into the mouth of Justice Clement:

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More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing,[9] and cloys his beak,[1]
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement closes,[2] he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*
Post. [*waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created

" ——————— testify,
" How Saturn sitting in an ebon cloud,
" Disrob'd his podex white as ivory,
" And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud."

If, however, the dates of Jonson's play and Chapman's translation of the eleventh Book of Homer's *Iliad*, are at all reconcileable, one might be tempted to regard the passage last quoted as a ridicule on the following:

" ——— *on a sable cloud*
" (To bring them furious to the field) *sat thundring out aloud.*" Fol. edit. p. 143. *Steevens.*

[2] ——*to* foot *us:*] i. e. to grasp us in his pounces. So, Herbert:
" And till they, *foot* and clutch their prey." *Steevens.*

[9] Prunes *the immortal wing,*] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I:
" Some sitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breasts."
See Vol. IV, p. 87, n. 6; and Vol. VII, p. 153, n. 2. *Steevens.*

[1] —— cloys *his beak,*] Perhaps we should read:
—— claws *his beak.* *Tyrwhitt.*
A *cley* is the same with a *claw* in old language. *Farmer.*
So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. IV, fol. 69:
" And as a catte would ete fishes
" Without wetynge of his *clees.*"
Again, in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods:*
" ——— from the seize
" Of vulture death and those relentless *cleys.*"
Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, speaks " of a disease in cattell betwixt the *clees* of their feete." And in *The Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, " The *cleis* within the fote ye shall call aright her pounces." To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles. *Steevens.*

[2] *The marble pavement closes,*] So, in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, Cant. xii, st. 77, 1609:
" A general shout is given,
" And strikes against *the marble floors of heaven.*" *H. White.*

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A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall* Posthumus *end his miseries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not:[3] either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.[4] Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

[3] *Tongue, and brain not:*] To perfect the line we may read:
Do *tongue, and brain not:* —. *Steevens.*

[4] *'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen*
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.] The meaning, which is too thin to be easily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream or madness, or both,—or nothing,—but whether it be a speech without consciousness,* as in a dream, *or a speech unintelligible,* as in madness, be it as it is, *it is like my course of life.* We might perhaps read:
Whether *both, or nothing,* —. *Johnson.*

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Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;[5] purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness:[6] O! of this contradiction you shall now be quiet.[7]—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a thrice: you have no true debitor and creditor[8] but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not

[5] —— *sorry that you* have paid *too much, and sorry that you* are paid *too much;*] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are paid,* or *subdued,* too much by the liquor. So, Falstaff: " —— seven of the eleven I *paid.*" Again, in the fifth scene of the fourth Act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor. Steevens.*

The word has already occurred in this sense, in a former scene:

" And though he came our enemy, remember
" He was *paid* for that." *Malone.*

[6] —— *being* drawn *of heaviness:*] *Drawn* is *embowelled, exenterated.*—So, in common language a fowl is said to be *drawn,* when its intestines are taken out. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *of this contradiction you shall now be quit.*] Thus, in *Measure for Measure:*

" ———— Death,
" That makes these odds all even." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *debitor and creditor* —] For an *accounting book. Johnson.* So, in *Othello:*

" By *debitor and creditor,* this *counter*-caster;" ——.
Steevens.

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seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry[9] on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I 'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* Post. *and* Mess.

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.[1] Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*

[9] —— *jump the after-enquiry* —] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So, *Macbeth*:

"We 'd *jump* the life to come." *Johnson.*

To jump is to hazard. So, in the passage quoted from *Macbeth* by Dr. Johnson. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"To *jump* a body with a dangerous physick ——."

Malone.

[1] —— *I never saw one so prone.*] i. e. forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:

"Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtol and serpentine,
"With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorus."

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the sixth Book of Lucan:

"—— Thessalian fierie steeds
"For use of war so *prone* and fit." *Steevens.*

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SCENE V.[2]

Cymbeline's *Tent*.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.[3]
Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BEL. GUI. *and* ARV.
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,

[2] *Scene V.*] Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatick violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *one that promis'd nought*
But beggary and poor looks.] To promise *nothing but* poor *looks*, may be, to give no promise of courageous behaviour. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Richard II:*
"To *look* so *poorly*, and to speak so fair." *Steevens.*

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Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o' the battle;[4] I create you
Champions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There 's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician[5]
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.[6]—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love[7]

[4] —— *knights o' the battle;*] Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 164, edit. 1615: "Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the fielde.*" *Steevens.*

[5] Whom *worse than a physician* —] Old copy—*Who.* Corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

[6] ——— *yet death*
Will seize the doctor too.] This observation has been already made at the end of the second stanza of the funeral Song, p. 132:
"The sceptre, learning, *physick*, must
"All follow this, and come to dust." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *bore in hand* to love —] i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love. *Steevens.*

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With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,[8]
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did, so please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes[9]
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman *Prisoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

[8] —— yes, *and in time,*] Thus the second folio. The first, injuriously to the metre, omits—*yes*. *Steevens*.

[9] *Mine eyes* —] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very adroitly, in my opinion, supplies the syllable here wanting to the metre, by reading:
Yet, *mine eyes* &c. *Steevens*.

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Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransome, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat,[1] so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar[2] to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy:[3] ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
There 's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

[1] *So feat,*] So ready; so dexterous in waiting. *Johnson.* See p. 9, n. 1. *Malone.*

[2] *His* favour *is familiar* —] I am acquainted with his countenance. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *I know not why,* nor *wherefore,*
To *say, live, boy:*] I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy. The word *nor* was inserted by Mr. Rowe. The late editions have—*I* say, &c. *Malone.*

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Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.
[CYM. *and* IMO. *converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?[4]
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.
Pis. It is my mistress: [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [CYM. *and* IMO. *come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to* IACH.] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,

[4] —— *reviv'd* from death?] The words—*from death*, which spoil the measure, are an undoubted interpolation. From what else *but death* could Imogen, in the opinion of Belarius, have *reviv'd?* *Steevens.*

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Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. What 's that to him? [*Aside.*
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which[5]
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?[6]
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits[7]
Quail to remember,[7]—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock

[5] —— *which* —] Mr. Ritson (and I perfectly agree with him) is of opinion that this pronoun should be omitted, as in elliptical language, on similar occasions, is often known to have been the case. How injurious this syllable is to the present measure, I think no reader of judgment can fail to perceive. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Wilt thou* hear *more, my lord?* &c.] The metre will become perfectly regular if we read:

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt more, my lord?
Cym. *All that*
Belongs to this.
Iach. *That paragon, thy daughter,* —.

In elliptical language, such words as—*thou hear*, are frequently omitted; but the players, or transcribers, as in former instances, were unsatisfied till the metre was destroyed by the insertion of whatever had been purposely left out. *Steevens.*

[7] Quail *to remember,*] To *quail* is to sink into dejection. The word is common to many authors. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "She cannot *quail* me if she come in likeness of the great devil." See Vol. V, p. 38, n. 8; and Vol. VIII, p. 293, n. 1. *Steevens.*

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That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus,
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature;[8] for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye: ——

Cym. I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.

[8] ——*for* feature, *laming*
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature;] *Feature* for proportion of parts, which Mr. Theobald not understanding, would alter to *stature:*
——*for feature, laming*
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief *nature;* ——
i. e. the ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature;* i. e. of hasty, unelaborate nature. He gives the same character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"O'er picturing *that* Venus where we see
"*The fancy outwork nature.*"
It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. *Warburton.*

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was conversant with what we at present call *the fine arts.* The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of Homer, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. *Steevens.*

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Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian[9] had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel;[1] and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes[2]

[9] —— *as* Dian —] i. e. as if Dian. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "— he utters them *as* he had eaten ballads." See also, Vol. IX, p. 143, n. 2. *Malone.*

[1] —— *a* carbuncle &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"He has deserv'd it, were it *carbuncled*
"Like *Phœbus'* car." *Steevens.*

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Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,——

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer![3] Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.[4]
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help

[2] —— *averring notes* —] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. *Johnson.*

[3] *Some upright* justicer!] I meet with this antiquated word in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

" —— —— —— this day,
" Th' eternal *justicer* sees through the stars."

Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

" No: we must have an upright *justicer*."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. X, ch. liv:

" Precelling his progenitors, a *justicer* upright." *Steevens.*

Justicer is used by Shakspeare thrice in *King Lear*. *Henley.*

The most ancient law books have *justicers* of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace. *Reed.*

[4] —— *and she herself.*] That is,—She was not only *the temple of virtue*, but *virtue herself*. *Johnson.*

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Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers[5] on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O Gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.
Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

[5] —— *these staggers* —] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy. *Johnson.*

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Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock;[6] and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard[7] in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't. [*To* Gui. *and* Arv.
Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son

[6] *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say,—Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it. *Johnson.*

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay.

Though the speeches that follow are necessary to the complete evolution of our author's plot, the interest of the drama may be said to conclude with the re-union of Posthumus and Imogen:

" ——— receptum
" Fœdus, et intrepidos nox conscia jungit amantes."

In defence of this remark, I may subjoin, that both Aristarchus, and Aristophanes the grammarian, were of opinion that the *Odyssey* should have concluded when Ulysses and Penelope—

" Ἀσπάσιοι λίπτροιο παλαιῆς θεσμὸν ἵκοντο." *Steevens.*

[7] ——*a* dullard —] In this place means a person stupidly unconcerned. So, in *Histriomastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

" What *dullard!* would'st thou doat in rusty art?"

Again, Stanyhurst in his version of the first Book of Virgil, 1582:

" We Moores, lyke *dullards*, are not so wytles abyding."
Steevens.

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Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him[8]
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee;[9]
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:

[8] —— *which* directed *him* —] Which led or induced him. *Malone.*

[9] *I am* sorry *for thee:*] The old copy has—
I am sorrow *for thee.*
This obvious error of the press was corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

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This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath?[1] How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger is
Ours.
Gui. And our good is his.
Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age:[2] indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

[1] *By* tasting *of our wrath?*] The consequence is taken for the whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee to taste.* *Johnson.*

[2] Assum'd *this age:*] I believe is the same as *reached* or *attained this age.* *Steevens*

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect, that instead of *age,* we should read *gage;* so that he may be understood to refer to *the engagement,* which he had entered into, a few lines before, in these words:

"We will die all three:
"But I will prove two of us are as good
"As I have given out him." *Tyrwhitt.*

Assum'd *this age,* has a reference to the different appearance which Belarius now makes, in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him. *Henley.*

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Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons:
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here 's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence,[3] my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd

[3] *Your pleasure was my* mere *offence*, &c.] [Modern editors *near*.] I think this passage may better be read thus:

Your pleasure was my dear *offence, my punishment*
Itself, was *all my treason; that I suffer'd,*
Was all the harm I did.——

The offence which cost me so dear was only your caprice. My sufferings have been all my crime. *Johnson.*

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the most part, adopt the orthography of their respective ages.

Dr. Johnson would read—*dear* offence. In the folio it is *neere*, which plainly points out to us the true reading—*meere*, as the word was then spelt. *Tyrwhitt.*

My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only.

I have adopted Mr Tyrwhitt's very judicious emendation; which is also commended by Mr. Malone. *Steevens.*

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Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.[4]

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.[5]
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,[6]
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;

[4] *To inlay* heaven *with* stars.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Take him and cut him into little *stars*,
"And he will make the face of *heaven so fine*," &c. *Steevens.*

[5] *Thou weep'st and speak'st.*] "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The King reasons very justly. *Johnson.*

[6] —— may *you be,*] The old copy reads—*pray* you be. *Steevens.* The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

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I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.[7]
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment[8]
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.[9]—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?[1] These,
And your three motives to the battle,[2] with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories.[3] See,

[7] *When* you *were so indeed.*] The folio gives:
When we *were so, indeed.*
If this be right, we must read:
Imo. *I, you brothers.*
Arv. *When we were so, indeed.* *Johnson.*
The emendation which has been adopted, was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is necessary. Shakspeare in his licentious manner might have meant,—"when we did really stand in the relation of brother and sister to each other." *Malone.*

[8] —— fierce *abridgment* —] *Fierce*, is *vehement, rapid.* *Johnson.* So, in *Timon of Athens:*
"O, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!" *Steevens.*
See also Vol. IV, p. 155, n. 6. *Malone.*

[9] ———— *which*
Distinction should be rich in.] i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *and* whither?] Old copy—*whether.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who likewise reformed the pointing. *Malone.*

[2] *And your three* motives *to the battle,*] That is, though strangely expressed, the motives of you three for engaging in the battle. So, in *Romeo and Juliet,* "both our remedies," means *the remedy for us both.* *M. Mason.*

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Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we 'll hold thee ever.
[*To* Bel.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.
Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.
Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We 'll learn the freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

3 *Will serve* our *long* intergatories.] So the first folio. Later editors have omitted *our*, for the sake of the metre, I suppose; but unnecessarily; as *interrogatory* is used by Shakspeare as a word of five syllables. See *The Merchant of Venice* near the end, where in the old edition it is written *intergatory*. *Tyrwhitt.*

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Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows[4]
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it:[5] let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus, ——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [reads] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall* Posthumus *end his miseries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*To* Cym.
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,

[4] —— spritely *shows* —] Are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances. *Steevens.*

[5] *Make no* collection *of it:*] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul:*

" When she, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw;
" Gath'ring from divers sights, one act of war;
" From many cases like, one rule of law:
" These her *collections*, not the senses are." *Steevens.*

So, the Queen says to Hamlet:

" —— Her speech is nothing,
" Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
" The hearers to *collection.*"

Whose containing means, the *contents of which.* *M. Mason.*

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Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.
Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:[6]—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle,[7] at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which fore-show'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter

[6] My *peace we will begin:*] I think it better to read:
" By *peace we will begin.* *Johnson.*
I have no doubt but Johnson's amendment is right. The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain " *peace* and plenty." To which Cymbeline replies: " We will begin *with peace*, to fulfil the prophecy." *M. Mason.*

[7] —— this yet *scarce-cold battle,*] Old copy—*yet this* &c. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

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Our peace we 'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*[8]

[8] This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. *Johnson.*

A book entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of mad Merry Western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you: Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstone,*—was published at London in 1603; and again, in 1620. To the second tale in that volume Shakspeare seems to have been indebted for two or three of the circumstances of *Cymbeline*. [See p. 2.] It is told by the Fishwife of *Stand on the Green*, and is as follows:

"In the troublesome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unparaleled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himselfe so happy in his choise, that he believed, in choosing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you.

"Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be briefe, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, This is truth, sir; so *is* the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodness and women's loyaltie will come both in one yeere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

"This gentleman loving his wife dearely, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalf, said, Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and

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doe ill, for some one's sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth:—you know my meaning, sir; construe my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answere in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like souldiers, which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answere for, is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, 'cause they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be dishonest; so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of women's slights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused. This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence; but his anger being a little over, he said,—Sir, I doe verily beleeve that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill-manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of women's looseness: and since you think yourselfe so cunning in that divelish art of corrupting women's chastitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month's space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's disloyaltie, (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women,) I doe freely give you leave to injoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake, and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered in the oast of the house his hands, and the sitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife's chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to persuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came to the sight of her; at last he espied her in the fields, to whom he went, and kissed her, (a thing no modest woman can deny); after his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray, pardon me, if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you,

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with a kind intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious business that keepes him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestlie bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend.

"In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman,) would never come in his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same. With this resolution he went to her chambre, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who, having been at prayers with her houshold, was going to bed. She preparing herself to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a little crucifix of gold, which daily she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same.

"At length the gentlewoman, having untyred her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, took the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought he all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe; happy had she beene, had his bed proved his grave.

"In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistris the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herself hastily, ('cause one tarried to speake with her,) missed not her

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crucifix. So, passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmannerly, she using him so kindely. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him returned so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of woman's subtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not sufficient proofe, I will fetch you more.

"At the sight of this, his bloud left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient proofe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber and being weary of this world, (seeing where he had put his only trust he was deceived,) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all his miseries at once: but his better genius persuaded him contrary, and not so, by laying violent hand on himselfe, to leap into the divel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceived his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he said,—George, thou knowest I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldest be ready to render up to doe me good. True, sir, answered his man, I said no more then, than I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George, replyed he; but there is no such need: I onely would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby shall amount to my wealth. For the love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, answered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes men valiant,) pray tell me what it is? George, said his master, this it is; thou must goe home, praying thy mistress to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in some private place kill her; I mean as I speake, kill her, I say; this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe; which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee the next

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time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward, it shall be this.—Take my ring, and when thou hast done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole estate, and for thy mistress' absence and my own, make what excuse thou please; so be gone. Well, sir, said George, since it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will perform it. So went he his way toward Waltam; and his master presently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who a little before was inlarged by the earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

"George being come to Waltam, did his dutie to his mistris, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George; he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner: Mistris, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his estates, and meanes of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him? Why, George, quoth shee, hast thou met with some such creature? Be it whomsoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkest thou? 'Faith mistris, said he, I think so to, and am so fully persuaded that her offence deserves that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one myselfe: Mistris, you are this woman; you have offended my master, (you know best, how, yourselfe,) that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you meane to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde words (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering aboundance of teares, she at last spake these words: And can it be, that my kindnes and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be I know thou only trvest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I 'le tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation; those should be my worst words: for death's fearful visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe not jest. With that she prayed him stay, saying,—And is it so? Then what should I desire to live, having lost his favour (and without offence) whom I so dearly loved, and in whose sight my happinesse did consist? Come, let me die. Yet George, let me have so much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in these few words to him: Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwise but by a wife's obedience) ever since I called him husband; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, desire that Heaven would pour down vengeance upon me, if ever

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I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not speake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deserved none. 'Pray Heaven bless him; I am prepared now, strike pr'ythee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

" George, seeing this, could not with-hold himselfe from shedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his sword, saying,—Mistris, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded so by my master, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perswaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to staine my hands with the bloud of your cleere and spotlesse brest: yet let me intreat you so much, that you would not come in his sight, lest in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in some disguise, till time have opened the cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltlesse; which, I hope, will not be long.

" To this she willingly granted, being loth to die causelesse, and thanked him for his kindnesse; so parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his master's ring, for the government of the house till his master and mistris returne, which he said lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongst whom he used himselfe so kindely that he had all their loves. This poor gentlewoman (mistris of the house) in short time got man's apparell for her disguise; so wandered she up and downe the countrey, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous that no man knew whom he might trust: onely she maintained herselfe with the price of those jewels which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which she could well spare) to make money of, she resolved rather to starve than so much to debase herselfe to become a beggar. With this resolution she went to a solitary place beside Yorke, where she lived the space of two dayes on hearbes, and such things as she could there finde.

" In this time it chanced that king Edward, beeing come out of France, and lying thereabout with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take them at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place? To whom shee very wisely and modestly withall, answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He beeing moved to see one so well featured as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages; to whom she shewed herselfe so dutifull and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellows. Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband.

" After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best,

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she going up and downe amongst the slaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there for dead. She remembring him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there-by; where opening his brest to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix, at sight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace: for she remembring herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

"On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said, 'Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horrour in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest.' Now knew she him to be the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectively as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to do her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her above all his other pages, most dearly, said, 'Edmund, (for so had she named herselfe,) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe.' She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battel of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court at the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denyed the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denied the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

"Shee seeing this villain's impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I ne'er had knowne the owner

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of it! It was my wife's, a woman virtuous till this divell (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

"With that the king said, Sirra, now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it? To whom he answered with fearfull countenance, And it like your grace, I said so to preserve this gentleman's honour, and his wife's, which by my telling of the truth would have been much indamaged; for indeed she, being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love.

"The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her selfe in that disguise, said, 'And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman.' The king having given her leave, she said, 'First, sir, you confessed before your oast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denyed that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman's wife's gift. With his majestie's leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false.' With that she discovered her selfe to be a woman, saying—'Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet's favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodness left in thee, speak the truth.'

"With that, he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match between the gentleman and him selfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes persuaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—'Sir, (speaking to her husband,) you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concernes me not, your wife shall be your judge.' With that *Mrs. Dorrill*, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying, 'Sir, all my anger to you I lay down with this kisse.' He wondering all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from wilful famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:—That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere's imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king's leave, lovingly home, where they were kindely welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they ever after in great content." *Malone.*

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See page 133, note 4.

A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,

Supposed to be dead.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's *grassy tomb,*
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the Sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

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OTHELLO.

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OTHELLO.

THE story is taken from *Cynthio's Novels*. *Pope.*

I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel (the seventh in the third decad) of so early a date as the age of Shakspeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours.

It is highly probable that our author met with the name of *Othello* in some tale that has escaped our researches; as I likewise find it in *God's Revenge against Adultery*, standing in one of his Arguments as follows: "She marries *Othello*, an old German soldier." This History (the eighth) is professed to be an *Italian* one. Here also occurs the name of *Iago*.

It may indeed be urged that these names were adopted from the tragedy before us: but I trust that every reader who is conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest John Reynolds is composed, will acquit him of the slightest familiarity with the scenes of Shakspeare.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely. *Steevens.*

I have seen a French translation of *Cynthio*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English. *Farmer.*

This tragedy I have ascribed (but on no very sure ground) to the year 1611. *Malone.*

The time of this play may be ascertained from the following circumstances: Selymus the Second formed his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians, (which was in the year 1473) wherefore the time must fall in with some part of that interval. We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus, that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts which happened when Mustapha, Selymus's general, attacked Cyprus in May, 1570, which therefore is the true period of this performance. See Knolles's *History of the Turks*, p. 838, 846, 867. *Reed.*

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, *a senator.*
Two other senators.
Gratiano, *brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *kinsman to* Brabantio.
Othello, *the Moor:*
Cassio, *his lieutenant;*
Iago, *his ancient.*
Roderigo, *a* Venetian *gentleman.*
Montano, Othello's *predecessor in the government of* Cyprus.*
Clown, servant to Othello.
Herald.

Desdemona, *daughter to* Brabantio, *and wife to* Othello.
Emilia, *wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *a courtezan, mistress to* Cassio.

Officers, gentlemen, messengers, musicians, sailors, attendants, &c.

SCENE,

For the first act, in Venice; *during the rest of the play, at a sea-port in* Cyprus.

* Though the rank which Montano held in Cyprus cannot be exactly ascertained, yet from many circumstances, we are sure he had not the powers with which Othello was subsequently invested.

Perhaps we do not receive any one of the *Personæ Dramatis* to Shakspeare's plays, as it was originally drawn up by himself. These appendages are wanting to all the quartos, and are very rarely given in the folio. At the end of this play, however, the following enumeration of persons occurs:

"The names of the actors.—Othello, *the Moore.*—Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*—Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*—Iago, *a Villaine.*—Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*—*Duke of Venice.*—*Senators.*—Montano, *Governour of Cyprus.*—*Gentlemen of Cyprus.*—Lodovico, *and* Gratiano, *two noble Venetians.*—*Saylors.*—*Clowne.*—Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*—Æmila, *Wife to Iago.*—Bianca, *a Curtezan.*" *Steevens.*

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OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me,[1] I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:[2]—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him;[3]—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,[4]

[1] *Tush, never tell me,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio omits the interjection—*Tush.* *Steevens.*

[2] 'Sblood, *but you will not* &c.] Thus the quarto: the folio suppresses this oath. *Steevens.*

[3] Oft *capp'd to him;*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—*Off*-capp'd to him. *Steevens.*

In support of the folio, *Antony and Cleopatra* may be quoted:

"I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes."

This reading I once thought to be the true one. But a more intimate knowledge of the quarto copies has convinced me that they ought not without very strong reason to be departed from. *Malone.*

To *cap* is to salute by taking off the cap. It is still an academick phrase. *M. Mason.*

[4] ——*a bombast* circumstance,] *Circumstance* signifies *circumlocution.* So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque:*

"You put us to a needless labour, sir,
"To run and wind about for *circumstance,*
"When the plain word, I thank you, would have serv'd."

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Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; *for*, *certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,[5]
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,[6]
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;[7]

Again, in Massinger's *Picture:*

"And therefore, without *circumstance*, to the point,
"Instruct me what I am."

Again, in Knolles's *History of the Turks*, p. 576: "—wherefore I will not use many words to persuade you to continue in your fidelity and loyalty; neither long *circumstance* to encourage you to play the men." *Reed.*

[5] *Forsooth, a great* arithmetician,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio says: "—one that fights by the book of *arithmetick*." *Steevens.*

Iago, however, means to represent Cassio, not as a person whose arithmetick was "*one, two*, and the *third* in your bosom," but as a man merely conversant with *civil* matters, and who knew no more of a squadron than the *number* of men it contained. So afterwards he calls him this *counter-caster*. *Malone.*

[6] ——*a* Florentine,] It appears from many passages of this play (rightly understood) that Cassio was a Florentine, and Iago a Venetian. *Hanmer.*

[7] *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supposed that the text must be corrupt, because it appears from a following part of the play that Cassio was an unmarried man. Mr. Steevens has clearly explained the words in a subsequent note: I have therefore no doubt that the text is right; and have not thought it necessary to insert Mr Tyrwhitt's note, in which he proposed to read—"a fellow almost damn'd in a fair *life*." Shakspeare, he conceived, might allude to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those *of whom all men speak well*. *Malone.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is ingenious, but cannot be right; for the malicious Iago would never have given Cassio the highest commendation that words can convey, at the very time that he wishes to depreciate him to Roderigo: though afterwards, in speaking to himself, [Act V, sc. i,] he gives him his just character. *M Mason.*

That Cassio was *married* is not sufficiently implied in the words, *a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*, since they mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man *very near being married*. This seems to have been the case in respect of Cassio.—Act IV, sc. i, Iago speaking to him of Bianca, says,—*Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her*. Cassio

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That never set a squadron in the field,

acknowledges that such a report had been raised, and adds, *This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and self-flattery, not out of my promise.* Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his present conversation with Roderigo. If Shakspeare, however, designed *Bianca* for a courtezan of *Cyprus*, (where Cassio had not yet been, and had therefore never seen her,) Iago cannot be supposed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and consequently this part of my argument must fall to the ground.

Had Shakspeare, consistently with Iago's character, meant to make him say that Cassio was *actually damn'd in being married to a handsome woman*, he would have made him say it *outright*, and not have interposed the palliative *almost*. Whereas what he says at present amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damned*, because he is not *absolutely married*. The succeeding parts of Iago's conversation sufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expression too brutal for the character. *Steevens*.

There is no ground whatsoever for supposing that Shakspeare designed Bianca for a courtezan of Cyprus. Cassio, who was a Florentine, and Othello's lieutenant, sailed from Venice in a ship belonging to Verona, at the same time with the Moor; and what difficulty is there in supposing that Bianca, who, Cassio himself informs us, "haunted him every where," took her passage in the same vessel with him; or followed him afterwards? Othello, we may suppose, with some of the Venetian troops, sailed in another vessel; and Desdemona and Iago embarked in a third.

Iago, after he has been at Cyprus but one day, speaks of Bianca, (Act IV, sc. i,) as one whom he had long known: he must therefore (if the poet be there correct) have known her at *Venice:*

"Now will I question Cassio of *Bianca*,
"*A huswife, that, by selling her desires*,
"*Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature*,
"*That dotes on Cassio;*—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
"To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one." *Malone.*

Ingenious as Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture may appear, it but ill accords with the context. Iago is enumerating the disqualifications of Cassio for his new appointment; but surely his *being well spoken of by all men* could not be one of them. It is evident from what follows that a report had prevailed at Venice of Cassio's being soon to be married "to the most *fair* Bianca." Now as she was in Shakspeare's language "a customer," it was with a view to such a connexion that Iago called the new lieutenant *a fellow almost damned*. It may be gathered from various circumstances that an intercourse between Cassio and Bianca had existed before they left Venice; for Bianca is not only well known to Iago at Cyprus, but she upbraids Cassio (Act III, sc. iv,) with having been absent a week from her, when he had not been *two days* on the island. Hence, and from what Cassio himself relates, (Act

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Nor the division of a battle knows

IV, sc. i,) *I was the other day talking on the* SEA-BANK WITH CERTAIN VENETIANS, *and* THITHER *comes the bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;*—it may be presumed she had secretly followed him to Cyprus: a conclusion not only necessary to explain the passage in question, but to preserve the consistency of the fable at large.—The *sea-bank* on which Cassio was conversing with certain Venetians, was at Venice; for he had never till the day before been at Cyprus: he specifies those with whom he conversed as *Venetians*, because he was himself a *Florentine;* and he mentions the behaviour of Bianca in their presence, as tending to corroborate the report she had spread that he was soon to marry her. *Henley.*

I think, as I have already mentioned, that Bianca was a Venetian courtezan: but the *sea-bank* of which Cassio speaks, may have been the shore of Cyprus. In several other instances beside this, our poet appears not to have recollected that the persons of his play had only been one day at Cyprus. I am aware, however, that this circumstance may be urged with equal force against the concluding part of my own preceding note; and the term *sea-bank* certainly adds support to what Mr Henley has suggested, being the very term used by Lewkenor, in his account of the *Lito maggior* of *Venice*. *Malone.*

Thus far our commentaries on this obscure passage are arranged as they stand in the very succinct edition of Mr. Malone. Yet I cannot prevail on myself, in further imitation of him, to suppress the note of my late friend Mr Tyrwhitt, a note that seems to be treated with civilities that degrade its value, and with a neglect that few of its author's opinions have deserved. My inability to offer such a defence of his present one, as he himself could undoubtedly have supplied, is no reason why it should be prevented from exerting its own proper influence on the reader. *Steevens.*

The poet has used the same mode of expression in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I, sc. i:

" O my Antonio, I do know of those
" Who therefore only are reputed wise,
" For saying nothing; who, I 'm very sure,
" If they should speak, would *almost damn* those ears,
" Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools."

And there the allusion is evident to the gospel-judgment against those, who call their brothers fools. I am therefore inclined to believe, that the true reading here is:

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair life;

and that Shakspeare alludes to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those *of whom all men speak well.*

The character of Cassio is certainly such, as would be very likely to draw upon him all the peril of this denunciation, literally understood. Well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable and useful, but not suf-

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More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorick,[8]
Wherein the toged consuls[9] can propose

ficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors. It may be observed too, that Shakspeare has thought it proper to make Iago, in several other passages, bear his testimony to the amiable qualities of his rival. In Act V, sc. i, he speaks thus of him:

" ——— if Cassio do remain,
" He hath *a daily beauty in his life*,
" That makes me ugly."

I will only add, that, however hard or far-fetched this allusion (whether Shakspeare's or only mine) may seem to be, Archbishop Sheldon had exactly the same conceit, when he made that singular compliment, as the writer calls it, [*Biograph. Britan.* Art. TEMPLE,] to a nephew of Sir William Temple, that "he had the curse of the gospel, because all men spoke well of him."

Tyrwhitt.

That Mr. Tyrwhitt has given us Shakspeare's genuine word and meaning I have not the least doubt Bianca is evidently a courtezan of Cyprus, and Cassio, of course, not yet acquainted with her. But even admitting that she might have followed him thither, and got comfortably settled in a "house," still, I think, the improbability of his having any intention to marry her is too gross for consideration. What! the gallant Cassio, the friend and favourite of his general, to marry a "customer," a "fitchew," a "huswife who by selling her desires buys herself bread and clothes!" Iago, indeed, pretends that she had given out such a report, but it is merely with a view to make Cassio laugh the louder. There can be no reason for his practising any similar imposition upon Roderigo. *Ritson.*

[9] ——*theorick*,] *Theorick*, for *theory*. So, in *The Proceedings against Garnet on the Powder-Plot*: "— as much deceived in the *theoricke* of trust, as the lay disciples were in the practicke of conspiracie." *Steevens.*

This was the common language of Shakspeare's time. See Vol. V, p. 269, n. 8. *Malone.*

[1] *Wherein the toged* consuls —] *Consuls* for *counsellors*. *Warburton.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *council*. Mr. Theobald would have us read, *counsellors*. Venice was originally governed by *consuls*: and *consuls* seems to have been commonly used for *counsellors*, as afterwards in this play. In *Albion's Triumph*, a Masque, 1631, the Emperor Albanact is said to be "attended by fourteen *consuls*." Again: "— the habits of the *consuls* were after the same manner." Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Matthew Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *consuls*. *Steevens.*

The *rulers of the state*, or civil governors. The word is used by Marlowe, in the same sense, in *Tamburlaine*, a tragedy, 1590:

"Both we will raigne as *consuls* of the earth." *Malone.*

By *toged* perhaps is meant *peaceable*, in opposition to the *warlike*

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As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,[2]
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be-lee'd and calm'd[1]

qualifications of which he had been speaking. He might have formed the word in allusion to the Latin adage,—*Cedant arma togæ. Steevens.*

[2] *More than a spinster; unless the* bookish *theorick,*
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: *mere prattle, without practice,*] This play has many redundant lines, like the first and third of the foregoing. I cannot help regarding the words distinguished by the Roman character, as interpolations. In the opening scene of *King Henry V*, Shakspeare thought it unnecessary to join an epithet to *theorick;* and if the monosyllables—*as he*, were omitted, would Iago's meaning halt for want of them? *Steevens.*

[3] —— *must be* be-lee'd *and calm'd* —] The old quarto—*led.* The first folio reads, *be-lee'd:* but that spoils the measure. I read, *let,* hindered. *Warburton.*

Be-lee'd suits to *calm'd*, and the measure is not less perfect than in many other places. *Johnson.*

Be-lee'd and *be-calm'd* are terms of navigation.

I have been informed that one vessel is said to be in the *lee* of another, when it is so placed that the wind is intercepted from it. Iago's meaning therefore is, that Cassio had got the wind of him, and *be-calm'd* him from going on.

To *be-calm* (as I learn from Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*) is likewise to obstruct the current of the wind in its passage to a ship, by any contiguous object. *Steevens.*

The quarto, 1622, reads:

—— *must be* led *and calm'd* —.

I suspect therefore that Shakspeare wrote—must be *lee'd* and calm'd. The *lee*-side of a ship is that on which the wind blows. To *lee*, or to be *lee'd*, may mean, to fall to leeward, or to lose the advantage of the wind.

The reading of the text is that of the folio. I doubt whether there be any such sea-phrase as to *be-lee;* and suspect the word *be* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor of the folio.

Mr. Steevens has explained the word *be-calm'd*, but where is it found in the text? *Malone.*

Mr. Malone is unfortunate in his present explanation. The *lee*-side of a ship is directly *contrary to that* on which the wind blows, if I may believe a skilful navigator whom I have consulted on this occasion.

Mr. Malone asks where the word *be-calm'd* is to be found in the text. To this question I must reply by another. Is it not evident, that the prefix—*be* is to be continued from the former naval phrase to the latter? Shakspeare would have written *be*-calm'd as well

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By debitor[4] and creditor, this counter-caster;[5]
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark![6]) his Moor-ship's[7] ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there 's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter,[8] and affection,
Not by the old gradation,[9] where each second

as *be*-lee'd, but that the close of his verse would not admit of a dissyllable.—Should we say that a ship was *lee'd*, or *calm'd*, we should employ a phrase unacknowledged by sailors. *Steevens.*

[4] *By* debitor —] All the modern editors read—By *debtor;* but *debitor* (the reading of the old copies) was the word used in Shakspeare's time. So, in Sir John Davies's *Epigrams*, 1598:

"There stands the constable, there stands the whore,—
"There by the serjeant stands the *debitor.*"

See also the passage quoted from *Cymbeline*, n. 5. *Malone.*

[5] —— *this* counter-caster;] It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with *counters*. To this Shakspeare alludes again in *Cymbeline*, Act V: "—it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor, but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and *counters;*" &c. Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "I wyl cast my *counters*, or with *counters* make all my reckenynges." *Steevens.*

So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "—fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?—I cannot do 't without *counters.*" *Malone.*

[6] —— *bless the mark!*] Kelly, in his comments on Scots proverbs, observes, that the Scots, when they compare person to person, use this exclamation.

I find, however, this phrase in Churchyard's *Tragicall Discourse of a dolorous Gentlewoman*, &c. 1593:

"Not beauty here I claime by this my talke,
"For browne and blacke I was, *God blesse the marke!*
"Who calls me fair dooth scarce know cheese from chalke:
"For I was form'd when winter nights was darke,
"And nature's workes tooke light at little sparke;
"For kinde in scorne had made a moulde of jette,
"That shone like cole, wherein my face was set."

It is singular that both Churchyard and Shakspeare should have used this form of words with reference to a black person. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *his* Moor-ship's —] The first quarto reads—his *worship's.* *Steevens.*

[8] —— *by letter,*] *By recommendation* from powerful friends. *Johnson.*

[9] *Not by the old gradation,*] *Old gradation*, is *gradation* established by *ancient* practice. *Johnson.*

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Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd[1]
To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doating on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he 's old, cashier'd;[2]
Whip me such honest knaves:[3] Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,[4]
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern,[5] 'tis not long after

[1] *Whether I in any just term am* affin'd —] *Affind* is the reading of the third quarto and the first folio. The second quarto and all the modern editions have *assign'd*. The meaning is,—*Do I stand* within *any such* terms *of propinquity*, or *relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?* *Johnson.*

The original quarto, 1622, has *assign'd*, but it was manifestly an error of the press. *Malone.*

[2] *For nought but provender;* and, *when* he 's *old, cashier'd;*] Surely, this line was originally shorter. We might safely read—

For nought but provender; when old, cashier'd. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *honest* knaves:] *Knave* is here for *servant*, but with a sly mixture of contempt. *Johnson.*

[4] *For, sir,*] These words, which are found in all the ancient copies, are omitted by Mr. Pope, and most of our modern editors. *Steevens.*

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But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at:[6] I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,[7]
If he can carry 't thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,

[5] *In compliment* extern,] In that which I do only for an outward show of civility. *Johnson.*

So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629:

" ——— that in sight *extern*
" A patriarch seems." *Steevens.*

[6] *For* daws &c.] The first quarto reads,—For *doves* —. *Steevens.*

I have adhered to the original copy, because I suspect Shakspeare had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: " As all coynes are not good that have the image of Cæsar, nor all gold, that is coyned with the kings stampe, so all is not truth that beareth the shew of godlinesse, nor all friends that beare a faire face. If thou pretend such love to Euphues, carry *thy heart on the backe of thy hand*, and thy tongue in thy palme, that I may see what is in thy minde, and thou with thy finger claspe thy mouth.—I can better take a blister of a nettle, than a pricke of a rose; more willing that a raven should peck out mine eyes, than a *turtle peck at* them." *Malone.*

I read with the folio. Iago certainly means to say, he would expose his heart as a prey to the most worthless of birds, i. e. *daws*, which are treated with universal contempt. Our author would scarcely have degraded the amiable tribe of *doves* to such an office; nor is the mention of them at all suitable to the harsh turn of Iago's speech. *Steevens.*

[7] *What a* full fortune *does the thick-lips* owe,] *Full fortune* is, I believe, a complete piece of good fortune, as in another scene of this play, a *full soldier* is put for a complete soldier. So, in *Cymbeline:*

" Our pleasure his *full fortune* doth confine:"

Again, in Chapman's version of the fourth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, we have—

" Jove did not only his *full fate* adorn,
" When he was wedded."

To *owe*, is in ancient language, to *own*, to possess. *Steevens.*

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— not the imperious show
" Of the *full-fortun'd* Cæsar —."

Full is used by Chaucer in the same sense in his *Troilus*, B. I.:

" Sufficeth this, my *full* friend Pandare,
" That I have said —."

See also, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, sc. xi, Vol. XIII. *Malone.*

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Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.[8]
Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *above, at a Window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?[9]
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd: for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst,[1] you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe.[2] Arise, arise;

[8] *As when,* by *night and negligence, the fire*
Is spied in populous cities.] The particle is used equivocally; the same liberty is taken by writers more correct:
"The wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
"Never grave *out of* pride, never gay *out of* season."
Johnson.

By night and negligence means, during the time of night and negligence. *M. Mason.*

The meaning, as Mr. Edwards has observed, is, "not that the fire was spied by negligence, but the fire, which came by night and negligence, was spied. And this double meaning to the same word is common to Shakspeare with all other writers, especially where the word is so familiar a one, as this is in question. Ovid seems even to have thought it a beauty instead of a defect."
Malone.

[9] *Are* your *doors lock'd?*] The first quarto reads—
Are all *doors lock'd? Steevens.*

[1] —— *is* burst,] i. e. broken. *Burst* for *broke* is used in our author's *King Henry IV*, P. II: "— and then he *burst* his head for crouding among the marshal's men." See Vol. IX, p. 110, n. 2
Steevens.

See also Vol. VI, p. 12, n. 5. *Malone.*

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Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; What are you?
Rod. My name is—Roderigo.
Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,[3]
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,——
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.[4]

[2] —— tupping *your white ewe.*] In the north of England a ram is called a *tup*. *Malone.*

I had made the same observation in the third Act of this play, scene iii.

—— *your* white ewe.] It appears from a passage in Decker's *Oper se O*, 4to. 1612, that this was a term in the cant language used by vagabonds: "As the men haue nicke-names, so likewise haue the women: for some of them are called *the white ewe*, the lambe," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— distempering *draughts,*] To be distempered with liquor, was in Shakspeare's age, the phrase for intoxication. In *Hamlet*, the King is said to be "marvellous *distempered* with wine."
Malone.

See Vol. IX, p. 246, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *this is Venice;*
My house is not a grange.] That is, "you are in a populous city, not in a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed." *Grange* is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery, where the religious deposited their corn. *Grangia*, Lat. from *Granum*. But in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a *grange*.
T. Warton.

So, in T. Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:
"—— to absent himself from home,
"And make his father's house but as a *grange?*" &c.

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Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you 'll have your nephews neigh to you:[5] you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.[6]

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?[7]

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

" —— soon was I train'd from court
" To a *solitary grange*," &c.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*: " —at the moated *grange* resides this dejected Mariana." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *your* nephews *neigh to you:*] *Nephew*, in this instance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and signifies a grandson, or any lineal descendant, however remote. So, A. of Wyntown, in his *Cronykil*, B. VIII, ch. iii, v. 119:

" Hyr swne may be cald *newu*:
" This is of that word the wertu."

Thus, also, in Spenser:

" And all the sons of these five brethren reign'd
" By the due success, and all their *nephews* late,
" Even thrice eleven descents the crown obtain'd."

Again, in Chapman's version of the *Odyssey*, B. XXIV, Laertes says of Telemachus his *grandson*:

" ——— to behold my son
" And *nephew* close in such contention."

Sir W. Dugdale very often employs the word in this sense; and without it, it would not be very easy to show how *Brabantio* could have *nephews* by the marriage of his *daughter*. Ben Jonson likewise uses it with the same meaning. The alliteration in this passage caused Shakspeare to have recourse to it. *Steevens.*

See Vol. XI, p. 121, n. 8. *Malone.*

[6] —— gennets *for germans.*] A *jennet* is a Spanish horse. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

" —— there stays within my tent
" A winged *jennet*." *Steevens.*

[7] *What* profane *wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of gross and licentious language?* In that sense Shakspeare often uses the word profane. *Johnson.*

It is so used by other writers of the same age:

" How far off dwells the house-surgeon?
" —— You are a *profane* fellow, i' faith."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

" By the sly justice, and his clerk *profane*."

James Howell, in a dialogue prefixed to his edition of Cot-

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Iago, I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.[8]

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure,[9] and most wise consent,
[As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,[1]

grave's *Dictionary*, in 1673, has the following sentence: "J'aimerois mieux estre trop ceremonieux, que trop *prophane*:" which he thus also anglicises—"I had rather be too ceremonious, than too *prophane*." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *your daughter and the Moor are now making* the beast with two backs.] This is an ancient proverbial expression in the French language, whence Shakspeare probably borrowed it; for in the *Dictionaire des Proverbes Françoises*, par G. D. B. Brusselles, 1710, 12mo. I find the following article: "Faire la bête a deux dos, pour dire, faire l'amour." *Percy.*

In the *Dictionaire Comique*, par le Roux, 1750, this phrase is more particularly explained under the article *Bete:* "*Faire la bete a deux dos.*—Maniere de parler qui signifie etre couché avec une femme; faire le deduit."—"Et faisoient tous deux souvent ensemble *la bete a deux dos* joyeusement." *Rabelais*, Liv. I. There was a translation of *Rabelais* published in the time of Shakspeare. *Malone.*

[9] [*If 't be your pleasure*, &c.] The lines printed in crotchets are not in the first edition, but in the folio of 1623. *Johnson.*

[1] *At this* odd-even *and dull watch o' the night,*] The *even* of *night* is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into *even* parts. *Johnson.*

Odd is here ambiguously used, as it signifies *strange*, *uncouth*, or *unwonted*; and as it is opposed to *even*.

But this expression, however explained, is very harsh. *Steevens.*

This ODD EVEN is simply the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning. *Henley.*

By this singular expression,—"this *odd-even* of the night," our poet appears to have meant, that it was just approaching to, or just past, midnight; that it was doubtful whether at that moment it stood at the point of midnight, or at some other less equal division of the twenty-four hours; which a few minutes either before or after midnight would be.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— What is the *night?*

"*Lady M.* Almost at *odds with morning, which is which.*"

Shakspeare was probably thinking of his boyish school-play, *odd or even*. *Malone.*

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Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,[2]
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility[3]
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Laying On "Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
"In an extravagant[4] and wheeling stranger,[5] wheedling
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:]
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state

Surely, "almost *at odds* with morning" signifies, almost *entering into conflict* with it. Thus, in *Timon of Athens:*

"'Tis honour, with most lands to be at *odds*, —."

In *King Henry VI*, P. III, we find an idea similar to that in *Macbeth:*

"—— like the *morning's war*,
"When dying clouds *contend* with growing light." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *and your* allowance,] i. e. done with your *approbation.* See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II, sc. iii, Vol. XII. *Malone.*

[3] *That*, from *the sense of all civility*,] That is, *in opposition to*, or *departing from*, the sense of all civility. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"But this is *from* my commission —."

Again, in *The Mayor of Quinborough*, by Middleton, 1661:

"But this is *from* my business." *Malone.*

[4] *In an* extravagant —] *Extravagant* is here used in its Latin signification, for *wandering.* Thus, in *Hamlet:* "The *extravagant*, and erring spirit, —." *Steevens.*

[5] *Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,*
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,] Thus the old copies for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have substituted—*To* an extravagant &c. In *King Lear*, we find—"And hold our lives *in* mercy;" (not *at* mercy;) in *The Winter's Tale*—"he was torn to pieces *with* a *bear*," not "*by* a bear;" and in *Hamlet:*

"To let this canker of our nature come
"*In* further evil."

So, in the next scene, we have "—— *in* your part," not "—— *on* your part." We might substitute modern for ancient phraseology in all these passages with as much propriety as in the present. We yet say, "she is *wrapp'd up in* him." *Malone.*

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For thus deluding you.[6]
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already:—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit, from above.*
Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd[7] (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,[8]—
Cannot with safety cast him;[9] for he 's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary[1] the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what 's to come of my despised time,[2]

[6] *For* thus deluding you.] The first quarto reads,—For *this delusion. Steevens.*

[7] *To be* produc'd —] The folio reads,—*producted. Steevens.*

[8] —— *some* check,] Some rebuke. *Johnson.*

[9] —— cast *him;*] That is, *dismiss* him; *reject* him. We still say, a *cast* coat, and a *cast* serving-man. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *the* Sagittary —] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads,—the *Sagittar* —. I have chosen the unclipped reading. *Steevens.*

[2] *And what 's to come of my* despised *time,*] *Despised time* is *time of no value;* time in which—

"There 's nothing serious in mortality,
"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs
"Are left this vault to brag of." *Macbeth. Johnson.*

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"—— expire the term
"Of a *despised* life clos'd in my breast."

As the quotation in the preceding note belongs to our steady moralist, Dr. Johnson, it could not have been more uncharacteris-

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Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st me
Past thought![3]—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,[4]
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd?[5] Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on.[6] At every house I 'll call;

tically vitiated, than by the compositor, in Mr. Malone's edition, where it appears thus:

" There 's nothing serious in *morality*." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *O, thou deceiv'st me*
Past thought!] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, 1623, and the quartos, 1630 and 1655, read:

—— *O, she deceives me*
Past thought! ——.

I have chosen the apostrophe to his absent daughter, as the most spirited of the two readings. *Steevens.*

[4] —— Are *there not charms*,] Thus the second folio. The first, and the quarto, ungrammatically read,—*Is* there not &c. Mr. Malone follows the oldest copies, and observes that the words—*Is* there not charms, &c. mean—Is there not *such a thing as* charms? *Steevens.*

[5] *By which the property of youth and maidhood*
May be abus'd] By which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and false imagination:

" —— wicked dreams *abuse*
" The curtain'd sleep." *Macbeth.* *Johnson.*

—— *and* maidhood —] The quartos read—and *manhood* —. *Steevens.*

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I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.[7]—
On, good Roderigo;—I 'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,[8]

6 *Pray* you, lead on.] The first quarto reads,—Pray lead *me* on. *Steevens.*

7 —— *of* night.] Thus the original quarto, 1622; for which the editor of the folio substituted—officers of *might;* a reading which all the modern editors have adopted. I have more than once had occasion to remark that the quarto readings were sometimes changed by the editor of the folio, from ignorance of our poet's phraseology or meaning.

I have no doubt that Shakspeare, before he wrote this play, read *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice,* translated from the Italian, by Lewes Lewkenor, and printed in quarto, 1599; a book prefixed to which we find a copy of verses by Spenser. This treatise furnished our poet with the knowledge of those *officers* of night, whom Brabantio here desires to be called to his assistance.

"For the greater expedition thereof, of these kinds of judgments, the heades or chieftaines of *the officers by night* do obtaine the authority of which the advocators are deprived. These *officers of the night* are six, and six likewise are those meane officers, that have only power to correct base vagabonds and trifling offences.

"Those that do execute this office are called heades of the tribes of the city, because out of every tribe, (for the city is divided into six tribes) there is elected an *officer of the night,* and a head of the tribe.—The duty of eyther of these officers is, to keepe a watch every other night by turn, within their tribes; and, now the one, and then the other, to make rounds about his quarter, till the dawning of the day, being always guarded and attended on with weaponed officers and serjeants, and to see that there be not any disorder done in the darkness of the night, which [redacted]meth men to naughtinesse; and that there be not any houses broken up, nor theeves nor rogues lurking in corners with intent to do violence." *Commonwealth of Venice,* pp. 97, 99. *Malone.*

It has been observed by Mr. Malone, in *Romeo and Juliet,* (See Act V, sc. iii, Vol. XII,) that there is no *watch* in Italy. How does that assertion quadrate with the foregoing account of *officers of the night?*" *Steevens.*

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To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,[9]
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico[1] is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's:[2] he will divorce you;

[8] —— stuff *o' the* conscience,] This expression to common readers appears harsh. *Stuff* of the *conscience* is, *substance* or *essence* of the conscience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonick languages. The elements are called in Dutch, *Hoefd stoffen*, or *head stuffs*. *Johnson*.

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"You 're full of heavenly *stuff*," &c.

Frisch's *German Dictionary* gives this explanation of the word *stoff*: "— materies ex qua aliquid fieri poterit." *Steevens*.

Shakspeare in *Macbeth* uses this word in the same sense, and in a manner yet more harsh:

"Cleanse the *stuff'd bosom* of that perilous *stuff*."
H. White.

[9] —— *he prated*,] Of whom is this said? Of Roderigo? *Steevens.*

[1] —— *the* magnifico —] "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *Magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes*." Minsheu's *Dictionary*. See too *Volpone*. *Tollet.*

[2] —— *a voice potential*
As double *as the duke's*:] It appears from Thomas's *History of Italy*, 4to. 1560, to have been a popular opinion, though a false one, that the duke of Venice had a *double* voice: "Whereas," says he, "many have reported, the duke in ballotyng should have *two voices*; it is nothinge so; for in giving his voice he hath but one ballot, as all others have." Shakspeare, therefore, might have gone on this received opinion, which he might have found in some other book. Supposing, however, that he had learned from this very passage that the duke had *not* a double voice in the Council of Seven, yet as he has a vote in each of the various councils of the Venetian state, (a privilege which no other person enjoys) our poet might have thought himself justified in the epithet which he has here used; and this circumstance, which he might have found in a book already quoted, Contareno's *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, 4to. 1599, was, I believe, here in his thoughts.

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Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,[3]) I fetch my life and being

"The *duke* himself also, if he will, may use the authority of an advocator or president, and make report to the councell of any offence, and of any amercement or punishment that is thereupon to be inflicted;—for *so great is the prince's authoritie, that he may, in whatsoever court,* ADJOINE *himselfe to the magistrate therein, being president, as his colleague and companion, and have* EQUAL POWER WITH THE OTHER PRESIDENTS, that he might so by this means be able to look into all things." p. 41. Again, *ibidem*, p. 42: "Besides this, this prince [i. e. the *duke*] hath in *every councell* equal authoritie with any of them, for one suffrage or lotte." Thus we see, though he had not a double voice in any one assembly, yet as he had a vote in all the various assemblies, his voice, thus *added* to the voice of each of the presidents of those assemblies, might with strict propriety be called *double*, and *potential*.—*Potential*, Dr. Johnson thinks, means operative, having the *effect*, (by *weight* and *influence*,) without the external actual property. It is used, he conceives, "in the sense of science; a caustick is called *potential* fire." I question whether Shakspeare meant more by the word than *operative*, or *powerful*. *Malone.*

Double and *single* anciently signified *strong* and *weak*, when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. In this sense the former epithet may be employed by Brabantio, and the latter, by the Chief Justice speaking to Falstaff: "Is not your wit *single?*" When Macbeth also talks of his "*single* state of man," he may mean no more than his *weak* and debile state of mind.

"——— *a voice* potential
"*As* double *as the duke's,*"

may therefore only signify, that Brabantio's voice, as a magnifico, was as forcible as that of the duke. See Vol. VII, p. 42, n. 8; and Vol. IX, p. 29, n. 8 *Steevens.*

The DOUBLE *voice* of Brabantio refers to the opinion, which (as being a *magnifico*, he was no less entitled to, than the duke himself,) EITHER, of nullifying the marriage of his daughter, contracted without his consent; OR, of subjecting Othello to fine and imprisonment, for having seduced an heiress. *Heath.*

[3] ——— *'Tis yet to know,*
(*Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,*
I shall promulgate,)] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—
"——— 'Tis yet to know

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From men of royal siege;[4] and my demerits[5]
May speak, unbonneted,[6] to as proud a fortune

"That boasting is an honour.
"I shall promulgate, I fetch," &c.

Some words certainly were omitted at the press; and perhaps they have been supplied in the wrong place. Shakspeare might have written—

"———'Tis yet to know
"That boasting is an honour; which when I know,
"I shall promulgate, I fetch my life," &c.

I am yet to learn that boasting is honourable, which when I have learned, I shall proclaim to the world *that* I fetch my life &c. *Malone.*

I am perfectly satisfied with the reading in the text, which appears not to have been suspected of disarrangement by any of our predecessors. *Steevens.*

[4] ——*men of royal* siege;] Men who have sat upon royal *thrones*.

The quarto has—*men of royal* height. *Siege* is used for *seat* by other authors. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 575: "there was set up a throne or *siege royall* for the king."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. vii:

"A stately *siege* of soveraigne majestye." *Steevens.*

So, in Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 443: "Incontinent after that he was placed in the *royal siege*," &c. *Malone.*

[5] —— *and my* demerits —] *Demerits* has the same meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits:*

"Opinion, that so sticks on Martius, may
"Of his *demerits* rob Cominius" *Coriolanus.*

Again, in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 859, edit. 1730: "Henry Conway, esq. for his singular *demerits* received the dignity of knighthood."

Mereo and *demereo* had the same meaning in the Roman language. *Steevens.*

[6] *May speak*, unbonneted,] Thus all the copies read. It should be—*unbonneting*, i. e. without putting off the bonnet. *Pope.*

I do not see the propriety of Mr Pope's emendation, though adopted by Dr. Warburton. *Unboneting* may as well be, *not putting on*, as *not putting off*, the bonnet. Hanmer reads *e'en* bonneted. *Johnson.*

To speak *unbonneted*, is to speak *with the cap off*, which is directly opposite to the poet's meaning. Othello means to say, that his birth and services set him upon such a rank, that he may speak to a senator of Venice with his hat *on;* i. e. without showing any marks of deference or inequality. I therefore am inclined to think Shakspeare wrote—

May speak, and, bonnetted, &c. *Theobald.*

Bonneter (says Cotgrave) is to *put off one's* cap. So, in *Coriolanus:* "Those who are supple and courteous to the people, *bonneted*

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As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused[7] free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.[8] But, look! what lights come yonder?

without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation. *Unbonneted* may therefore signify, *without taking the cap off*. We might, I think, venture to read *imbonneted*. It is common with Shakspeare to make or use words compounded in the same manner. Such are *impawn*, *impaint*, *impale*, and *immask*. Of all the readings hitherto proposed, that of Mr. Theobald is, I think, the best. *Steevens*.

The objection to Mr. Steevens's explanation of *unbonneted*, i. e. *without taking the cap off*, is, that Shakspeare has himself used the word in *King Lear*, Act III, sc. i, with the very contrary signification, namely, for *one whose cap is off*:

" —— —— *Unbonneted* he runs,
" And bids what will take all "

He might, however, have employed the word here in a different sense. *Malone*.

Unbonneted, is uncovered, revealed, made known. In the second Act and third scene of this play we meet with an expression similar to this: " — you *unlace* your reputation;" and another in *As you Like it*, Act IV, sc. i: " Now *unmuzzle* your wisdom." *A. C.*

Mr Fuseli (and who is better acquainted with the sense and spirit of our author?) explains this contested passage as follows:

" *I am his equal or superior in rank; and were it not so, such are my demerits, that*, unbonneted, *without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune* &c.

" At Venice, the *bonnet*, as well as the toge, is a badge of aristocratick honours to this day." *Steevens*.

[7] —— *unhoused* —] Free from *domestick* cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. *Johnson*.

Othello talking as a soldier, *unhoused* may signify the having no settled house or habitation. *Whalley*.

[8] *For the sea's worth.*] I would not marry her, though she were as rich as the Adriatick, which the Doge annually marries. *Johnson*.

As the gold ring annually thrown by the Doge into the Adriatick, cannot be said to have much enriched it, I believe the common and obvious meaning of this passage is the true one.

The same words occur in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

" —— he would not lose that privilege
" *For the sea's worth.*"

Perhaps the phrase is proverbial.

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Enter CASSIO, *at a distance and certain Officers with Torches.*

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends![9]
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,[1]
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers[2]
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls,[3] rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,

Pliny the naturalist has a chapter on *the riches of the sea.*
Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" —— for all the sun sees, or
" The close earth wombs, or *the profound sea hides*
" *In unknown fathoms,*" &c.
Again, in *King Henry V,* Act I:
" ——— As rich with praise,
" As is the ooze, and *bottom of the sea,*
" With sunken wreck, and sumless treasuries." *Steevens.*

9 *The goodness of the night upon you, friends!*] So, in *Measure for Measure:*
" The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
" Envellop you, good Provost!" *Steevens.*

1 —— *your haste-post-haste appearance,*] The comma, hitherto placed after *haste,* should be a hyphen. *Your haste-post-haste appearance* is your immediate appearance. The words " *Haste, post, haste,*" were in our author's time usually written on the cover of packets, or letters, sent express. *Ritson.*

2 —— sequent *messengers* —] The first quarto reads—*frequent* messengers. *Steevens.*

3 —— *the consuls,*] See p. 199, n. 1. *Steevens.*

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The senate hath sent about[4] three several quests,
To search you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;[5]
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He 's married.
Cas. To who?[6]

[4] *The senate hath sent* about —] The early quartos, and all the modern editors, have—
The senate sent above *three several quests*,—
The folio—
The senate hath *sent* about &c.
That is, *about* the city. I have adopted the reading of the folio. *Johnson.*

Quests are, on this occasion, searches. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
" Now, if in all his *quests*, he be witheld."
An ancient MS. entitled " The Boke of Huntyng that is cleped Mayster of Game," has the following explanation of the word *quest*: " This word *quest* is a terme of herte hunters of beyonde the see; and is thus moche to say as whan the hunter goth to fynde of the hert and to herborow him." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *a land* carack;] A *carack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon*. *Johnson.*
So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*:
" —— they 'll be freighted;
" They 're made like *caracks*, all for strength and stowage."
Steevens.
The first ships that came richly laden from the West Indies to Europe were those from the Caraccas, part of the Spanish settlements: and some years ago a Caracca ship generally proved a very rich prize. *M. Mason.*
A *carack*, or *carick*, (for so it was more frequently written in Shakspeare's time) is of higher origin, and was denominated from the Spanish word, *caraca*, which signifies a vessel of great bulk, constructed to carry a heavy burthen. The Spanish *caraca*, Minsheu thinks, may have been formed from the Italian *carico*, a lading, or freight. *Malone.*

[6] *To who?*] It is somewhat singular that Cassio should ask this question. In the 3d scene of the 3d Act, *Iago* says:
" Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
" Know of your love?

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Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to — Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.[7]

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers of night, with Torches and Weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;[8]
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

" Oth. *From first to last.*"

He who was acquainted with the object courted by his friend, could have little reason for doubting to whom he would be married. *Steevens.*

Cassio's seeming ignorance of Othello's courtship or marriage might only be affected; in order to keep his friend's secret, till it became publickly known. *Blackstone.*

Or he might fear that Othello had proved false to the gentle Desdemona, and married another. *Malone.*

How far this suspicious apprehension would have become the benevolent Cassio, the intimate friend of Othello, let the reader judge. *Steevens.*

[7] *Have with you.*] This expression denotes readiness. So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

" And saw that Glotony wold nedys begone;
" *Have with thee,* Glotony, quoth he anon,
" For I must go wyth thee."

See Vol. XI, p. 94, n 8. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *be* advis'd;] That is, be *cool;* be *cautious;* be *discreet.* *Johnson.*

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The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,[9]
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.[1]
[Judge me the world,[2] if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

[9] *The wealthy* curled *darlings of our nation,*] *Curled* is *elegantly and ostentatiously dressed.* He had not the hair particularly in his thoughts. *Johnson.*

On another occasion Shakspeare employs the same expression, and evidently alludes to *the hair:*

" If she first meet the *curled* Antony," &c.

Sir W. D'Avenant uses the same expression in his *Just Italian*, 1630:

" The *curl'd* and silken nobles of the town."

Again:

" Such as the *curled* youth of Italy."

I believe Shakspeare has the same meaning in the present instance. Thus, Turnus, in the 12th *Æneid*, speaking of Æneas:

" ——— fœdare in pulvere *crines*
" *Vibratos calido ferro*, ——." *Steevens.*

That Dr. Johnson was mistaken in his interpretation of this line, is ascertained by our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, where the hair is not merely alluded to, but expressly mentioned, and the epithet *curled* is added as characteristick of a person of the highest rank:

" Let him have time to tear his *curled hair.*"

Tarquin, a king's son, is the person spoken of. Edgar, when he was " proud in heart and mind," *curled his hair.* *Malone.*

[1] *Of such a thing as thou; to* fear, *not to delight.*] To *fear*, in the present instance, may mean—to *terrify*. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

" For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."

The line spoken by Brabantio is redundant in its measure. It might originally have ran—

Of such as thou; to fear, not to delight.

Mr. Rowe, however, seems to have selected the words I would omit, as proper to be put into the mouth of Horatio, who applies them to Lothario:

" To be the prey of such *a thing* as thou art." *Steevens.*

—— *to* fear, *not to delight.*] To one more likely to terrify than delight her. So, in the next scene (Brabantio is again the speaker):

" To fall in love with what *she fear'd* to look on."

Mr. Steevens supposes *fear* to be a verb here, used in the sense of to *terrify;* a signification which it formerly had. But *fear*, I apprehend, is a substantive, and poetically used for the *object* of fear. *Malone.*

[2] [*Judge me the world,* &c.] The lines following in crotchets are not in the first edition, [1622.] *Pope.*

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Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion:[3]—I 'll have it disputed on:

[3] *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,*
That waken motion:] [Old copy—*weaken.*] Hanmer reads with probability:
That waken motion: ——. *Johnson.*
Motion in a subsequent scene of this play is used in the very sense in which Sir Thomas Hanmer would employ it:—"But we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts." *Steevens.*
To *weaken motion* is, to *impair the faculties*. It was till very lately, and may with some be still an opinion, that philtres or love potions have the power of perverting, and of course weakening or impairing both the sight and judgment, and of procuring fondness or dotage toward any unworthy object who administers them. And by *motion*, Shakspeare means the senses which are depraved and weakened by these fascinating mixtures. *Ritson.*
The folio, where alone this passage is found, reads:
That weaken *motion:* ——.
I have adopted Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, because I have a good reason to believe that the words *weaken* and *waken* were in Shakspeare's time pronounced alike, and hence the mistake might easily have happened. *Motion* is elsewhere used by our poet precisely in the sense required here. So, in *Cymbeline:*
"——— for there 's no *motion*
"That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
"It is the woman's part."
Again, in *Hamlet:*
"——— sense sure you have;
"Else could you not have *motion.*"
Again, in *Measure for Measure:*
"——— one who never feels
"The wanton stings and *motions* of the sense."
So also, in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:
"And in myself sooth up adulterous *motions*,
"And such an appetite as I know damns me."
We have in the play before us—*waken'd wrath*, and I think in some other play of Shakspeare—*waken'd love*. So, in our poet's 117th Sonnet:
"But shoot not at me in your *waken'd hate.*"
Ben Jonson in his preface to *Volpone* has a similar phraseology: "——it being the office of the comick poet to *stirre up gentle affections.*"
Mr. Theobald reads—That weaken *notion*, i. e. says he, her right conception and idea of things; understanding, judgment.
This reading, it must be acknowledged, derives some support from a passage in *King Lear*, Act II, sc. iv:—"either his *notion weakens*, or his discernings are lethargy'd." But the objection to it is, that no opiates or intoxicating potions or powders of any sort can distort or pervert the *intellects*, but by destroying them for a

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'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]
For an abuser of the world,[4] a practiser

time; nor was it ever at any time believed by the most credulous, that *love-powders*, as they were called could *weaken the understanding*, though it was formerly believed that they could *fascinate* the *affections:* or in other words, *waken* motion.

Brabantio afterwards asserts.

" That with some mixtures powerful o'er the *blood*,
" He wrought upon her."

(Our poet, it should be remembered, in almost all his plays uses *blood* for *passion*. See *Hamlet*, Act IV, sc. iv, Vol. XV; and *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II, sc iii, Vol XII.) And one of the Senators asks Othello, not, whether he had *weaken'd* Desdemona's *understanding*, but whether he did—

" —— by indirect and forced courses
" Subdue and *poison* this young maid's *affections*."

The notion of the efficacy of love-powders was formerly so prevalent, that in the parliament summoned by K. Richard the Third, on his usurping the throne, it was publickly urged as a charge against lady Grey, that she had bewitched King Edward the Fourth, " by strange potions and amorous *charms*." See Fabian, p. 495; Speed, p. 913, edit 1632; and Habington's *History of King Edward the Fourth*, p. 35. *Malone*.

In the passages adduced by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone, to prove that *motion* signifies *lustful desires*, it may be remarked that the word derives this *peculiar meaning*, either from some epithet, or restrictive mode of expression, with which it stands connected. But, had it been used *absolutely*, in *that sense*, with what consistency could Brabantio attribute the emotions of lust in his daughter, to the irritation of those very philtres, which he, in the self-same breath, represents as abating it?

The *drugs or minerals*, with which Othello is charged as having *abused the delicate youth* of Desdemona, were supposed to have accomplished his purpose, by

" Charming her blood with pleasing heaviness,"

thereby *weakening* MOTION, that is, *subduing her* MAIDEN PUDENCY, *and lulling her* WONTED GOYNESS *into a state of acquiescence*.

That this is the sense of the passage, is further evident from what follows; for so bashful was she of disposition,

" ——— ——— that her MOTION
" Blush'd at herself:"

and, therefore, adds Brabantio:

" ——— ——— I vouch again,
" That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
" Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
" He wrought upon her." *Henley*.

[4] For *an abuser* &c.] The first quarto reads—*Such* an abuser &c. *Steevens*.

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Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring[5] me to him?
Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke 's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans,[6] shall our statesmen be.
[*Exuent.*

[5] *To* bring —] The quartos read—To *bear*. *Steevens.*

[6] *Bond-slaves and* pagans,] Mr. Theobald alters *pagans* to *pageants*, for this reason, "That pagans are as strict and moral all the world over, as the most regular Christians, in the preservation of private property." But what then? The speaker had not this high opinion of pagan morality, as is plain from hence, that this important discovery, so much to the honour of paganism, was first made by our editor. *Warburton.*

The meaning of these expressions of Brabantio seems to have been mistaken. I believe the morality of either christians or pagans was not in our author's thoughts. He alludes to the common condition of all blacks, who come from their own country, both *slaves* and *pagans*; and uses the word in contempt of Othello and his complexion.—If this Moor is now suffered to escape with impunity, it will be such an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to see all the first offices of our state filled up by the *pagans* and *bond slaves* of Africa. *Steevens.*

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SCENE III.

The same. A Council-Chamber.

The Duke, *and* Senators, *sitting at a Table; Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition[7] in these news,[8]
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,[9]
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

In our author's time *pagan* was a very common expression of contempt. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"What *pagan* may that be?"

See Vol. IX, p. 53, n. 2 *Malone.*

[7] *There is no* composition —] *Composition*, for *consistency, concordancy. Warburton.*

[8] —— these *news,*] Thus the quarto, 1622, and such was frequently the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1610:

"The *news are* more delightful to his soul, ——."

See also Vol. X, p. 211, n. 7. The folio reads—*this* news. *Malone.*

[9] *As in these cases, where* the *aim reports,*] The folio has—*the* aim reports. But, *they aim reports,* [the reading of the quarto] has a sense sufficiently easy and commodious. Where men *report* not by certain knowledge, but by *aim* and conjecture. *Johnson.*

To *aim* is to conjecture. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err."

Again, in the manuscript known by the title of *William and the Werwolf*, in the library of King's College, Cambridge: "No man upon mold, might *ayme* the number." P. 56. *Steevens.*

—— *where the* aim *reports,*] In these cases where conjecture or suspicion tells the tale. *Aim* is again used as a substantive, in this sense, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"What you would work me to, I have some *aim*"

Malone.

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Sailor. [*within*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, *with a* Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.[1]

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason;[2] 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question[3] bear it,
For that it stands not[4] in such warlike brace,[5]
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.[6]

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

[1] *By signior Angelo.*] This hemistich is wanting in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[2] *By no* assay *of reason;*] Bring it to the *test*, examine it by reason as we examine metals by the *assay*, it will be found counterfeit by all trials. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *with more facile* question —] *Question* is for the *act of seeking*. With more *easy endeavour*. *Johnson.*

So may he with more facile question *bear it,*] That is, he may carry it with less dispute, with less opposition. I don't see how the word *question* can signify the *act of seeking*, though the word *quest* may. *M. Mason.*

[4] *For that it stands not* &c [The seven following lines are added since the first edition. *Pope.*

[5] —— *warlike* brace,] State of defence. To arm was called *to brace on* the armour. *Johnson.*

[6] *To wake, and* wage, *a danger profitless.*] To *wage* here, as in many other places in Shakspeare, signifies to fight, to combat. Thus, in *King Lear:*

"To *wage* against the enmity of the air."

It took its rise from the common expression, to *wage war*. *Steevens.*

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Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought:[7]—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem[8]
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.[9]

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesé,[1] is he not in town?

1 *Sen.* He 's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him[2] post-post-haste: despatch.[3]

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.[4]

[7] *Ay, so* &c.] This line is not in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *do they* re-stem —] The quartos mean to read,—*re-sterne*, though in the first of them the word is misspelt. *Steevens.*

[9] *And prays you to* believe *him.*] He entreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence. *Johnson.*

[1] *Marcus* Lucchesé,] The old copies have *Luccicos.* Mr. Steevens made the correction. *Malone.*

[2] —— *wish him* —] i. e. recommend, desire him. *Reed.*

[3] —— *wish him post*-post-haste: despatch.] i. e. tell him we wish him to make all *possible haste. Post-haste* is before in this play used adjectively:

" And he requires your haste-*post-haste appearance.*"

All messengers in the time of Shakspeare were enjoined "*Haste haste; for thy life, post haste.*"

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

Write from us to him, *post, post-haste, dispatch. Malone.*

[4] *Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you*
Against the general enemy Ottoman.] It is part of the policy of the Venetian state never to entrust the command of an army to a native. " To exclude, therefore, (says Contareno, as translated

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I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To* Bra.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care[5]
Take hold[6] on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted

by Lewkenor, 4to. 1599,) out of our estate the danger or occasion of any such ambitious enterprises, our ancestors held it a better course to defend the dominions on the continent with foreign mercenary soldiers, than with their homebred citizens." Again: "Their charges and yearly occasions of disbursement are likewise very great; for alwaies they do entertain in honourable sort with great provision a *captaine generall*, who alwaies is *a stranger borne*." *Malone.*

It was usual for the Venetians to employ strangers and even Moors in their wars. See *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, Act V, sc. i. See also Howell's *Letters*, B. I, S. 1, Letter xxviii. *Reed.*

[5] —— *general* care —] The word *care*, which encumbers the verse, was probably added by the players. Shakspeare uses *the general* as a substantive, though, I think, not in this sense. *Johnson.*

The word *general*, when used by Shakspeare as a substantive, always implies the populace, not the publick: and if it were used here as an adjective, without the word *care*, it must refer to *grief* in the following line, a word which may properly denote a private sorrow, but not the alarm which a nation is supposed to feel on the approach of a formidable enemy. *M. Mason.*

I suppose the author wrote;

Rais'd me from bed; nor doth the general care ——.

and not—

Hath *rais'd me from* my *bed;* &c.

The words in the Roman character I regard as playhouse interpolations, by which the metre of this tragedy is too frequently deranged. *Steevens.*

—— *general care* —]

"—— juvenumque prodis,
"*Publica cura.*" Hor. *Steevens.*

[6] *Take hold* —] The first quarto reads—Take *any* hold. *Steevens.*

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By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:[7]
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,[8]
Sans witchcraft could not[9] ——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.[1]

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,

[7] *By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:*] Rymer has ridiculed this circumstance as unbecoming (both for its weakness and superstition) the gravity of the accuser, and the dignity of the tribunal: but his criticism only exposes his own ignorance. The circumstance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greatest address, as the thing chiefly to be insisted on. For, by the Venetian law, the giving love potions was very criminal, as Shakspeare, without question well understood. Thus the law, *Dei maleficii et herbarie*, cap. xvii, of the code, intitled, "Della promission del maleficio." "Statuimo etiamdio, che-se alcun homo, o femina, harra fatto maleficii, iquali se dimandano vulgarmente *amatorie*, o veramente alcuni altri maleficii, che alcun homo o femina se havesson in odio, sia frusta et bollado, et che hara consegliado patisca simile pena." And therefore in the preceding scene Brabantio calls them:

"—— arts inhibited, and out of warrant." *Warburton.*

Though I believe Shakspeare knew no more of this Venetian law than I do, yet he was well acquainted with the edicts of that sapient prince, King James the First, against—

"—— —— —— practisers
"Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant." *Steevens.*

See p. 220, n. 3. *Malone.*

[8] *Being not* &c.] This line is wanting in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[9] *For nature so preposterously* to *err*, ——
Sans witchcraft could not —] The grammar requires we should read:

For nature so preposterously err, &c.

without the article *to*; and then the sentence will be complete. *M. Mason.*

Were I certain that our author designed the sentence to be complete, and not to be cut short by the Duke's interruption, I should readily adopt the amendment proposed by Mr. M. Mason. *Steevens.*

[1] *Stood in your action.*] Were the man exposed to your *charge* or *accusation*. *Johnson.*

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Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[*To* OTH.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending[2]
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;[3]
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action[4] in the tented field;

[2] *The very* head *and* front *of my offending* —] The *main*, the *whole*, unextenuated. *Johnson.*

"*Frons* causæ non satis honesta est," is a phrase used by Quintilian. *Steevens.*

A similar expression is found in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"The man that in the *forehead* of his fortunes
"Beares figures of renowne and miracle."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
"As smiles upon the *forehead* of this action." *Malone.*

[3] *And little bless'd with the* set *phrase of peace;*] *Soft* is the reading of the folio. *Johnson.*

This apology, if addressed to his mistress, had been well expressed. But what he wanted, in speaking before a Venetian senate, was not the *soft* blandishments of speech, but the art and method of masculine eloquence. The old quarto reads it, therefore, as I am persuaded Shakspeare wrote:

——— *the* set *phrase of peace. Warburton.*

Soft may have been used for *still* and *calm*, as opposed to the clamours of war. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"———— Say to them,
"Thou art their *soldier*, and, being bred in *broils*,
"Hast not the *soft* way, which thou dost confess
"Were fit for thee to use."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"———— 'Tis a worthy deed,
"And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
"To *soft* and gentle speech." *Malone.*

[4] *Their* dearest *action* —] That is, *dear*, for which much is paid, whether money or labour; *dear action*, is action performed at great expence, either of ease or safety. *Johnson.*

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And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd[5] tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.[6]

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself;[7] And she,—in spite of nature,

Their dearest *action* is their most *important* action. See *Timon of Athens*, Act V, sc. ii, Vol. XV. *Malone.*

Instead of their *dearest action*, we should say in modern language, their *best exertion*. *Steevens.*

I should give these words a more natural signification, and suppose that they mean—their *favourite* action, the action most dear to them. Othello says afterwards:

"——— I do agnize
"A natural and prompt alacrity
"I find in hardness." *M. Mason.*

5 —— *unvarnish'd* —] The second quarto reads—*unravished*. *Steevens.*

6 *I won his daughter with.*] [The first quarto and folio—*I won his daughter.*] i. e. I won his daughter *with*: and so all the modern editors read, adopting an interpolation made by the editor of the second folio, who was wholly unacquainted with our poet's metre and phraseology. In *Timon of Athens* we have the same elliptical expression:

"Who had the world as my confectionary,
"The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
"At duty, more than I could frame *employment* [*for*]."
Malone.

As my sentiments concerning the merits of the second folio are diametrically opposite to Mr. Malone's opinion of it, I have not displaced a grammatical to make room for an ungrammatical expression.

What Mr. Malone has styled "similar phraseology," I should not hesitate to call, in many instances, congeniality of omissions and blunders made by transcribers, players, or printers.

The more I am become acquainted with the ancient copies, the less confidence I am disposed to place in their authority, as often as they exhibit anomalous language, and defective metre. *Steevens.*

7 *Blush'd at* herself;] Mr. Pope reads—at *itself*, but without necessity. Shakspeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the *personal*, instead of the *neutral* pronoun. *Steevens.*

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Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;[8]
evidence Without more certain and more overt test,[9]
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming,[1] do prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,[2]
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,[3]
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [*Exeunt* IAGO *and Attendants.*

[8] *To vouch* &c.] The first folio unites this speech with the preceding one of *Brabantio;* and instead of *certain* reads *wider.* *Steevens.*

[9] —— *overt test,*] Open proofs, external evidence. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *thin habits,* ——
Of modern *seeming,*] Weak show of slight appearance. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *the* Sagittary,] So the folio here and in a former passage. The quarto in both places reads—the *Sagittar.* *Malone.*

The *Sagittary* means the sign of the fictitious creature so called, i. e. an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver. *Steevens.*

[3] *The trust,* &c.] This line is wanting in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

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And, till she come, as truly[4] as to heaven
I do confess[5] the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:[6]

[4] —— *as* truly —] The first quarto reads—as *faithful. Steevens.*

[5] *I do confess*, &c.] This line is omitted in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[6] *And* portance &c.] I have restored—

And with it all my travel's history,

from the old edition. It is in the rest:

And portance *in my travel's history.*

Rymer, in his criticism on this play, has changed it to *portents*, instead of *portance*. *Pope.*

Mr. Pope has restored a line to which there is a little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was the author's word in some revised copy. I read thus:

Of being —— sold
To slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in 't; *my travel's history.*

My redemption from slavery, and behaviour in it. *Johnson.*

I doubt much whether this line, as it appears in the folio, came from the pen of Shakspeare. The reading of the quarto may be *weak*, but it is sense; but what are we to understand by my demeanour, or my sufferings, (which ever is the meaning) *in my* travel's *history? Malone.*

By—my portance in my *travel's history*, perhaps our author meant—my behaviour in my travels *as described in my history of them.*

Portance is a word already used in *Coriolanus:*

" —— —— took from you
" The apprehension of his present *portance*,
" Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion," &c.

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Wherein of antres vast,[7] and deserts idle,[8]
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,[9] such was the process;

Spenser, in the third Canto of the second Book of the *Fairy Queen*, likewise uses it:

"But for in court gay *portaunce* he perceiv'd." *Steevens.*

[7] *Wherein of antres vast,* &c.] Discourses of this nature made the subject of the politest conversations, when voyages into, and discoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So, when the Bastard Faulconbridge in *King John*, describes the behaviour of upstart greatness, he makes one of the essential circumstances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The fashion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality should be struck with the history of an adventurer. So that Rymer, who professedly ridicules this whole circumstance, and the noble author of the *Characteristicks*, who more obliquely sneers at it, only expose their own ignorance. *Warburton.*

Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. *Johnson.*

—— *antres* —] French, grottos. *Pope.*

Caves and *dens*. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *and deserts* idle,] Every mind is liable to absence and inadvertency, else Pope [who reads—deserts *wild*,] could never have rejected a word so poetically beautiful. *Idle* is an epithet used to express the infertility of the chaotick state, in the Saxon translation of the Pentateuch. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Usurping ivy, briar, or *idle* moss."

Mr. Pope might have found the epithet *wild* in all the three last folios. *Steevens.*

The epithet, *idle*, which the ignorant editor of the second folio did not understand, and therefore changed to *wild*, is confirmed by another passage in this Act: "— either to have it steril with *idleness*, or manured with industry." *Malone.*

[9] *It was my* hint *to speak,*] This implies it as done by a trap laid for her: but the old quarto reads *hent*, i. e. use, custom. [*Hint* is the reading of the folio.] *Warburton.*

Hent is not *used* in Shakspeare, nor, I believe, in any other author. *Hint*, or *cue*, is commonly used for occasion of speech, which is explained by, *such is the process*, that is, the course of the tale required it. If *hent* be restored, it may be explained by *handle*. I had a *handle*, or *opportunity*, to speak of cannibals. *Johnson.*

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And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.[1] These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse:[2] Which I observing,

Hent occurs at the conclusion of the 4th Act of *Measure for Measure*. It is derived from the Saxon *Hentan*, and means, to *take hold of, to seize:*

"—— the gravest citizens
"Have *hent* the gates."

But in the very next page Othello says:

"——— Upon this *hint* I spake."

It is certain therefore that change is unnecessary. *Steevens.*

[1] ——— *men whose heads*
Do grow beneath their shoulders,] Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. *Johnson.*

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an English audience before Shakspeare introduced them. In *The History of Orlando Furioso*, played for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, they are mentioned in the very first scene; and Raleigh speaks of people whose heads appear *not above* their shoulders. Again, in the tragedy of *Locrine*, 1595:

"Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi*,
"With greedy jaws devour the wandring wights."

The poet might likewise have read of them in Pliny's *Natural History*, translated by P. Holland, 1601, and in Stowe's *Chronicle*. *Steevens.*

Histories (says Bernard Gilpin, in a Sermon before Edward VI,) make mention of a "people called *Anthropophagi, eaters of men.*" *Reed.*

Our poet has again in *The Tempest* mentioned "men whose heads stood in their breasts." He had in both places probably Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598, in view:—"On that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of people *whose heades appeare not above their shoulders:*—they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts."

Raleigh also has given an account of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, in his *Description of Guiana*, published in 1596, a book that without doubt Shakspeare had read. *Malone.*

[2] —— *and with a greedy ear*
Devour up my discourse:] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593:

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Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: [3] I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs: [4]

"Hang both your *greedy ears* upon my lips;
"Let them *devour my speech*."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI, c. ix:

"Whylest thus he talkt, the *knight with greedy eare*
"Hong still upon his melting mouth attent." *Malone.*

Both these phrases occur in Tully. "Non semper implet *aures* meas, ita sunt *avidæ* et capaces." *Orat.* 104. "Nos hinc *voramus* literas —." *Ad. Attic.* iv, 14. *Auribus avidis* captare, may also be found in Ovid, *De Ponto*. *Steevens.*

"Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
"Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore." *Virg.*
M. Mason.

[3] *But not* intentively:] Thus the eldest quarto. The first folio reads—*instinctively*; the second,—*distinctively*.

The old word, however, may stand—*Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. So, in a play called *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606: "Grace! at sitting down, they cannot *intend* it for hunger." i. e. *attend* to it. Desdemona, who was often called out of the room on the score of house-affairs, could not have heard Othello's tale *intentively*, i. e. with *attention to all its parts*.

Again, in Chapman's version of the *Iliad*, B. VI:

"Hector *intends* his brother's will; but first" &c.

Again, in the tenth Book:

"——— all with *intentive* ear
"Converted to the enemies' tents ——."

Again, in the eighth Book of the *Odyssey*:

"For our ships know th' expressed minds of men;
"And will so most *intentively* retaine
"Their scopes appointed, that they never erre."

Again, in a very scarce book entitled *A courtlie Controversie of Cupids Cautels: Conteyning fiue Tragicall Histories*, &c. *Translated out of French* &c. *by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578: "These speeches collected *ententively* by a friend" &c. *Steevens.*

Shakspeare has already used the word in the same sense in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "— she did course over my exteriors with such a greedy *intention*."

Distinctively was the conjectural emendation of the editor of the second folio, who never examined a single quarto copy. *Malone.*

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She swore,—In faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;[5]
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,

[4] —— *a world of* sighs:] It was *kisses* in the later editions: but this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been forward indeed to give him a *world of kisses* upon a bare recital of his story; nor does it agree with the following lines. *Pope.*

Sighs is the reading of the quarto, 1622; *kisses* of the folio. *Malone.*

[5] *She* swore,—In faith, *'twas strange*, &c.] Here (as on a former occasion respecting the prophecies that induced the ruin of Macbeth,) the reader must be indebted to Mr. Whitaker's zealous and powerful *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*, 8vo. Vol. II, p. 487, edit. 1790: "Let not the *modern* reader be hurt here and in paragraph X, at a Lady, a Queen, and a Mary, *swearing*. To *aver upon faith and honour*, was *then* called *swearing*, equally with a solemn appeal to GOD; and considered as the same with it." This is plain from the passage immediately before us: "I swear, —upon my faith and honour," she says expressly. She also says she does this "again;" thus referring to the commencement of this letter, where she "appeals to her God as witness." And thus Shakspeare makes Othello to represent Desdemona, as acting; in a passage that I have often condemned, before I saw this easy explanation of it, as one among many proofs of Shakspeare's inability to exhibit the delicate graces of female conversation:

She swore, *&c.*

This remark, therefore, serves at once to justify Desdemona and Queen Mary, and to show what kind of swearing is used by both; not a bold and masculine oath put into the mouth of Desdemona, such as Elizabeth frequently used, but a more earnest affirmation upon her faith and honour, which she considered as the same with a solemn appeal to God. *Steevens.*

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Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head,[6] if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,[7]
I am hitherto your daughter: But here 's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,[8]
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which,[9] but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,

[6] *Destruction* &c.] The quartos reads—Destruction *light on me.* *Steevens.*

[7] ——*you are the lord of duty,*] The first quarto reads—you are lord of *all my* duty. *Steevens.*

[8] *And so much duty as my mother show'd*
To you, preferring you before her father, &c.] Perhaps Shakspeare had here in his thoughts the answer of the youngest daughter of *Ina*, King of the West Saxons, to her father, which he seems to have copied in *King Lear*. See Dr. Percy's introductory note to *King Lear*, Vol. XIV. *Malone.*

[9] *Which,* &c.] This line is omitted in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[1] *Let me speak like* yourself;] The Duke seems to mean, when he says he will speak like Brabantio, that he will speak sententiously. *Johnson.*

Let me speak like yourself;] i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.
Sir J. Reynolds.

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Which, as a grise,[2] or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.[3]
When remedies, are past, the griefs are ended,[4]
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.[5]
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:[6]
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.[7]

[2] —— *as a* grise,] *Grize* from *degrees*. A *grize* is a step. So, in *Timon:*

"—— for every *grize* of fortune
"Is smooth'd by that below."—

Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, gives the original word:

"Whom when he saw lie spread on the *degrees*."

In the will of King Henry VI, where the dimensions of King's College chapel at Cambridge are set down, the word occurs, as spelt in some of the old editions of Shakspeare: "—from the provost's stall, unto the *greece* called *Gradus Chori*, 90 feet."

Steevens.

[3] *Into your favour.*] This is wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto. *Johnson.*

[4] *When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,*] This our poet has elsewhere expressed [In *Love's Labour 's Lost*, Act V, sc. ii,] by a common proverbial sentence, *Past cure is still past care. Malone.*

[5] —— new *mischief on.*] The quartos read—*more* mischief. *Steevens.*

[6] *But the free comfort which from thence he hears:*] But the moral precepts of consolation, which are liberally bestowed on occasion of the sentence. *Johnson.*

[7] *But words are words; I never yet did hear*
That the bruis'd heart was pierced *through the ear.*] The Duke had by sage sentences been exhorting Brabantio to patience, and

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I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

to forget the grief of his daughter's stolen marriage, to which Brabantio is made very pertinently to reply to this effect: "My lord, I apprehend very well the wisdom of your advice; but though you would *comfort* me, words are but words; and the heart, already *bruised*, was never *pierced*, or *wounded*, through the *ear*." It is obvious that the text must be restored thus:

That the bruis'd heart was pieced *through the ear.*

i. e. that the wounds of sorrow were ever cured, or a man made *heart-whole* merely by the words of consolation. *Warburton.*

Shakspeare was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon; so that very often the reader, who has not the same continuity or succession of ideas, is at a loss for its meaning. Many of Shakspeare's uncouth strained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and simple expression, which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state. I can imagine the first mode of expression that occurred to the poet was this:

"The *troubled* heart was never cured by words."

To give it poetical force, he altered the phrase:

"The wounded heart was never reached through the ear."

Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruised*, as a more common expression. *Reached* he altered to *touched*, and the transition is then easy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly *touched*. When the sentiment is brought to this state, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing the heart* in its common acceptation *wounding the heart*, which making in this place nonsense, is corrected to *pieced the heart*, which is very stiff, and, as Polonius says, *is a vile phrase*. *Sir J. Reynolds.*

Pierced may be right. The consequence of a *bruise* is sometimes matter collected, and this can no way be cured without *piercing* or letting it out. Thus, in *Hamlet:*

"It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
"Whiles rank corruption mining all within,
"Infects unseen."

Again:

"This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
"That inward breaks, and shows no cause without,
"Why the man dies."

Our author might have had in his memory the following quaint title of an old book: i. e. "A lytell treatyse called the dysputacyon, or the complaynte of *the herte through perced with the lokynge of the eye*. Imprynted at Londō in Fletestrete at ye sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde."

Again, in *A newe and a mery Interlude concernyng Pleasure and Payne in Love, made* by Ihon. Heywood: Fol. Rastal, 1534:

"*Thorough* myne *eyes* dyrectly to myne *harte*
"*Percyth* his *wordys* even lyke as many sperys." *Steevens.*

But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced *through the ear.*] These mo-

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Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place

ral precepts, says Brabantio, may perhaps be founded in wisdom, but they are of no avail. Words after all are but words; and I never yet heard that consolatory speeches could *reach* and *penetrate* the afflicted heart, through the medium of the ear.

Brabantio here expresses the same sentiment as the father of Hero in *Much Ado about Nothing*, when he derides the attempts of those comforters who in vain endeavour to—

"Charm *ache* with *air*, and *agony* with *words*."

Our author has in various places shown a fondness for this antithesis between the *heart* and *ear*. Thus, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"This dismal cry rings sadly in her *ear*,
"Through which it enters, to surprise her *heart*."

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "My cousin tells him in his *ear*, that he is in her *heart*."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"—— I have such a *heart* as both mine *ears*
"Must not in haste abuse."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"His *ear* her prayers admits, but his *heart* granteth
"No *penetrable* entrance to her plaining."

A doubt has been entertained concerning the word *pierced*, which Dr. Warburton supposed to mean *wounded*, and therefore substituted *pieced* in its room. But *pierced* is merely a figurative expression, and means not *wounded*, but penetrated, *in a metaphorical sense:* thoroughly affected; as in the following passage in Shakspeare's 46th Sonnet:

"My *heart* doth plead, that thou in him dost lie;
"A closet never *pierc'd* with crystal eyes."

So also, in *Love's Labour 's Lost:*

"Honest plain words best *pierce* the *ear* of *grief*."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"With sweetest touches *pierce* your mistress' *ear*."

In a word, *a heart pierced through the ear*, is a heart which (to use our poet's words elsewhere) has *granted a penetrable entrance* to the language of consolation. So, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575:

"My *piteous plaint*—the hardest *heart* may *pierce*."

Spenser has used the word exactly in the same figurative sense in which it is here employed; *Fairy Queen*, B. VI, c. ix:

"Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
"Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
"Whose sensefull *words empierst* his *hart* so neare,
"That he was rapt with double ravishment."

And, in his fourth Book, c. viii, we have the very words of the text:

"Her *words* —— ——
"Which *passing through the eares*, would *pierce* the *heart*."

Some persons have supposed that *pierced* when applied meta-

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is best known to you: And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes[8] with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down:[9] I do agnize[1]
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars[2] against the Ottomites,
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;

phorically to the heart, can only be used to express pain; that the poet might have said, *pierced* with *grief*, or *pierced* with *plaints*, &c. but that to talk of *piercing* a heart with *consolatory speeches*, is a catachresis: but the passage above quoted from Spenser's sixth Book shows that there is no ground for the objection. So also, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, we find—

"Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
"Shall want my *heart* to be *with gladness pierc'd*." *Malone.*

[8] —— *to* slubber *the* gloss *of your* new *fortunes* —] To *slubber*, on this occasion, is to *obscure*. So, in the First Part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

"The evening too begins to *slubber* day."

The latter part of this metaphor has already occurred in *Macbeth*:

"—————— golden opinions ——
"Which should be worn now in their *newest gloss*."
Steevens.

[9] —— *thrice* driven *bed of down*:] A *driven* bed, is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *I do* agnize —] i. e. acknowledge, confess, avow. So, in *A Summarie Report*, &c. of the speaker relative to Mary Queen of Scots, 4to. 1586: "— a repentant convert, *agnising* her Maiesties great mercie" &c. Again, in the old play of *Cambyses*:

"The tenor of your princely will, from you for to *agnize*."

In this instance, however, it signifies to know; as likewise in the following, from the same piece:

"Why so? I pray you let me *agnize*." *Steevens.*

It is so defined [i. e. to acknowledge] in Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616. *Malone.*

[2] These *present wars* —] The quarto, 1622, and the folio, by an error of the press, have—*this* present wars. For the emendation I am responsible. *Malone.*

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Due reference of place, and exhibition;[3]
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.
Bra. I 'll not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;[4]
And let me find a charter in your voice,[5]
To assist my simpleness.[6]
Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes[7]

[3] *I crave fit disposition for my wife;*
Due reference *of place, and exhibition;* &c.] I desire, that proper *disposition* be made for my wife, that she may have *precedency* and *revenue*, accommodation and *company*, suitable to her rank.
For *reference* of place, the old quartos have *reverence*, which Sir Thomas Hanmer has received. I should read:
Due preference *of place*, ——. *Johnson.*
Exhibition is allowance. The word is at present used only at the universities.
So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"What maintenance he from his friends receives,
"Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me."
Again, in *King Edward IV*, by Heywood, 1626:
"Of all the *exhibition* yet bestow'd,
"This woman's liberality likes me best." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *Most* gracious *duke,*
To my unfolding lend a gracious *ear;*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of the same epithet, reads—your *prosperous* ear; i. e. your *propitious* ear. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *a charter in your voice,*] Let your favour *privilege* me. *Johnson.*

[6] To assist *my simpleness.*] The first quarto reads this as an unfinished sentence:
And if *my simpleness* ——. *Steevens.*

[7] *My downright violence* and storm *of fortunes* —] *Violence* is not *violence suffered*, but *violence acted.* Breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has *scorn* of fortune, which is perhaps the true reading. *Johnson.*

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May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued,[8]
Even to the very quality of my lord:[9]

The same mistake of *scorn* for *storm* had also happened in the old copies of *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——as when the sun doth light a *scorn*,"

instead of a—*storm*.

I am also inclined to read—*storm of fortunes*, on account of the words that follow, viz. "May *trumpet* to the world."

So, in *King Henry IV*, Part I:

"——the southern *wind*
"Doth play the *trumpet* to his purposes."

I concur with Dr. Johnson in his explanation of the passage before us. Mr. M. Mason is of the same opinion, and properly observes, that by the *storm of fortune*, "the *injuries of fortune*" are not meant, "but Desdemona's high-spirited braving of her." *Steevens.*

[8] ——*my heart's* subdued,

Even to &c.] So, in one of the Letters falsely imputed to Mary Queen of Scots: "—and my thoghtes are so willyngly *subdute* unto yours" &c. *Steevens.*

[9] *Even to the very quality of my lord:*] The first quarto reads—

Even to the utmost pleasure, &c. *Steevens.*

Quality here means *profession*. "I am so much enamoured of Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniencies incident to a *military life*, and to attend him to the wars."—"I cannot mervaile, (said Lord Essex to Mr. Ashton, a Puritan preacher who was sent to him in the Tower,) though my protestations are not believed of my enemies, when they so little prevailed with a man of your *quality*."

That this is the meaning, appears not only from the reading of the quarto,—"my heart's subdued, even *to the utmost pleasure* of my lord, i. e. so as to prompt me to go with him wherever he *wishes* I should go," but also from the whole tenour of Desdemona's speech; the purport of which is, that as she had married a *soldier*, so she was ready to accompany him to the wars, and to consecrate her soul and fortunes to his *honours*, and his *valiant* part; i. e. to attend him wherever his *military character* and his *love of fame* should call him. *Malone.*

That *quality* here signifies the *Moorish complexion* of Othello, and not his *military profession*, is obvious from what immediately follows:

"I saw Othello's *visage* in his mind:"

and also from what the Duke says to Brabantio:

"If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
"Your son-in-law is far more *fair* than *black*."

Desdemona, in this speech asserts, that the virtues of Othello had subdued her heart, in spite of his visage; and that, to his rank and accomplishments as a soldier, she had consecrated her soul and her fortunes. *Henley.*

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I saw Othello's visage in his mind;[1]
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords:[2]—'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven,[3] I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;[4]

[1] *I saw Othello's visage in his mind;*] It must raise no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance so little engaging; I saw his face only in his mind; the greatness of his character reconciled me to his form. *Johnson.*

[2] *Your voices,* lords:] The folio reads,—*Let her have your voice.* *Steevens.*

[3] *Vouch with me, heaven,*] Thus the second quarto and the folio. *Steevens.*

These words are not in the original copy, 1622. *Malone.*

[4] *Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,*
In my distinct *and proper satisfaction;*] [Old copies—*defunct.*] As this has been hitherto printed and stopped, it seems to me a period of as stubborn nonsense as the editors have obtruded upon poor Shakspeare throughout his works. What a preposterous creature is this Othello made, to fall in love with and marry a fine young lady, when *appetite* and *heat*, and *proper satisfaction*, are *dead* and *defunct* in him! (For, *defunct* signifies nothing else, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically:) But if we may take Othello's own word in the affair, he was not reduced to this fatal state:

"——or, for I am declin'd
"Into the vale of years; yet *that 's not much.*"

Again, Why should our poet say, (for so he says as the passage has been pointed) that the young *affect* heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no occasion or pretence of *affecting* it. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add so absurd a collateral epithet as *proper?* But *affects* was not designed here as a verb, and *defunct* was not designed here at all. I have by reading *distinct* for *defunct*, rescued the poet's text from absurdity; and this I take to be the tenor of what he would say: "I do not beg her company with me, merely to please myself; nor to indulge the heat and *affects* (i. e. affections) of a new-married man, in my own distinct and proper satisfaction; but to comply with her in her request, and

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But to be free and bounteous to her mind:

desire, of accompanying me." *Affects* for *affections*, our author in several other passages uses. *Theobald.*

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects

In my defunct *and proper satisfaction:*] i. e. with that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raised and created. This is the meaning of *defunct*, which has made all the difficulty of the passage. *Warburton.*

I do not think that Mr. Theobald's emendation clears the text from embarrassment, though it is with a little imaginary improvement received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads thus:

Nor to comply with heat *affects the young*
In my *distinct* and proper satisfaction.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is not more satisfactory: what made the difficulty will continue to make it. I read:

——— I beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In *me* defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

Affects stands here, not for *love*, but for *passions*, for that by which any thing is affected. *I ask it not*, says he, *to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires*, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or *for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.*

Mr. Upton had, before me, changed *my* to *me*; but he has printed young *effects*, not seeming to know that *affects* could be a noun. *Johnson.*

Mr. Theobald has observed the impropriety of making Othello confess, that all youthful passions were *defunct* in him; and Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading [*distinct*] may, I think, be received with only a slight alteration. I would read:

——— I beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, *and* young affects,
In my *distinct* and proper satisfaction;
But to be &c.

Affects stands for *affections*, and is used in that sense by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is Altered*, 1609:

" —— I shall not need to urge
" The sacred purity of our *affects*."

Again, in *Love's Labour 's Lost:*

" For every man with his *affects* is born."

Again, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, 1594:

" The frail *affects* and errors of my youth."

Again, in Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619:

" No doubt *affects* will be subdu'd by reason."

There is, however, in *The Bondman*, by Massinger, a passage which seems to countenance and explain—

——— *the young affects*

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And heaven defend[5] your good counsels, that you think

In me defunct &c.
" ——— youthful heats,
" That look no further than your outward form,
" Are long since *buried* in me."
Timoleon is the speaker.

In *King Henry V*, also, we have the following passage:
" The organs, though *defunct* and dead before,
" Break up their drowsy grave, ——." *Steevens.*

I would venture to make the two last lines change places:
——— I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
In my defunct and proper satisfaction.
And would then recommend it to consideration, whether the word *defunct* (which would be the only remaining difficulty) is not capable of a signification, drawn from the primitive sense of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context.
Tyrwhitt.

I would propose to read—In my *defenct*, or *defenc'd*, &c. i. e. I do not beg her company merely to please the palate of my appetite, nor to comply with the heat of lust which the *young* man *affects*, i. e. loves and is fond of, in a gratification which I have by marriage *defenc'd*, or inclosed and guarded, and made my own property. *Unproper beds*, in this play, means, beds not peculiar or appropriate to the right owner, but common to other occupiers. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* the marriage vow was represented by Ford as the ward and *defence* of purity or conjugal fidelity: " I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, and a thousand other her *defences*, which are now too strongly embattled against me." The word *affect* is more generally, among ancient authors, taken in the construction which I have given to it, than as Mr. Theobald would interpret it. It is so in this very play, " Not to *affect* many proposed matches," means not to *like*, or *be fond of* many proposed matches.

I am persuaded that the word *defunct* must be at all events ejected. Othello talks here of his appetite, and it is very plain that Desdemona to her death was fond of him after wedlock, and that he loved her. How then could his conjugal desires be dead or *defunct?* or how could they be *defunct* or discharged and performed when the marriage was consummated? *Tollet.*

Othello here supposes, that his petition for the attendance of his bride, might be ascribed to one of these two motives:—either solicitude for the enjoyment of an unconsummated and honourable marriage;—or, the mere gratification of a sensual and selfish passion. But, as neither was the true one, he abjures them both:

" Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it NOT
" To please the palate of my appetite;

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I will your serious and great business scant,

" Nor to comply with heat (—— ——
" —— ——) and proper satisfaction."

The former, having nothing in it unbecoming, he *simply* disclaims; but the latter, ill according with his season of life (for Othello was now *declined into the vale years*) he assigns a reason for renouncing—

—— the young affects,
In me *defunct*. ——

As if he had said, " I have *outlived* that *wayward impulse of passion, by which younger men are stimulated:* those

" —— —— *youthful heats*,
" That look no further than the OUTWARD FORM,
" Are long since *buried* in me."

The supreme object of my heart is—

—— to be free and bounteous to her MIND.

By YOUNG *affects*, the poet clearly means those "YOUTHFUL *lusts*" [τας ΝΕΩΤΕΡΙΚΑΣ *επιθυμιας, cupiditates rei novæ*, thence JUVENILES, and therefore EFFRENES *cupiditates*,] which St. Paul admonishes Timothy to fly from, and the Romans to MORTIFY.

Heath.

For the emendation now offered, [*disjunct*] I am responsible. Some emendation is absolutely necessary, and this appears to me the least objectionable of those which have been proposed. Dr. Johnson, in part following Mr. Upton, reads and regulates the passage thus:

Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In *me* defunct) and proper satisfaction.

To this reading there are, I think, three strong objections. The first is, the suppression of the word *being* before *defunct*, which is absolutely necessary to the sense, and of which the omission is so harsh, that it affords an argument against the probability of the proposed emendation. The second and the grand objection is, that it is highly improbable that Othello should declare on the day of his marriage that heat and the youthful affections were dead or defunct in him; that he had outlived the passions of youth. He himself (as Mr. Theobald has observed) informs us afterwards, that he is " declined into the vale of years;" but adds, at the same time, "yet that 's *not much*." This surely is a decisive proof that the text is corrupt. My third objection to this regulation is, that by the introduction of a parenthesis, which is not found in the old copies, the words *and proper satisfaction* are so unnaturally disjoined from those with which they are connected in sense, as to form a most lame and impotent conclusion; to say nothing of the awkwardness of using the word *proper* without any possessive pronoun prefixed to it.

All these difficulties are done away, by retaining the original word *my*, and reading *disjunct*, instead of *defunct*; and the meaning will be, I ask it not for the sake of my *separate* and private enjoyment, by the gratification of appetite, but that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.

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For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys

The young affects, may either mean the affections or passions of youth, (considering *affects* as a substantive) or these words may be connected with *heat*, which immediately precedes: "I ask it not, for the purpose of gratifying that appetite *which* peculiarly stimulates the young." So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. V, c. ix:

"Layes of sweete love, and *youth's* delightful *heat*."

Mr. Tyrwhitt "recommends it to consideration, whether the word *defunct*, is not capable of a signification, drawn from the primitive sense of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context."

The mere English reader is to be informed, that *defunctus* in Latin signifies *performed, accomplished*, as well as *dead*: but is it probable that Shakspeare was apprized of its bearing that signification? In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, the work of a physician and a scholar, *defunct* is only defined by the word *dead*; nor has it, I am confident, any other meaning annexed to it in any dictionary or book of the time. Besides; how, as Mr. Tollet has observed, could his conjugal duties be said to be *discharged* or *performed*, at a time when his marriage was not yet consummated?—On this last circumstance, however, I do not insist, as Shakspeare is very licentious in the use of participles, and might have employed the past for the present: but the former objection appears to me fatal.

Proper is here and in other places used for *peculiar*. In this play we have *unproper* beds; not *peculiar* to the rightful owner, but *common* to him and others.

In the present tragedy we have many more uncommon words than *disjunct*: as *facile, agnize, acerb, sequestration, injointed, congregated, guttered, sequent, extincted, exsufflicate, indign, segregated*, &c.—Iago in a subsequent scene says to Othello, "let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge;" and our poet has *conjunct* in *King Lear*, and *disjoin* and *disjunctive* in two other plays. In *King John* we have *adjunct* used as an adjective:

"Though that my death be *adjunct* to the act, —."

and in *Hamlet*, we find *disjoint*, employed in like manner:

"Or thinking ———

"Our state to be *disjoint*, and out of frame." *Malone.*

As it is highly probable this passage will prove a lasting source of doubt and controversy, the remarks of all the commentators are left before the publick. Sir Thomas Hanmer's *distinct*, however, appearing to me as apposite a change as Mr. Malone's synonymous *disjunct*, I have placed the former in our text, though, perhaps the old reading ought not to have been disturbed, as in the opinion of more than one critick it has been satisfactorily explained by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Henley. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *defend* &c.] To *defend*, is to forbid. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 5641:

"Wher can ye seen in any maner age

"That highe God *defended* mariage,

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foil Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
offic'd My speculative and active instruments,[6]
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation![7]

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,

"By expresse word?"
From *defendre*, Fr. *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *when light-wing'd toys*
Of *feather'd Cupid* seel *with wanton dulness*
My speculative and active *instruments,*] Thus the folio, except that instead of *active instruments*, it has *offic'd instrument*. *Malone.*

For a particular explanation of the verb—to *seel*, the reader is referred to Vol. VII, p. 139, n. 5.

The quarto reads:

——— *when light-wing'd toys*
And *feather'd Cupid* foils *with wanton dulness*
My speculative and active *instruments* —."

All these words (in either copy) mean no more than this:—When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for seeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them, &c.

So, in Chapman's translation of the eighteenth Book of Homer's *Odyssey:*

"——— and were palsied
"In his *mind's instruments* —." *Steevens.*

Speculative instruments, in Shakspeare's language, are the *eyes;* and *active instruments*, the *hands and feet*. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"—— where, the other *instruments*
"Did *see*, hear, devise, instruct, *walk*, *feel*," &c.

To *seel*, is to close the eyelids of a hawk by running a thread through them. As it is here metaphorically used, it applies very properly to the *speculative* instruments; but *foils*, the reading of the quarto, agrees better with *active* instruments.

Wanton dulness is dulness arising from wanton indulgences. *Malone.*

[7] —— *my* estimation!] Thus the folio; the quarto—*reputation. Steevens.*

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As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior, [*To* BRA.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,[8]
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;[9]
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Senators, Officers, *&c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after[1] in the best advantage.[2]—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* DES.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

[8] *If virtue no* delighted *beauty lack,*] The meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itself, then your virtuous son-in-law of course is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted*, for *delighting*; Shakspeare often uses the active and passive participles indiscriminately. Of this practice I have already given many instances. The same sentiment seems to occur in *Twelfth Night:*

"In nature is no blemish, but the mind;
"None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
"*Virtue is beauty* ——." *Steevens.*

Delighted is used by Shakspeare in the sense of *delighting*, or *delightful*. See *Cymbeline*, Act V:

"Whom best I love, I cross, to make my gift,
"The more delay'd, *delighted*." *Tyrwhitt.*

[9] —— *have a quick eye to see;*] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads:

—— *if thou hast eyes to see.* *Steevens.*

[1] *And bring* them *after*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*and bring* her *after*. *Malone.*

[2] —— *best advantage.*] Fairest opportunity. *Johnson.*

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Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years:[3] and since I could distinguish between the benefit and injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen,[4] I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it

[3] *I have looked upon the world* for four times seven years:] From this passage Iago's age seems to be ascertained; and it corresponds with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he is described as a *young*, handsome man. The French translator of Shakspeare is, however, of opinion, that Iago here only speaks of those years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of observation. But it would be difficult to assign a reason why he should mention the precise term of *twenty-eight* years; or to account for his knowing so accurately when his understanding arrived at maturity, and the opperation of his sagacity, and his observations on mankind, commenced.

That Iago meant to say he was but twenty-eight years old, is clearly ascertained, by his marking particularly, though indefinitely, a period *within that time*, ["and *since* I could distinguish," &c.] when he began to make observations on the characters of men.

Waller on a picture which was painted for him in his youth, by Cornelius Jansen, and which is now in the possession of his heir, has expressed the same thought: Anno ætatis 23; *vitæ vix primo.*"

Malone.

[4] —— *a Guinea hen,*] A showy bird with fine feathers. *Johnson.*

A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant term for a prostitute. So, in *Albertus Walenstein*, 1640:

"—— Yonder's the cock o' the game,

"About to tread yon *Guinea-hen;* they 're billing."

Steevens.

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with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness,[5] or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance[6] of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts;[7] whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be sect, or scion.[8]

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard;[9] I say, put mo-

[5] —— *either* to *have it steril with idleness,*] Thus the authentick copies. The modern editors following the second folio, have omitted the word *to*.—I have frequently had occasion to remark that Shakspeare often begins a sentence in one way, and ends it in a different kind of construction. Here he has made Iago say, if *we will* plant, &c. and he concludes, as if he had written—if *our will is*—either to have it, &c. See p. 227, n 9. *Malone.*

See Vol. II, p. 15, n. 5, where the remark on which the foregoing note is founded was originally made. *Steevens.*

[6] *If the* balance &c.] The folio reads—If the *brain*. Probably a mistake for—*beam*. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *reason, to cool—our* carnal stings, *our* unbitted lusts;] So, in *A Knack to know an Honest Man*, 1596:

"—— Virtue never taught thee that;
"She sets a *bit* upon her *bridled lusts*."

See also *As you Like it*, Act II, sc. vi:

"For thou thyself hast been a libertine;
"As sensual as the *brutish sting* itself." *Malone.*

[8] —— *a* sect, *or scion.*] Thus the folio and quarto. A *sect* is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting*. The modern editors read—a *set*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— defeat *thy* favour *with an usurped beard;*] To *defeat*, is to *undo*, to *change*. *Johnson.*

Defeat is from *defaire*, Fr to *undo*. Of the use of this word I have already given several instances. *Steevens.*

Favour here means that combination of features which gives the face its distinguishing character. *Defeat*, from *defaire*, in Fr.

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ney in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he is to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;[1] —put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.[2] She must change

signifies to unmake, decompose, or give a different appearance to, either by taking away something, or adding. Thus, in *Don Quixote*, Cardenio *defeated* his *favour* by cutting off his beard, and the Barber his, by putting one on. The beard which Mr. Ashton *usurped* when he escaped from the Tower, gave so different an appearance to his face, that he passed through his guards without the least suspicion. In *The Winter's Tale*, Autolycus had recourse to an expedient like Cardenio's, (as appears from the *pocketing up his pedlar's excrement*) to prevent his being known in the garb of the prince. *Henley*.

[1] —— *it was a violent* commencement, *and thou shalt see an answerable* sequestration;] There seems to be an opposition of terms here intended, which has been lost in transcription. We may read, *it was a violent* conjunction, *and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;* or, what seems to me preferable, *it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable* sequel. *Johnson.*

I believe the poet uses *sequestration* for *sequel*. He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *sequor*. *Sequestration*, however, may mean no more than *separation*. So, in this play—"a *sequester* from liberty." *Steevens*.

Surely *sequestration* was used in the sense of *separation* only, or in modern language, *parting*. *Their passion began with violence, and* it shall end as quickly, of which *a separation will be the consequence*. A total and voluntary *sequestration* necessarily includes the cessation or end of affection —We have the same thought in several other places. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"These *violent delights*, have *violent ends*,
"And in their triumph die."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Thy violent vanities can never last."

I have here followed the first quarto. The folio reads—it was a violent commencement *in her*, &c. The context shows that the original is the true reading. Othello's love for Desdemona has been just mentioned, as well as her's for the Moor. *Malone*.

[2] —— *as luscious as locusts*, —— *as* bitter *as coloquintida*.] The old quarto reads—as *acerb* as coloquintida.

At *Tonquin* the insect *locusts* are considered as a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich; and are sold in the markets, as larks and quails are in Europe. It may be added, that the Levitical law permits four sorts of them to be eaten.

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for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian[3] and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all *Supple*

An anonymous correspondent imforms me, that the fruit of the locust-tree, (which, I believe, is here meant,) is a long black pod, that contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice of much the same consistency as fresh honey. This (says he) I have often tasted. *Steevens.*

That viscous substance which the pod of the locust contains, is, perhaps, of all others, the most *luscious*. From its likeness to honey, in consistency and flavour, the *locust* is called the *honey-tree* also. Its seeds, enclosed in a long pod, lie buried in the juice. *Henley.*

Mr. Daines Barrington suggests to me, that Shakspeare perhaps had the third chapter of *St. Matthew's* Gospel in his thoughts, in which we are told that John the Baptist lived in the wilderness on *locusts* and wild *honey*. *Malone.*

[3] —— *betwixt an* erring *barbarian* —] We should read *errant*; that is, a vagabond, one that has no house nor country. *Warburton.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *arrant*. *Erring* is as well as either. *Johnson.*

So, in *Hamlet:*

"Th' extravagant and *erring* spirit hies
"To his confine." *Steevens.*

An *erring Barbarian* perhaps means a *rover* from *Barbary*. He had before said: "You 'll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horse." *Malone.*

I rather conceive *barbarian* to be here used with its primitive sense of—a *foreigner*, as it is also in *Coriolanus:*

"I would they were *barbarians*, (as they are)
"Though in Rome litter'd." *Steevens.*

The word *erring* is sufficiently explained by a passage in the first scene of the play, where Roderigo tells Brabantio that his daughter was—

"Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortune,
"To an extravagant and wheeling stranger."

Erring is the same as *erraticus* in Latin.

The word *erring* is used in the same sense in some of Orlando's verses in *As you Like it:*

"Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
"That shall civil sayings show.
"Some, how brief the life of man
"Runs his *erring* pilgrimage; —." *M. Mason.*

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the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted;[4] thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse;[5] go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I 'll be there betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewel. Do you hear, Roderigo?[6]

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I 'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewel: put money enough in your purse. [*Exit* Rod.

[4] —— *hearted;*] This adjective occurs again in Act III: "— *hearted* throne." Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary has unguardedly said, that it is only used in composition: as, for instance, hard-*hearted*. *Steevens.*

[5] *Traverse;*] This was an ancient military word of command. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Bardolph says: "Hold, Wart, *traverse;* thus, thus, thus." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Do you hear, Roderigo?*] In the folio, instead of this and the following speeches, we find only these words:

Iago. Go to; farewel. Do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod. I 'll sell all my land. [*Exit.*
Iago. Thus do I ever, &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

Iago. Go to; farewel:—do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod. What say you?
Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.
Rod. I am chang'd. [*Exit* Rod.
Iago. Go to; farewel: put money enough in your purse.
Thus do I ever, &c.

The reading of the text is formed out of the two copies. *Malone.*

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Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,[7]
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not, if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety.[8] He holds me well;[9]
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;[1]
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,[2]
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have 't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

[7] —— *a* snipe,] *Woodcock* is the term generally used by Shakspeare to denote an insignificant fellow; but Iago is more sarcastick, and compares his dupe to a smaller and meaner bird of almost the same shape. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *as if for surety.*] That is, "I will act as if I were certain of the fact." *M. Mason.*

[9] —— *He* holds *me well;*] i. e. esteems me. So, in *St. Matthew*, xxi, 26: "— all *hold* John as a prophet."
Again, in *Hamlet:*
"*Hold* it a fashion, and a toy in blood." *Reed.*

[1] —— *to* plume *up* &c.] The first quarto reads—to *make* up &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *The Moor is of a free and open nature,*] The first quarto reads:
The Moor, a free and open nature too,
That thinks &c. *Steevens.*

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ACT II.....SCENE I.

A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.[3] *A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and Two* Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven[4] and the main,

[3] —— *in* Cyprus.] All the modern editors, following Mr. Rowe, have supposed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the scene of *Othello* lies during four Acts: but this could not have been Shakspeare's intention; NICOSIA, the capital city of Cyprus, being situated nearly in the center of the island, and thirty miles distant from the sea. The principal sea-port town of Cyprus was FAMAGUSTA; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, the only one of any magnitude in the island; and there undoubtedly the scene should be placed. "Neere unto the haven (says Knolles) standeth an old CASTLE, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle, we find Othello presently repairs.

It is observable that Cinthio in the novel on which this play is founded, which was first published in 1565, makes no mention of any attack being made on Cyprus by the Turks. From our poet's having mentioned the preparations against this island, which they first assaulted and took from the Venetians in 1570, we may suppose that he intended that year as the era of his tragedy; but by mentioning *Rhodes* as also likely to be assaulted by the Turks, he has fallen into an historical inconsistency: for they were then in quiet possession of that island, of which they became masters in December, 1522; and if, to evade this difficulty, we refer *Othello* to an era prior to that year, there will be an equal incongruity; for from 1473, when the Venetians first became possessed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been molested by any Turkish armament. *Malone.*

[4] —— *'twixt the* heaven —] Thus the folio; but perhaps our author wrote—the heavens. The quarto, 1622, probably by a printer's error, has—*haven*. *Steevens.*

The reading of the folio affords a bolder image; but the article prefixed strongly supports the original copy; for applied to *heaven*, it is extremely awkward. Besides; though in *The Winter's Tale* our poet has made a Clown talk of a *ship boring the moon with her main-mast*, and say that "*between the sea and the firmament you cannot thrust a bodkin's point*," is it probable, that he should put the same hyperbolical language into the mouth of a gentleman, answering a serious question on an important occasion? In a subsequent passage indeed he indulges himself without impropriety in the elevated diction of poetry.

Of the *haven* of Famagusta, which was defended from the main

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Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,[5]
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,[6]

by two great rocks, at the distance of forty paces from each other, Shakspeare might have found a particular account in Knolles's *History of the Turks*, ad. ann. 1570, p. 863. *Malone.*

[5] *If it hath* ruffian'd *so upon the sea,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"But let the *ruffian* Boreas once enrage
"The gentle *Thetis*, —." *Malone.*

[6] —— *when* mountains melt *on them,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

"—— when *the huge mountain melts.*"

This latter reading might be countenanced by the following passage in *The Second Part of King Henry IV:*

"—— the continent
"Weary of solid firmness, *melt* itself
"Into the sea ——."

This phrase appears to have been adopted from the Book of *Judges*, ch. v, 5: "The *mountains melted* from before the Lord," &c. *Steevens.*

The quarto is surely the better reading; it conveys a more natural image, more poetically expressed. Every man who has been on board a vessel in the Bay of Biscay, or in any very high sea, must know that the vast billows seem to melt away from the ship, not on it. *M. Mason.*

I would not wilfully differ from Mr. M. Mason concerning the value of these readings; yet surely the *mortoise* of a ship is in greater peril when the watry mountain melts *upon* it, than when it melts *from* it. When the waves retreat from a vessel, it is safe. When they break over it, its structure is endangered. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"—— a sea
"That almost burst the deck." *Steevens.*

The quarto, 1622, reads—when the huge mountain *melts;* the letter *s*, which perhaps belongs to *mountain*, having wandered at the press from its place.

I apprehend, that in the quarto reading (as well as in the folio) by *mountains* the poet meant not land-mountains, which Mr. Steevens seems by his quotation to have thought, but those huge surges, (resembling mountains in their magnitude) which, "with high and monstrous main seem'd to cast water on the burning bear."

So, in a subsequent scene:

"And let the labouring bark climb *hills* of seas,
"*Olympus* high, ——."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

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Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,[7]
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:[8]
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3. *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,[9]

" —— and anon behold
" The strong-ribb'd bark through *liquid mountains* cuts."
Malone.

My remark on Mr. M. Mason's preceding note will show that I had no such meaning as Mr Malone has imputed to me. All I aimed at was to parallel the idea in the quarto, of *one* mountain melting, instead of many. *Steevens*

[7] —— *the* foaming *shore,*] The elder quarto reads—*banning* shore, which offers the bolder image; i. e. the shore that execrates the ravage of the waves. So, in *King Henry VI,* P. I:

" Fell, *banning* hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue."
Steevens.

[8] *And quench the* guards *of the ever*-fixed *pole:*] Alluding to the star *Arctophylax.* *Johnson*

I wonder that none of the advocates for Shakspeare's learning, has observed that *Arctophylax* literally signifies—*the guard of the bear.*

The elder quarto reads—ever-*fired* pole. *Steevens.*

[9] *The ship is here put in,*
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio, &c.] [Old copies—*Veronessa.*] Mr Heath is of opinion, that the poet intended to inform us, that Othello's lieutenant Cassio was of Verona, an inland city of the Venetian state; and adds, that the editors have not been pleased to say what kind of ship is here denoted by a *Veronessa.*

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Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,

By a *Veronessa*, or *Veronesé*, (for the Italian pronunciation must be retained, otherwise the measure will be defective,) a ship of Verona is denoted; as we say to this day of ships in the river, such a one is a *Dutchman*, a *Jamaica-man*, &c. I subjoin Mr. Warton's note, as a confirmation of my own. *Steevens.*

The true reading is *Veronesé*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable:

—— *The ship is here put in,*
A Veronesé ——

It was common to introduce *Italian* words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. So Spenser, in *The Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. xiii, 10:

" With sleeves dependant *Albanesé wise.*"

Mr. Heath observes, that "the editors have not been pleased to inform us what kind of ship is here denoted by the name of a *Veronessa*." But even supposing that *Veronessa* is the true reading, there is no sort of difficulty. He might just as well have inquired, what kind of a ship is a *Hamburgher*. This is exactly a parallel form. For it is not the species of the ship which is implied in this appellation. Our critick adds, "the poet had not a ship in his thoughts.—He intended to inform us, that Othello's lieutenant, Cassio, was *of Verona*. We should certainly read:

—— The ship is here put in.
A Veronese, Michael *Cassio*, (&c.)
Is come on shore."—

This regulation of the lines is ingenious. But I agree with Sir T. Hanmer, and I think it appears from many parts of the play, that Cassio was a Florentine In this speech, the *third Gentleman*, who brings the news of the wreck of the Turkish fleet, returns his tale, and relates the circumstances more distinctly. In his *former* speech he says, " *A noble ship of Venice* saw the distress of the Turks." And here he adds, " The very ship is just now put into our port, and she is a *Veronesé*." That is, a ship fitted out or furnished by the people of Verona, a city of the Venetian state.
T. Warton.

I believe we are all wrong. *Verona* is an inland city. Every inconsistency may, however, be avoided, if we read—*The* Veronessa, i. e. the *name* of the ship is the *Veronessa*. Verona, however, might be obliged to furnish ships towards the general defence of Italy. *Steevens.*

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens is acute; but Shakspeare's acquaintance with the topography of Italy (as appears from *The Tempest*) was very imperfect. *Henley.*

In Thomases *History of Italy*, already quoted, the people of Verona are called the *Veronesi*.

This ship has been already described as a ship of Venice. It is now called " a *Veronesé*;" that is, a ship belonging to and furnished by the inland city of Verona, for the use of the Venetian state; and newly arrived from Venice. " Besides many other towns, (says Contareno) castles, and villages, they [the Vene-

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Is come on shore: the Moor himself 's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor.
3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier.[1] Let 's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main,[2] and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.
3 *Gent.* Come, let 's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,[3]
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!
Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;[4]
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.[5]

tians,] possess seven faire cities; as Trevigi, Padoua, Vicenza, *Verona*, Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema." *Commonwealth of Venice*, 1599. *Malone.*

[1] *Like a* full *soldier.*] Like a *complete* soldier. So, before, p. 203: "What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe." *Malone.*

[2] *Even till we make the main,* &c.] This line and half is wanting in the eldest quarto. *Steevens.*

[3] —— warlike *isle,*] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—*worthy* isle. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *Of very expert and approv'd allowance;*] I read—
Very expert, and of approv'd allowance. Johnson.
Expert and approv'd allowance is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertness.* This mode of expression is not unfrequent in Shakspeare. *Steevens.*

[5] *Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,*

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[*Within*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Stand in bold cure.] I do not understand these lines. I know not how *hope* can be *surfeited to death*, that is, *can be increased, till it be destroyed;* nor what it is *to stand in bold cure;* or why *hope* should be considered as a disease. In the copies there is no variation. Shall we read:

Therefore my *fears*, not *surfeited to death*,
Stand in bold cure?

This is better, but it is not well. Shall we strike a bolder stroke, and read thus:

Therefore my hopes, not *forfeited* to death,
Stand *bold, not sure? Johnson.*

Presumptuous hopes, which have no foundation in probability may poetically be said to surfeit themselves to death, or forward their own dissolution. To *stand in bold cure*, is to erect themselves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel expression occurs in *King Lear*, Act III, sc. vi:

"This rest might yet have balm'd his broken senses,
"Which, if conveniency will not allow,
"*Stand in hard cure.*"

Again:

"—— his life, with thine, &c.
"*Stand in assured loss.*"

In bold cure means, in confidence of being cured. *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson says, "he knows not why *hope* should be considered as a disease." But it is not *hope* which is here described as a disease; those misgiving apprehensions which diminish hope, are in fact the disease, and hope itself is the patient.

A surfeit being a disease arising from an *excessive* overcharge of the stomach, the poet with his usual licence uses it for any species of *excess*.—Therefore, says Cassio, my hopes, which, though faint and sickly with apprehension, are not totally destroyed by an excess of despondency, erect themselves with some degree of confidence that they will be relieved, by the safe arrival of Othello, from those ill-divining fears under which they now languish.

The word *surfeit* having occurred to Shakspeare, led him to consider such a hope as Cassio entertained, not a sanguine, but a faint and languid hope, ("sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,") as a *disease*, and to talk of its *cure*.

A passage in *Twelfth Night*, where a similar phraseology is used, may serve to strengthen this interpretation:

"Give me *excess* of it; that, *surfeiting*,
"The appetite may *sicken*, and so *die*."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"O, I have fed upon this *woe* already,
"And now *excess* of it will make me *surfeit*." *Malone.*

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4 *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governour.
2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
[*Guns heard.*
Our friends, at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately; he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,[6]
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.[7]—How now? who has put in?

I believe that Solomon, upon this occasion, will be found the best interpreter: "*Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.*" *Henley.*

[6] *One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

"——— a face
"That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
"Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace." *Malone.*

[7] *And in the* essential *vesture of creation,*
Does bear all excellency.] The author seems to use *essential*, for *existent, real*. She excels the praises of invention, says he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *invested* her, *bears all excellency*. *Johnson.*

Does bear all excellency.] Such is the reading of the quartos; for which the folio has this:

And in the essential vesture of creation
Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus:

Does tire the ingenious verse.

This is the best reading, and that which the author substituted in his revisal. *Johnson.*

The reading of the quarto is so flat and unpoetical, when compared with that sense which seems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily wish some emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe, the word *tire* was not introduced to signify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dress*. The verb *to attire*, is often so abbreviated. Thus, in Holland's *Leaguer*, 1633:

"——— Cupid 's a boy,
"And would you *tire* him like a senator?"

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II, sc. ii:

"——To save the money he spends in *tiring*," &c.

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Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

The essential vesture of creation tempts me to believe it was so used on the present occasion. I would read something like this:

And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingenuous virtue.

i. e. invests her artless virtue in the fairest form of earthly substance.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Lorenzo calls the body—"the muddy *vesture* of decay."

It may, however, be observed, that the word *ingener* did not anciently signify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*, but any *ingenious person*, any *master of liberal science*.

As in the following instance from the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p 55:

"He called forth Mahon his *engynour*
"And saide, I charge thee
"To throwe a magnelle to yon tour
"And breke it down on thre."

So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, Act I, sc. i:

"No, Silius, we are no good *ingeners*,
"We want the fine arts," &c.

Ingener, therefore may be the true reading of this passage: and a similar thought occurs in *The Tempest*, Act IV, sc. i:

"For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
"And make it *halt* behind her."

In the argument of *Sejanus*, Ben Jonson likewise says that his hero "worketh with all his *ingene*," apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. *Steevens*

Perhaps the words intended in the folio, were—

Does tire the ingene *ever*.

Ingene is used for *ingenium* by Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poesie*, 1589: "—such also as made most of their workes by translation out of the Latin and French tongue, and few or none of their owne *engine*" *Engine* is here without doubt a misprint for *ingene*. —I believe, however, the reading of the quarto is the true one. —If *tire* was used in the sense of *weary*, then *ingener* must have been used for the ingenious person who should attempt to enumerate the merits of Desdemona. To the instance produced by Mr Steevens from *Sejanus*, may be added another in Fleckno's *Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664: "Of this curious art the Italians (this latter age) are the greatest masters, the French good proficients, and we in England only schollars and learners, yet, having proceeded no further than to bare painting, and not arrived to the stupendous wonders of your great *ingeniers*." In one of Daniel's Sonnets, we meet with a similar imagery to that in the first of these lines:

"Though time doth spoil her of the *fairest vaile*
"*That ever yet mortalitie did cover*." *Malone.*

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Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd[8] to clog the guiltless keel,

The reading of the folio, though incorrectly spelled, appears to have been—

Does tire *the* engineer;

which is preferable to either of the proposed amendments; and the meaning of the passage would then be, "One whose real perfections were so excellent, that to blazon them would exceed the abilities of the ablest masters."

The sense attributed to the word *tire*, according to this reading, is perfectly agreeable to the language of poetry. Thus Dryden says:

"For this an hundred voices I desire,
"To tell thee what an hundred tongues would *tire;*
"Yet never could be worthily exprest,
"How deeply those are seated in my breast."

And in the last Act of *The Winter's Tale*, the third Gentleman says: "I never heard of such another encounter, which *lames* report to follow it, and *undoes* description to do it." The objection to the reading of *inginer*, is, that although we find the words *ingine*, *inginer*, and *inginous* in Jonson, they are not the language of Shakspeare; and I believe indeed that Jonson is singular in the use of them. *M. Mason.*

Whoever shall reject uncommon expressions in the writings of Shakspeare, because they differ either from the exact rules of orthography, or from the unsettled mode of spelling them by other writers, will be found to deprive him no less of his beauties, than that the ornithologist would the peacock, who should cut out every eye of his train because it was either not circular, or else varied from some imaginary standard.—*Ingenieur* is no doubt of the same import with *ingener* or *ingeneer*, though perhaps differently written by Shakspeare in reference to *ingenious*, and to distinguish it from *ingeneer*, which he has elsewhere used in a *military* sense. Mr. M Mason's objection, that it is not the language of Shakspeare, is more than begging the question; and to affirm that Jonson is singular in the use of *ingine*, *inginer*, and *inginous*, is as little to the purpose. For we not only have those expressions in other writers, but others from the same root, as *ingene*, *engene*, &c. in Holinshed, and Sir T. More; and Daniel uses *ingeniate:*

"Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheek
"Did Nature (for this good) *ingeniate*,
"To shew in thee the glory of her best." *Henley.*

[8] *Traitors* ensteep'd —] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The first copy reads—*ensecerped*, of which every reader may make what he pleases. Perhaps *escerped* was an old English word bor-

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As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures,[9] letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove,[1] Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,[2]
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort![3]—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—

rowed from the French *escarpé*, which Shakspeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed.

I once thought that the poet had written—Traitors *enscarf'd*, i. e. muffled in their robes, as in *Julius Cæsar*. So, in *Hamlet*: "My sea-gown *scarf'd* about me;" and this agrees better with the idea of a traitor: yet whatever is gained one way is lost another. Our poet too often adopts circumstances from every image that arose in his mind, and employing them without attention to the propriety of their union, his metaphorical expressions become inextricably confused *Steevens*

Mr. Steevens's difficulty respecting *ensteep'd*, would, perhaps, have been removed, if he had but recollected the passage of the fourth Act, where Othello alludes to the fate of Tantalus:

"Had it pleas'd heaven
"To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
"All kind of sores, and shames on my bare head;
"*Steep'd* me in poverty to the very lips —." *Henley.*

[9] *Their* mortal *natures,*] i. e. their *deadly, destructive* natures. So, in *Macbeth*:

"That tend on *mortal* thought."

See Dr. Johnson's note, Vol. VII, p. 54, n. 9. *Reed.*

[1] —— *Great* Jove &c.] For this absurdity I have not the smallest doubt that the Master of the Revels, and not our poet, is answerable. *Malone.*

[2] *Make love's quick pants in* Desdemona's arms,] Thus the folio. The quarto with less animation:

And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms. *Steevens.*

[3] *And bring all Cyprus comfort!*] This passage is only found in the quartos. *Steevens.*

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Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.
[*Cry within.* A sail, a sail! *Then Guns heard.*
2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news.[4]— [*Exit* Gent.
Good ancient you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—
[*To* EMIL.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.
Des. Alas, she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;[5]
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries,[6] devils being offended,

[4] *See for the news.*] The first quarto reads—*So speaks this voice.* *Steevens.*

[5] *In faith, too much;*] Thus the folio. The first quarto thus:
I know too much;
I find it, I; for when, &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *Saints in your injuries*, &c.] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity. *Johnson.*
In Puttenham's *Art of Poesie*, 1589, I meet with almost the same thoughts: "We limit the comely parts of a woman to consist in four points; that is, to be, a shrew in the kitchen, a saint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the bed; as the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour to King Edward the Fourth."

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Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fy upon thee, slanderer![7]

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.[8]

Des. Come on, assay:—There 's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,[9]
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,

Again, in a play of Middleton's, called *Blurt Master Constable; or, The Spaniard's Night-Walk*, 1602: "— according to that wise saying of you, you be saints in the church, angels in the street, devils in the kitchen, and apes in your beds."

Again, in *The Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: "Women are *in churches saints, abroad angels, at home devils.*"

Puttenham, who mentions all other contemporary writers, has not once spoken of Shakspeare; so that it is probable he had not produced any thing of so early a date.

The truth is, that this book appears to have been written several years before its publication. See p. 115, 116, where the author refers to Sir Nicholas Bacon, who died in 1579, and recounts a circumstance, from his own knowledge, that happened in 1553. *Steevens.*

See also Meres's *Wit's Treasury*, p. 48. *Reed.*

[7] *O, fy upon thee, slanderer!*] This short speech is, in the quarto, unappropriated; and may as well belong to *Emilia* as to *Desdemona*. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *critical.*] That is, *censorious*. *Johnson.*
So, in our author's 122d Sonnet:
"—— my adder's sense
"To *critick* and to flatterer stopped are." *Malone.*

[9] —— *my invention*
Comes from my pate, as birdlime *does from* frize,] A similar thought occurs in *The Puritan:* "The excuse stuck upon my tongue, like *ship-pitch* upon a *mariner's gown*." *Steevens.*

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And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.[1]

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, f ifair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;[2]
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?

Iago. There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed?[3] one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?[4]

[1] —— *her blackness* fit.] The first quarto reads—*hit*. So, in *King Lear*: "I pray you, let us *hit* together." I believe *hit*, in the present instance also, to be the true reading, though it will not bear, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, explanation. *Steevens.*

[2] *She* never *yet was foolish* &c.] We may read:
She ne'er *was yet* so *foolish that was fair*,
But *even her folly help'd her to an heir.*
Yet I believe the common reading to be right: the law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*; therefore, since the foolishest woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever foolish. *Johnson.*

[3] *But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed?*] The hint for this question, and the metrical reply of Iago, is taken from a strange pamphlet, called *Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*, 1606; when after *Tidero* has described many ridiculous characters in verse, *Arnofilo* asks him, "But, I pray thee, didst thou write none in commendation of some worthy creature?" *Tidero* then proceeds, like Iago, to repeat more verses. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly* put on *the vouch of very malice itself?*] The sense is this, one that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst venture to call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was some commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice. *Warburton.*

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Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may;*
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;[5]
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;[6]
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.[7]

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you Cassio? is he not a most profane[8] and liberal counsellor?[9]

To put on *the vouch of malice,* is to assume a character vouched by the testimony of malice itself. *Johnson.*

To *put on* is to *provoke,* to *incite.* So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— the powers above
"*Put on* their instruments." *Steevens.*

[5] *To change the* cod's head *for the* salmon's tail;] i. e. to exchange a delicacy for a coarser fare. See *Queen Elizabeth's Household Book for the 43d Year of her Reign:* "Item, the Master Cookes have to fee all the *salmon's tailes*" &c. p. 296. *Steevens.*

Surely the poet had a further allusion, which it is not necessary to explain. The word *frail* in the preceding line shows that *viands* were not alone in his thoughts. *Malone.*

A *frail* judgment, means only a *weak one.* I suspect no equivoque. *Steevens.*

[6] *See suitors following, and not look behind;*] The first quarto omits this line. *Steevens.*

[7] *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing, she was, at the best, of no other use, than *to suckle children, and keep the accounts of a household.* The expressions *to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer,* are only instances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows himself to be possessed of, where he says, *O! I am nothing, if not critical.* *Steevens.*

[8] —— *profane* —] Gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. So, Brabantio, in the first Act, calls Iago *profane* wretch. *Johnson.*

Ben Jonson, in describing the characters in *Every Man out of*

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Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*aside*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee[1] in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in.[2] Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy![3] 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake! ——[*trumpet*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let 's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

his Humour, styles Carlo Buffone, a publick, scurrilous, and *profane* jester. *Steevens.*

[9] —— liberal *counsellor?*] *Liberal* for *licentious*. *Warburton.*

So, in *The Fair Maid of Bristow*, 1605, bl. l:

"But Vallenger, most like a *liberal* villain,
"Did give her scandalous, ignoble terms." *Steevens.*

See Vol. II, p. 200, n. 3. *Malone.*

Counsellor seems to mean, not so much a man that *gives counsel*, as one that discourses fearlessly and volubly A talker. *Johnson.*

Counsellor is here used in the common acceptation. Desdemona refers to the answers she had received from Iago, and particularly her last. *Henley.*

[1] —— *I will* gyve *thee* —] i. e. catch, shackle. *Pope.*

The first quarto reads—I will *catch* you in your own *courtesies*; the second quarto—I will *catch* you in your own courtship. The folio as it is in the text. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *to play the sir in.*] That is, to show your good breeding and gallantry. *Henley.*

[3] —— *well kissed! an excellent courtesy!*] Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtesies. *Johnson.*

This reading was recovered from the quarto, 1622, by Dr. Johnson. The folio has—*and* excellent courtesy.

I do not believe that any part of these words relates to Desdemona. In the original copy, we have just seen, the poet wrote—"ay, smile upon her, do; I will catch you in your own *courtesies*." Here therefore he probably meant only to speak of Cassio, while kissing his hand. "Well kissed! an excellent courtesy!" i. e. an excellent salute. *Courtesy*, in the sense of obeisance or salute, was in Shakspeare's time applied to men as well as women. See Vol. VIII, p. 271, n. 8. *Malone.*

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Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior![4]

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,[5]
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven![6] If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy;[7] for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,

[4] *O my fair* warrior!] Again, in Act III, Desdemona says: "—unhandsome *warrior* as I am." This phrase was introduced by our copiers of the French Sonnetteers. Ronsard frequently calls his mistresses *guerrieres;* and Southern, his imitator, is not less prodigal of the same appellation. Thus, in his fifth Sonnet:

"And, my *warrier*, my light shines in thy fayre eyes."

Again, in his sixth Sonnet:

"I am not, my cruell *warrier*, the Thebain," &c.

Again, *ibid:*

"I came not, my *warrier*, of the blood Lidain."

Had I not met with the word thus fantastically applied, I should have concluded that Othello called his wife a *warrior*, because she had embarked with him on a warlike expedition, and not in consequence of Ovid's observation—

"*Militat omnis amans*, et habet sua castra Cupido."

Steevens.

[5] —— *come such* calms,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—calm*ness*. *Steevens.*

[6] *And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,*
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven!] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. I: "The *sea*, making *mountaines* of itself, over which the tossed and tottering ship should *climbe*, to be straight carried downe againe to *a pit of hellish darknesse*." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *If it were now to die,*
'Twere now to be most happy;] So, Cherea, in *The Eunuch* of Terence, Act III, sc. v:

"—— Proh Jupiter!
"Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfeci,
"Ne vita aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet ægritudine."

Malone.

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But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow![8]

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[*Kissing her.*[9]
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I 'll set down[1] the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends;[2] our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

[8] *Even as our days* do grow!] Here is one of those evident interpolations which abound in our author's dramas. Who does not perceive that the words—*Even as our days*, refer to the verb—*increase* in the foregoing line? Omit therefore the prosaick—*do grow*, (which is perfectly useless) and the metre will be restored to its original regularity.

Fenton has adopted this thought in his *Mariamne:*

"And mutual passion with our years increase!" *Steevens.*

[9] *And this, and this,* &c. *Kissing her.*] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion:*

"I pri'thee, chide, if I have done amiss,
"But let my punishment be *this and this.*" [*Kissing the Moor.*
Malone.

Marlowe's play was written before that of Shakspeare, who might possibly have acted in it. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *I 'll* set *down* —] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr Pope, have substituted—*let* down. But who can prove that to *set down* was not the language of Shakspeare's time, when a viol was spoken of?—To *set* formerly signified to *tune*, though it is no longer used in that sense. "It was then," says Anthony Wood in his *Diary*, "that I *set* and tuned in strings and fourths," &c. So, in *Skialetheia*, a Collection of Satires, &c. 1598:

"—— to a nimbler key
"*Set* thy wind instrument." *Malone.*

To "*set* down" has this meaning in no other part of our author's works. However, *virtus post nummos:* we have secured the phrase, and the exemplification of it may follow when it will. *Steevens.*

[2] News, *friends;*] The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now* friends. I would observe once for all, that (in numberless instances in this play, as well as in others,) where my predecessors had silently and without reason made alterations, I have as silently restored the old readings. *Steevens.*

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How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,[3]
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion,[4] and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master[5] to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTH. DES. *and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures[6] more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:[7]—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

[3] —— well desir'd *in Cyprus,*] i. e. much solicited by invitation. So, in *The Letters of the Paston Family*, Vol. I, p. 299: "— at the whych weddyng I was with myn hostes, and also *desyrd* by ye jentylman hymselfe." *Steevens.*

[4] *I prattle out of fashion,*] Out of method, without any settled order of discourse. *Johnson*

[5] —— *the* master —] Dr. Johnson supposed, that by the *master* was meant the *pilot* of a ship, and indeed had high authority for this supposition; for our poet himself seems to have confounded them. See Act III, sc. ii, l. 1. But the master is a distinct person, and has the principal command, and care of the navigation of the ship, under the captain, where there is a captain; and in chief, where there is none. The pilot is employed only in navigating the ship into or out of port. *Malone.*

"The *master* (says Smith in his *Sea-Grammar*, 1627,) and his mates, are to direct the course, command all the sailors, for steering, trimming, and sailing the ship," &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures* —] So, in *Hamlet:*

"Nature is fine in love." *Malone.*

Dryden has imparted Iago's present sentiment to Dorax:

"Why love does all that 's noble here below." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *the court of guard:*] i. e. the place where the guard musters. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Thus have I pass'd the round and *court of guard.*"

Again, in *The Beggar's Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Visit your *courts of guard*, view your munition."

Steevens.

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Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus,[8] and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating?[9] let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it,[1] and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming,[2] for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds[3] look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.[4]

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made

[8] *Lay thy finger—thus,*] On thy mouth, to stop it while thou art listening to a wiser man. *Johnson.*

[9] *And will* she *love him still for prating?*] The folio read—*To* love him still for prating! *Steevens.*

[1] —— again *to inflame it,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*a game. Steevens.*

[2] —— *and* humane *seeming,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—and *hand*-seeming. *Malone.*

[3] —— *green minds* —] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *condition.*] Qualities, disposition of mind. *Johnson.* See Vol. IX, p. 374, n. 9. *Malone.*

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of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.[5] They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish! —But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I 'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I 'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting[6] his discipline; or from what other course[7] you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler;[8] and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again,[9] but by the displanting of Cassio. So

[5] —— *an* index *and obscure prologue* &c.] That *indexes* were formerly *prefixed* to books, appears from a passage in *Troilus and Cressida.* See Vol. XII, p. 54, n. 2; and *Hamlet,* Act III, sc. iv, Vol. XV. *Malone.*

[6] —— *tainting* —] Throwing a slur upon his discipline. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *other* course —] The first quarto reads—*cause. Steevens.*

[8] —— sudden *in choler;*] *Sudden,* is precipitately violent. *Johnson.*

So, Malcolm, describing Macbeth:

" I grant him bloody, ——
" *Sudden,* malicious." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *whose* qualification *shall come* &c.] Whose resentment shall not be so *qualified* or *tempered,* as to be *well tasted,* as not to retain *some bitterness.* The phrase is harsh, at least to our ears. *Johnson.*

Johnson's explanation is confirmed by what Cassio says in the next scene: " I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily *qualified,*" i. e. allayed by water. *M. Mason.*

—— *no true taste* —] So the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads —no true *trust. Malone.*

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shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them;[1] and the impediment most profitable removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.[2]

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral,[3] gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him,[4] wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong

[1] —— *to* prefer *them;*] i. e. to *advance* them. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:* "The short and the long is, our play is *preferred.*" *Malone.*

See *Julius Cæsar*, Act V, sc. v, Vol. XIV. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *if I can bring it to any opportunity.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—if *you* can bring it, &c. *Malone.*

[3] —— *like a poisonous mineral,*] This is philosophical. Mineral poisons kill by corrosion. *Johnson.*

[4] *Till I am* even *with him,*] Thus the quarto, 1622; the first folio reads:

Till I am even'd *with him.*

i. e. Till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Second Part:

"The stately walls he rear'd, levell'd, and *even'd.*"

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:

"For now the walls are *even'd* with the plain."

Again, in Stanyhurst's translation of the first Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:—"numerum cum navibus *æquat.* —."

"—— with the ships the number is *even'd.*" *Steevens.*

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That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,[5]

[5] —— *Which thing to do,*
If this poor trash *of Venice, whom I* trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,] The quarto, 1622, has—*crush*, the folio reads—*trace*, an apparent corruption of—*trash;* for as to the idea of *crushing a dog*, to prevent him from *quick hunting*, it is too ridiculous to be defended.

To *trash*, is still a hunter's phrase, and signifies (See Vol. II. p. 17, n. 5,) to fasten a weight on the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to that of his companions. Thus, says Caratach, in *The Bonduca* of Beaumont and Fletcher, (the quotation was the late Mr. T. Warton's, though misunderstood by him as to its appropriate meaning):

" ——— I fled too,
" But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,
" Young Hengo there: he *trash'd* me, Nennius, —."

i. e. he was the clog that restrained my activity.

This sense of the word—*trash* has been so repeatedly confirmed to me by those whom I cannot suspect of wanting information relative to their most favourite pursuits, that I do not hesitate to throw off the load of unsatisfactory notes with which the passage before us has hitherto been oppressed.

The same idea occurs also in the epistle dedicatory to Dryden's *Rival Ladies*: " Imagination in a poet is a faculty so wild and lawless, that, *like a high-ranging spaniel*, it must have *clogs tied to it, lest it outrun the judgment.*"

Trash, in the first instance, (though Dr. Warburton would change it into—*brach*,) may be used to signify a worthless hound, as the same term is afterwards employed to describe a worthless female:

" Gentlemen all, I do suspect this *trash.*"

It is scarce necessary to support the present jingle of the word —*trash*, by examples, it is so much in our author's manner, although his worst.

Stand the putting on, may mean—*does not start too soon after Desdemona*, and so destroy my scheme by injudicious precipitation. But I rather think, these words have reference to the enterprize of provoking Cassio, and will then imply,—*if he has courage enough for the attempt to which I have just incited, or put him on.* For an example of the latter phrase, see p. 268, n. 4.

Steevens.

That Mr. Steevens has given the true explanation of—to *trash* is fixed by the succeeding authority from Harrington, where it unquestionably means to *impede the progress*: " — prolongation of magistracy, *trashing* the wheel of rotation, destroys the life or natural motion of a commonwealth." *Works*, p. 303, fol. 1747.

H. White.

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I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;[6]
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,[7]
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen,[8] till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald, *with a Proclamation; People following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition[9] of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph;[1] some to dance, some to make

[6] *I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;*] A phrase from the art of wrestling. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *in the* rank *garb,*] Thus the quarto, and I think, rightly. *Rank garb,* I believe means *grossly,* i. e. *without mincing the matter.* So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan,* 1604:

"Whither, in the *rank* name of madness, whither?"

The term—*garb* (employed perhaps in the sense here required) occurs in the eighteenth Book of Homer's *Odyssey,* as translated by Chapman:

"But here you must take confidence to prate
"Before all these; for fear can get no state
"In your wine-hardy stomach. Or tis like
"To prove your native *garb,* your tongue will strike
"On this side of your mouth still." *Steevens.*

The folio reads—in the *right* garb. *Rank,* perhaps means not only *gross,* but *lascivious.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"—— the ewes, being *rank,*
"In end of autumn," &c. *Malone.*

[8] *Knavery's plain face is never seen,*] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution. *Johnson.*

[9] —— mere *perdition* —] *Mere* in this place signifies *entire.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"—— possess it *merely.*" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *put himself into triumph;*] This whimsical phraseology occurs again in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"So *puts himself into* the shipman's toil." *Steevens.*

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bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction[2] leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open;[3] and there is full liberty of feasting,[4] from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [*To* DES.
That profit 's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH. DES. *and Attend.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock:
Our general cast us[5] thus early, for the love of his Des-

[2] —— *his* addiction —] The first quarto reads—his *mind.* *Steevens.*

[3] *All* offices *are open;*] i. e. all rooms, or places, in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared, or served out. So, in *Macbeth:*

" Sent forth great largess to your *offices.*"

See Vol. VII, p. 78, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *of feasting,*] These words are not in the original quarto 1622. *Malone.*

[5] *Our general* cast us —] That is, *appointed us to our stations.* To *cast the play,* is, in the style of the theatres, to assign to every actor his proper part. *Johnson.*

We have just now been assured by the Herald, that there was " full liberty of feasting &c. till *eleven.*"

Perhaps therefore *cast* us only means dismissed us, or *got rid of our company.* So, in one of the following scenes: " You are

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demona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I 'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.[6]

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm[7] to love?[8]

Cas. She is, indeed perfection.[9]

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I 'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified[1] too, and, behold, what innovation it

but now *cast* in his mood;" i. e. *turned out of your office in his anger;* and in the first scene it means to *dismiss.*

So, in *The* WITCH, a MS. tragi-comedy, by Middleton:

" She *cast off*

" My company betimes to-night, by tricks," &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *a parley* of *provocation.*] So the quarto, 1622. Folio—*to* provocation. *Malone.*

[7] —— *an alarm* —] The *voice* may *sound* an *alarm* more properly than the *eye* can *sound* a *parley.* *Johnson.*

The eye is often said to *speak.* Thus we frequently hear of the *language* of the *eye.* Surely that which can *talk* may, without any violent stretch of the figure, be allowed to *sound a parley.* The folio reads—*parley* to *provocation.* *Ritson.*

So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" There 's *language in her eye,*" &c.

See Vol. XII. p. 145, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[8] —— is it *not an alarm to love?*] The quartos read—*'tis* an alarm to love. *Steevens.*

[9] *She is, indeed, perfection.*] In this and the seven short speeches preceding, the decent character of Cassio is most powerfully contrasted with that of the licentious Iago. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *craftily qualified* —] Slily mixed with water. *Johnson.*

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makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I 'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit* CAS.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he 's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,[2]—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements[3] of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,[4]
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO, *and* Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.[5]

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.[6]

[2] *Three* lads *of Cyprus,*] The folio reads—*Three* else *of Cyprus. Steevens.*

[3] *The very elements* —] As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum;* as quick in opposition as fire and water. *Johnson.*

[4] *If consequence do but approve my* dream,] Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream. Johnson.*

[5] —— *given me a* rouse *&c.*] A *rouse* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large.

So, in *Hamlet:* and in *The Christian turn'd Turk,* 1612:

" —— our friends may tell
" We drank a *rouse* to them."

See *Hamlet,* Act I, sc. iv, Vol. XV. *Steevens.*

[6] *As I am a soldier.*] If Montano was Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus, (as we are told in the Personæ Dramatis) he is not very characteristically employed in the present

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Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin[7] *clink, clink;* [Sings.
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier 's a man;
A life 's but a span;[8]
Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting:[9] your Dane, your German,[1] and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?[2]

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I 'll do you justice.[3]

scene, where he is tippling with people already *flustered*, and encouraging a subaltern officer who commands a midnight guard, to drink to excess. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *the* canakin;] So, in Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, fol. 229: "— some quafes y^e *canakin* halfe full" &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *A life 's but a span;*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—
Oh man's *life but a span.* *Steevens.*

[9] —— *in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting:*] *Les meilleurs buveurs en Angleterre*, is an ancient French proverb. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *most potent in* potting: *your* Dane, *your* German, *&c.*] "Enquire at ordinaries: there must be sallets for the Italian, tooth-picks for the Spaniard, *pots* for the *German!*" Prologue to Lyly's *Midas*, 1592. *Malone.*

—— *your* Dane,] See *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. iv, Vol. XV. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *so* expert *in his drinking?*] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio—so *exquisite.* This accomplishment in the English is likewise mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Captain:*

"*Lod.* Are the Englishmen
"Such stubborn drinkers?
"*Piso.* —— not a leak at sea
"Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children
"Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old
"Able to knock a *Dane* down." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *I 'll* do you justice.] i. e. drink as much as you do. See Vol. IX, p. 173, n. 5. *Steevens.*

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Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen[4] *was a worthy peer,*[5]
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.[6]

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven 's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins! —Gentlemen, let 's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

[4] *King Stephen* &c.] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in a curious work lately printed, entitled, *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*, consisting of old heroick ballads, songs, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. *Johnson.*

So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier,*: "*King Stephen* wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them passing costly." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *a worthy* peer,] i. e. a worthy fellow. In this sense *peer, fere, pheere,* are often used by the writers of our earliest romances. *Steevens.*

A *worthy peer* is a *worthy lord*, a title frequently bestowed upon *kings* in our old romances. So, in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619: "Sir, although you be a *king* and a great *lord.*" Spenser constantly uses the word *peer* in this sense. *Pheere* is in every respect a very different word. *Ritson.*

[6] —— *lown.*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. *Johnson.*

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All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,[7]
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* ROD.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:[8]

[7] *He 'll watch the* horologe *a double set*, &c.] If he have no drink, he 'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uses the word *horologe* in more places than one.

" Well sickerer was his crowing in his loge
" Than is a clok or any abbey *horloge*." *Johnson.*

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:

" The divell is in *thorologe*, the houres to trye,
" Searche houres by the sunne, the devyl's dyal wyll lye:
" The devyl is in *thorologe*, nowe cheere in bowles,
" Let the devyl keepe our clockes, while God keepe our soules." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *ingraft infirmity:*] An infirmity *rooted, settled* in his constitution. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson's explanation seems to fall short of the poet's meaning. The qualities of a tree are so changed by being en-

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It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,*—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What 's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I 'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.[9]
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking* ROD.
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you 're drunk.
Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to* ROD. *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here 's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who 's that that rings the bell?—Diablo,[1] ho!

grafted, that its future fruits are not such as would have naturally sprung from the stock, but derive their qualities from the graft inserted into it. Conformably to this idea, is the assertion of Hamlet concerning the same vice in his countrymen:

"They clepe us drunkards," &c.

See *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. iv, Vol. XV. *Henley.*

Dr. Johnson's explanation is certainly just, though it has been controverted. So, in *King Lear*: "— then must we look to receive from his age not alone the *imperfection* of long *ingrafted* condition, but there-withal," &c. *Malone.*

[9] —— *into a twiggen bottle.*] A twiggen bottle is a *wickered bottle*; and so the quarto reads. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *Diablo,*] I meet with this exclamation in Marlowe's *King Edward II*, 1598: "*Diablo?* what passions call you these?"

It is, as Mr. M. Mason observes, a mere contraction of *Diavolo*, the Italian word for the Devil. *Steevens.*

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The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.[2]

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,[3]—sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?[4]
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,[5]

[2] *I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;*—he dies.] The first quarto reads—'*Zounds*, I bleed &c. *Steevens.*

The editor of the folio, thinking it necessary to omit the first word in the line, absurdly supplied its place by adding at the end of the line, *He dies.*

I had formerly inadvertently said, that the marginal direction, *He faints*, was found in the quarto, 1622: but this was a mistake. It was inserted in a quarto of no value or authority, printed in 1630. *Malone.*

—— *I am hurt to the death;*—he dies.] *Montano* thinks he is mortally wounded, yet by these words he seems determined to continue the duel, and to kill his antagonist *Cassio.* So, when *Roderigo* runs at *Cassio*, in the fifth Act, he says,—" Villain, thou diest." *Tollet.*

He dies, i. e. he shall die. He may be supposed to say this as he is offering to renew the fight.

Thus, likewise Othello himself, in his very next speech:

" —— *he dies* upon his motion."

I do not therefore regard these words, when uttered by Montano, as an absurd addition in the first folio. *Steevens.*

[3] *Hold, hold,* lieutenant,] Thus the original quarto. The folio reads—Hold *ho,* lieutenant. *Malone.*

[4] —— *all sense of place and duty?*] So Sir Thomas Hanmer. The rest:

—— *all place of sense and duty? Johnson.*

[5] —— *to carve* for *his own rage,*] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto, 1622, has *forth;* which, I apprehend to be little better than nonsense.

To " carve *forth*" &c. can only signify—to cut or portion out his resentment; whereas, the phrase I have placed in the text, affords the obvious and appropriate meaning—to supply food or gratification for his own anger.

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Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell,[6] it frights the isle
From her propriety.[7]—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter,[8] and in terms like bride and groom

The same phrase occurs in *Hamlet:*

" He may not, as unvalued persons do,
" Carve *for* himself." *Steevens.*

[6] *Silence that dreadful bell,*] It was a common practice formerly, when any great affray happened in a town, to ring the alarum bell. When David Rizzio was murdered at Edinburgh, the Provost ordered the *common bell* to be rung, and five hundred persons were immediately assembled. See Saunderson's *History of Queen Mary*, p. 41. *Malone.*

At Paris the *Tocsin* is still rung as often as fires or disturbances break out. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *it frights the isle*
From her propriety.] From her regular and *proper state.* *Johnson.*

[8] *In quarter,*] In their quarters; at their lodging. *Johnson.*

Rather at *peace, quiet.* They had been on that very spot (the court or platform, it is presumed before the castle,) ever since Othello left them, which can scarcely be called being *in their quarters,* or *at their lodging.* *Ritson.*

So, in *The Dumb Knight,* Act III, sc. i:

" Did not you hold fair *quarter* and commerce with all the spies of Cypres?" *Reed.*

It required one example, if no more, to evince that *in quarter* ever signified *quiet, at peace.* But a little attention would have shown, that the *them,* whom he speaks of Othello's having left, was *only* Cassio; who, being joined by Iago, where Othello (but not on the *platform*) had just left him, is dissuaded from setting the watch immediately; entreated to partake of a stoop of wine, in company with a brace of Cyprus gallants, then waiting without; and prevailed upon, though reluctantly, to invite them in. In this apartment the carousal happens, and wine is repeatedly called for, till at last Cassio, finding its too powerful effects, goes out to set the watch. At the proposal of Montano, himself and Iago follow Cassio towards the platform, and the latter sets on Roderigo to insult him. The scuffle ensues; an alarm is given, and Othello comes forth to inquire the cause. When, therefore, Iago answers:

" I do not know:—friends all but now, even now
" In *quarter,* ——"

it is evident the *quarter* referred to, was *that apartment of the castle assigned to the officers on guard,* where Othello, after giv-

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Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?[9]

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What 's the matter,
That you unlace[1] your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion,[2] for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

ing Cassio his orders, had, a little before, left him; and where Iago, with his companions, immediately found him. *Henley.*

In quarter,] i. e. on our station. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" ——— to atone your fears
" With my more noble meaning, not a man
" Shall pass his *quarter.*"

Their *station* or *quarter* in the present instance, was the guard-room in Othello's castle. In *Cymbeline* we have—" their *quarter'd* fires," i. e. their fires *regularly disposed.*

In quarter Dr. Johnson supposed to mean, *at their lodgings;* but that cannot be the meaning, for Montano and the Gentlemen who accompanied him, had continued, from the time of their entrance, in the apartment of Othello's castle, in which the carousal had been; and Cassio had only gone forth for a short time to the platform, to set the watch. On his return from the platform into the apartment, in which he left Montano and Iago, he meets Roderigo; and the scuffle, first between Cassio and Roderigo, and then between Montano and Cassio, ensues. *Malone.*

[9] ——— *you are thus forgot?*] i. e. you have thus forgot yourself. *Steevens.*

[1] *That you unlace* —] Slacken, or *loosen.* Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps strip off its ornaments. *Johnson.*

A similar phrase occurs in *Twelfth Night:*

" I pr'ythee now, *ungird* thy strangeness." *Steevens.*

[2] ——— *spend your rich opinion,*] Throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. *Johnson.*

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While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that 's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity[3] be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,[4] *quelled*
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,[5]
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim full of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel,

[3] —— *self-charity* —] Care of one's self. *Johnson.*

[4] *And passion, having my best judgment* collied,] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. The word is used in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"—— like lightning in the *collied* night."

To *colly* anciently signified to *besmut, to blacken as with coal.* So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love*, 1608: "— carry thy link a't'other side the way, thou *collow'st* me and my ruffe." The word (as I am assured) is still used in the midland counties.

Mr. Tollet informed me that Wallis's *History of Northumberland*, p. 46, says: "— in our northern counties it [i. e. a fine black clay or ochre] is commonly known by the name of *collow* or *killow*, by which name it is known by Dr. Woodward," &c. The Doctor says it had its name from *kollow*, by which name, in the North, the *smut*, or *grime on the top of chimneys* is called. *Colly*, however, is from *coal*, as *collier*. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*choler'd. Steevens.*

Coles, in his *Dictionary*, 1679, renders "*collow'd* by *denigratus*:—to *colly*," *denigro.*

The quarto, 1622, reads—having my best judgment *cool'd.* A modern editor supposed that *quell'd* was the word intended. *Malone.*

[5] —— *he that is* approv'd *in this offence,*] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence. *Johnson.*

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In night, and on the court and guard of safety![6]

[6] *In night, and on the court* and *guard* of *safety!*] Thus the old copies. Mr. Malone reads:

In night, and on the court of guard *and safety! Steevens.*

These words have undoubtedly been transposed by negligence at the press. For this emendation, of which I am confident every reader will approve, I am answerable. The *court of guard* was the common phrase of the time for the *guard room.* It has already been used by Iago in a former scene; and what still more strongly confirms the emendation, Iago is there speaking of *Cassio*, and describing him as about to be placed in the very station where he now appears: "The *licutenant* to-night watches on the *court of guard.*"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
"We must return to *the court of guard.*"

The same phrase occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, and in many other old plays. A similar mistake has happened in the present scene, where in the original copy we find:

"Have you forgot *all place of sense* and duty?"

instead of—*all sense of place* and duty?

I may venture to assert with confidence, that no editor of Shakspeare has more sedulously adhered to the ancient copies than I have done, or more steadily opposed any change grounded merely on obsolete or unusual phraseology. But the error in the present case is so apparent, and the phrase, *the court of guard*, so established by the uniform usage of the poets of Shakspeare's time, that not to have corrected the mistake of the compositor in the present instance, would in my apprehension have been unwarrantable. If the phraseology of the old copies had merely been unusual, I should not have ventured to make the slightest change: but the frequent occurrence of the phrase, *the court of guard*, in all our old plays, and that being *the word of art*, leave us not room to entertain a doubt of its being the true reading.

Mr. Steevens says, a phraseology as unusual occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* but he forgets that it is supported by the usage of contemporary writers. When any such is produced in support of that before us, it ought certainly to be attended to.

I may add, that *the court of safety* may in a metaphorical sense be understood; but who ever talked of *the guard* [i. e. the *safety*] *of safety? Malone.*

As a collocation of words, as seemingly perverse, occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is justified there, in the following instance:

"I shall desire *you of* more acquaintance;"

I forbear to disturb the text under consideration.

If *Safety*, like the Roman *Salus*, or *Recovery* in *King Lear*, be personified, where is the impropriety of saying—under the *guard of Safety?* Thus, Plautus, in his *Captivi:* "Neque jam servare *Salus*, si vult, me potest."

Mr. Malone also appears to forget that, on a preceding occa-

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'Tis monstrous.[7]—Iago, who began it?
Mon. If partially affin'd,[8] or leagu'd in office,[9]
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,[1]
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him[2] with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—

sion, he too has left an unexemplified and very questionable phrase, in the text of this tragedy, hoping, we may suppose, (as I do) that it will be hereafter countenanced by example. See p. 272, n. 1. *Steevens.*

[7] *'Tis* monstrous.] This word was used as a trisyllable, as if it were written *monsterous*. *Malone.*

[8] *If partially* affin'd,] *Affin'd* is bound by proximity of relationship; but here it means related by nearness of office. In the first scene it is used in the former of these senses:

"If I, in any just term, am *affin'd*
"To love the Moor." *Steevens.*

[9] —— leagu'd *in office,*] Old copies—*league*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[1] —— cut *from my mouth,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—this tongue *out* from my mouth. *Malone.*

[2] *And Cassio following* him —] The word *him* in this line seems to have crept into it from the compositor's eye glancing on that below. *Malone.*

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But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I 'll make thee an example.

Des. What 's the matter, dear?

Oth. All 's well now, sweeting;[3] Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.[4]

[*To* MON. *who is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation.[5] Reputation is an idle and most false

[3] —— *sweeting;*] This surfeiting vulgar term of fondness originates from the name of an apple distinguished only by its insipid sweetness. *Steevens.*

[4] *Lead him off.*] I am persuaded, these words were originally a marginal direction. In our old plays all the stage-directions were couched in imperative terms:—*Play musick—Ring the Bell* —Lead him off. *Malone.*

[5] —— *there is more* offence *&c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—there is more *sense*, &c. *Steevens.*

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imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood,[6] a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he 's yours,

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight,[7] so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot?[8] and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the

[6] —— *cast in his mood,*] Ejected in his anger. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *so* slight,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—so *light*. *Malone.*

[8] —— *and* speak parrot?] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. So, Skelton:

"These maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,
"Freshly they dress and make sweete my boure,
"With *spake parrot* I pray you full courteously thei saye."
Warburton.

So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Thou pretty *parrot, speak* a while."

These lines are wanting in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

From *Drunk*, &c. to *shadow*, inclusively, is wanting in the quarto, 1622. By "*speak parrot*," surely the poet meant, "*talk* idly," and not, as Dr. Warburton supposes, "*act* foolishly." *Malone.*

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time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! —Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces[9]—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she 'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint,[1] between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay[2] worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

[9] —— *for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and* denotement *of her parts and graces:*] [Old copies—devotement.] I remember, it is said of Antony, in the beginning of his tragedy, that he who used to fix his eyes altogether on the dreadful ranges of war:

" —— now bends, now turns,
" The office and *devotion* of their view
" Upon a tawny front."

This is finely expressed; but I cannot persuade myself that our poet would ever have said, any one *devoted* himself to the *devotement* of any thing. All the copies agree; but the mistake certainly arose from a single letter being turned upside down at press. *Theobald.*

The same mistake has happened in *Hamlet*, and in several other places. See Vol. III, p. 140, n. 5. *Malone.*

[1] —— *This* broken joint,] Thus the folio. The original copy reads—This *brawl.* *Malone.*

[2] —— *any* lay —] i. e. any bet, any wager. *Ritson.*
So, in *Cymbeline:* "I will have it no *lay.*" *Steevens.*

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Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, will I beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* CAS.

Iago. And what 's he then, that says,—I play the villain?

When this advice is free,[3] I give, and honest,
Probal[4] to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona[5] to subdue
In any honest suit; she 's fram'd as fruitful[6]
As the free elements.[7] And then for her
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,[8]

[3] —— *this advice is free,*] This counsel has an appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will. *Johnson.*

Rather, *gratis, not paid for*, as his advice to Roderigo was. *Henley.*

[4] *Probal* —] Thus the old editions. There may be such a contraction of the word *probable*, but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers, and especially in the works of Churchyard. *Steevens.*

[5] *The* inclining *Desdemona* —] *Inclining* here signifies *compliant. Malone.*

[6] —— *fruitful* —] Corresponding to *benignus*, *αφθονος. Henley.*

[7] —— *as fruitful*

As the free elements.] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *to this* parallel *course,*] Parallel, for even; because parallel lines run even and equidistant. *Warburton.*

So, in our author's 70th Sonnet:

" Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
" And delves the *parallels* in beauty's brow." *Malone.*

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Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest[9] at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: For, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour this pestilence[1] into his ear,—
That she repeals him[2] for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.[3]—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit,[4] return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Parallel course; i. e. course level, and even with his design. *Johnson.*

[9] *When devils will their blackest sins* put on,
They do suggest —] When devils mean to *instigate* men to commit the most atrocious crimes. So, in *Hamlet:*
"Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cause."
To *put on*, has already occured twice in the present play, in this sense. To *suggest* in old language is to *tempt*.
See Vol. II, p. 182, n. 3. *Malone.*

[1] *I 'll pour this pestilence* —] Pestilence, for poison. *Warburton.*

[2] *That she* repeals *him* —] That is, recalls him. *Johnson.*

[3] *That shall enmesh them all.*] A metaphor for taking birds in meshes. *Pope.*
Why not from the taking fish, for which purpose nets are more frequently used? *M. Mason.*

[4] —— *a little more wit,*] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—and *with that wit. Steevens.*

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Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:[5]
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;[6]
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rod.] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on;
Myself, the while, to draw[7] the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when[8] he may Cassio find

[5] *Though other things grow fair against the sun,*
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:] Of many different things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun.* Sir Thomas Hanmer has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment; for he reads:

Those fruits which blossom first, are not first *ripe.*

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to Sir T. Hanmer. *Johnson.*

The *blossoming*, or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is, the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good ground for expecting that it would *soon* be *ripe.* Iago does not, I think, mean to compare *their* scheme to *tardy* fruits, as Dr. Johnson seems to have supposed. *Malone.*

[6] —— By the mass, *'tis morning;*] Here we have one of the numerous arbitrary alterations made by the Master of the Revels in the playhouse copies, from which a great part of the folio was printed. It reads—*In troth,* 'tis morning. *Malone.*

[7] —— to *draw* —] Thus the old copies; and this reading is consistent with the tenor of the present interrupted speech. Iago is still debating with himself concerning the means to perplex Othello. *Steevens.*

Myself, the *while, to draw* —] The old copies have *awhile.* Mr. Theobald made the correction.

The modern editors read—Myself, the while, *will* draw. But the old copies are undoubtedly right. An imperfect sentence was intended. Iago is ruminating on his plan. *Malone.*

[8] —— *bring him* jump *when* —] *Unexpectedly:*—an expression taken from the bound, or start, with which we are shocked,

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Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that 's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, *and some* Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that 's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general.[9] [*Musick.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?[1]

squeak

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here 's money for you: and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, of all loves,[2] to make no more noise with it.

at the sudden and unlooked-for appearance of any offensive object. *Henley.*

Jump when, I believe, signifies no more than *just at the time when.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" Thus twice before, and *jump* at this dead hour."

See *Hamlet,* Act I, sc. i, Vol. XV. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *and bid—good-morrow, general.*] It is the usual practice of the *waits,* or nocturnal minstrels, in several towns in the North of England, after playing a tune or two, to cry, " Good-morrow, maister such a one, good-morrow, dame," adding the hour, and state of the weather. It should seem to have prevailed at Stratford-upon-Avon. They formerly used *hautboys,* which are the wind-instruments here meant. *Ritson.*

[1] *Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they* speak i' the nose *thus?*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" And others, when the bagpipe *sings i' the nose,* ——."

Rabelais somewhere speaks of " a blow over the *nose* with a *Naples* cowl-staff." *Steevens.*

The venereal disease first appeared at the siege of Naples. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *of all loves,*] The folio reads—*for love's sake.* The

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1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away:[3] Go; vanish into air;[4] away. [*Exeunt* Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets.[5] There 's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.[6]

phrase in the text occurs also in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. See Vol. III, p. 71, n. 6. *Steevens.*

[3] —— for I 'll *away:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*and hie* away. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *vanish* into air;] So, the folio and one of the quartos. The eldest quarto reads—Vanish *away*. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *thy* quillets.] See *Hamlet*, Act V, sc. i, Vol. XV. *Malone.*

[6] —— *I never knew*
A Florentine more kind and honest.] In consequence of this line, a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears, by the first scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a *Venetian*, is proved by a speech in the third scene of

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Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure;[7] but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,[8]
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you were you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.[9] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;

this Act, and by what he says in the fifth Act, after having stabbed Roderigo:

"*Iago.* Alas, my dear friend and countryman, Roderigo!
"*Gra.* What, of *Venice?*
"*Iago.* Yes."

All that Cassio means to say in the passage before us is, I never experienced more honesty and kindness even in one of my own countrymen, than in this man.

Mr. Steevens has made the same observation in another place. *Malone.*

It was made in edit. 1778. *Steevens.*

[7] *For* your displeasure;] i. e. the displeasure you have incurred from Othello. *Steevens.*

[8] *To take the saf'st occasion by the front,*] This line is wanting in the folio. *Steevens.*

[9] *I am much bound to you.*] This speech is omitted in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

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And, by him, do my duties to the state:[1]
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see 't?
Gent. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.[2]
Des. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.
Des. O, sir, I thank you:[3] You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politick distance.
Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,[4]
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

[1] —— *to the* state:] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio,—to the *senate. Malone.*

[2] *As if the* case *were his.*] The folio reads—As if the *cause* were his. *Steevens.*

[3] O, sir, *I thank you:*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*I know 't,* I thank you. *Malone.*

[4] *That policy may either last so long,*] He may either of himself think it politick to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-admission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. *Johnson.*

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Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame,[5] and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a distance.*

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,[6]
Do your discretion. [*Exit* CAS.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't, you mean?

[5] *I 'll watch him tame,*] It is said, that the ferocity of beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep. *Johnson.*

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep, and it is to the management of these that Shakspeare alludes. So, in Cartwright's *Lady Errant:*

" ——— we 'll keep you,
" As they do hawks, *watching* until you leave
" Your wildness." *Steevens.*

[6] *Well,* well,] The adverb—*well,* has been repeated for the sake of measure. *Steevens.*

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Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;[7]
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,[8]
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him.[9] Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,[1]) is not almost a fault *our*

[7] *His present reconciliation* take;] Cassio was to be reconciled to his general, not his general to him, therefore *take* cannot be right. We should read—*make*. *Warburton.*

To *take his reconciliation*, may be to accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *and not in* cunning,] *Cunning*, for design, or purpose, simply. *Warburton.*

Perhaps rather for *knowledge*, the ancient sense of the word. So, in *Measure for Measure:* "In the boldness of my *cunning* I will lay myself in hazard." The opposition which seems to have been intended between cunning and ignorance, favours this interpretation. *Malone.*

[9] I *suffer with him.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads —*To* suffer with him. *Malone.*

[1] —— *the wars must make examples*
Out of their best,] The severity of military discipline must not spare the *best men* of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome *example*. *Johnson.*

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To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on.[2] What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you;[3] and many a time,[4]
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much, —

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize[5] and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

The old copies read—*her* best. Mr. Rowe made this necessary emendation. *Malone.*

[2] —— *so* mammering *on.*] To hesitate, to stand in suspense. The word often occurs in old English writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'Amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer. *Hanmer.*

I find the same word in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "I stand in doubt, or in a *mamorynge* between hope and fear."

Again, in Thomas Drant's translation of the third satire of the second Book of Horace, 1567:

"Yea, when she daygnes to send for him, then *mameryng* he doth doute." *Steevens.*

[3] *What!* Michael Cassio,

That came a wooing with you;] And yet in the first Act, Cassio appears perfectly ignorant of the amour, and is indebted to Iago for the information of Othello's marriage, and of the person to whom he is married. *Steevens.*

See the notes on the passage alluded to, p. 217, n. 6. *Malone.*

[4] —— *many a time,*] Old copies, redundantly, and without the least improvement of the sense,—*so* many a time. The compositor, had accidentally repeated—*so*, from the preceding line. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *full of* poize —] i. e. of weight. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"They are of *poize* sufficient ——."

Again:

"But we are all prest down with other *poize*." *Steevens.*

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Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with* EMIL.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee![6] and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.[7]

[6] *Excellent* wretch!—*Perdition catch my soul,*
But I do love thee! &c.] The meaning of the word *wretch*, is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her, *Excellent wretch!* It may be expressed:

Dear, harmless, helpless excellence. Johnson.

Sir W; D'Avenant uses the same expression in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the same meaning. It occurs twice: "*Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modesty she stifleth up her utterance."

I am assured by Dr. Farmer, that *wretch* is provincial in Staffordshire for *a young woman. Steevens.*

[7] —— *when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation, and confusion. *Johnson.*

—— *when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.] There is another meaning possible: *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end;* i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The first explanation may be more elegant, the second is perhaps more easy. Shakspeare has the same thought in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
"And, beauty dead, black *Chaos comes again.*" *Steevens.*

This passage does not strike me in the same light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnson; as Othello had not yet any experience of that perturbation and discord, by which he afterwards is so fatally agitated. He means, I think, to say,—*and ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos.* Shakspeare probably preferred—"chaos *is* come again," to "chaos *shall* come again," as more bold and expressive. Muretus, a poet of the 16th century, has exactly the same thought:

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Iago. My noble lord, ——
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought; No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?[8] Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord!
Oth. Ay, honest.[9]
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?

" Tune meo elabi possis de pectore, Lacci,
" Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminisse tui?
" Ante, vel istius mundi compage soluta,
" *Tetras in antiquum sit reditura Chaos.*"

The meaning of Shakspeare appears very clearly from the following passage in *The Winter's Tale*, where the same thought is more fully expressed:

" It cannot fail, but by
" The violation of my faith,—and then
" Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
" And mar the seeds within!" *Malone.*

There is the same thought in Buchanan:

" Cesset amor, pariter cessabunt fœdera rerum;
" *In chaos antiquum cuncta elementa ruent.*"
Vol. II, 400, 1725, 4to. *H. White.*

[8] Iago. *Indeed?*
Oth. *Indeed! ay, indeed:* &c.] I cannot help supposing that this passage is interpolated, and originally stood thus:
Iago. *Indeed!*
Oth. *Indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?*
See the next note. *Steevens.*

[9] *Ay, honest.*] The old copies, violating the measure, read:
Honest? *ay, honest.*
It appears from many instances, that where words were to be repeated at all, our old blundering printers continued the repetition beyond propriety. Mr. Malone has elsewhere the same remark. *Steevens.*

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Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.[1]—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou likd'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cryd'st, *Indeed?*
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that 's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.[2]

[1] *By heaven, he echoes me,*
As if there were some monster in his thought &c.] Thus the eldest quarto. The second quarto reads:
——— *Why dost thou echo me,*
As if there were some monster in thy thought &c.
The folio reads:
—— *Alas, thou echo'st me,*
As if &c. ——. *Steevens.*
This is one of the numerous alterations made in the folio copy by the licenser. *Malone.*

[2] *They are* close denotements, *working from the heart,*
That passion cannot rule.] Thus the earliest quarto. But let Dr. Warburton be heard in defence of "*cold* dilations," the reading of the second folio.
I should willingly, however, have adopted an emendation proposed by Dr. Johnson, in the subsequent note, could I have discovered that the word—*delation* was ever used in its Roman sense of *accusation*, during the time of Shakspeare. Bacon frequently employs it, but always to signify *carriage* or *conveyance*. *Steevens.*
These stops and breaks are *cold dilations*, or cold keeping back a secret, which men of phlegmatick constitutions, whose hearts are not swayed or governed by their passions, we find, can do: while more sanguine tempers reveal themselves at once, and without reserve. *Warburton.*

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Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none![3]

That *dilations* anciently signified *delays*, may be ascertained, by the following passage in the *Golden Legend*, Wynken de Worde's edit. fo. 186: "And ye felony of this kyng suffred not to abyde only *dilacyon* of vengeance. For the nexte daye folowynge he made to come the keepers for to begyn to turment them" &c.

Again, *ibid.* p. 199: "And Laurence demaunded *dylacyon* of thre dayes." Again, in *Candlemas Day*, &c, p. 9:

"—— I warne you without *delacion*,
"That ye make serch thurgh out all my region."

Steevens.

The old copies give,—*dilations*, except that the earlier quarto has—*denotements*; which was the author's first expression, afterwards changed by him, not to *dilations*, but to *delations*; to *occult* and *secret accusations*, *working* involuntarily *from the heart*, which, though resolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its *passion* of resentment. *Johnson.*

They are close denotements, &c.] i. e. indications, or recoveries, not openly revealed, but involuntarily working from the heart, which cannot rule and suppress its feelings.

The folio reads—They are close *dilations*; but nothing is got by the change, for *dilations* was undoubtedly used in the sense of *dilatements*, or *large and full expositions*. See Minsheu's Dict. 1617: "To *dilate* or make large."

Dilatement is used in the sense of *dilation* by Lodge, our poet's contemporary: "After all this fowl weather follows a calm *dilatement* of others too forward harmfulness." *Rosalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacie*, 4to. 1592.

Dr. Johnson very elegantly reads—They are close *delations*.

But the objection to this conjectural reading is, that there is strong ground for believing that the word was not used in Shakspeare's age. It is not found in any Dictionary of the time, that I have seen, nor has any passage been quoted in support of it. On the contrary, we find in Minsheu the verb, "To *delate*," not signifying, to *accuse*, but thus interpreted: "to *speak at large* of any thing, vid. to *dilate*:" so that if even *delations* were the word of the old copy, it would mean no more than *dilations*. To the reading of the quarto no reasonable objection can be made. *Malone.*

[3] *Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem* none!] I believe the meaning is, *'would they might no longer seem*, or bear the shape of *men*. *Johnson.*

May not the meaning be: 'Would they might not seem *honest!* *Malone.*

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Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why then,
I think that Cassio[4] is an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.[5]
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where 's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?[6] who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?[7]

[4] —— that *Cassio* —] For the sake of measure, I have ventured to insert the pronoun—*that*. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *to that all slaves are* free to.] I am not bound to do that, *which* even slaves are *not bound* to do. *Malone.*
So, in *Cymbeline:*
" ———— O, Pisanio,
" Every good servant does not all commands,
" No bond but to do just ones." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *where 's that palace, whereinto foul things*
Sometimes intrude not?] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
" —— no perfection is so absolute,
" That some impurity doth not pollute." *Malone.*

[7] —— *who has a breast so pure,*
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?] *Leets*, and *law-days*, are synonymous terms: " *Leet* (says Jacob, in his *Law Dictionary*,) is otherwise called a *law-day*." They are there explained to be courts, or meetings of the *hundred*, " to certify the king of the good manners, and government, of the inhabitants," and to enquire of all offences that are not capital. The poet's meaning will now be plain: *Who has a breast so little apt to form ill opinions of others, but that foul suspicion will sometimes mix with his fairest and most candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to enquire of the offences apprehended. Steevens.*
Who has so virtuous a breast that some uncharitable surmises and impure conceptions will not sometimes enter into it; hold a session there as in a regular court, and " bench by the side" of authorised and lawful thoughts?—In our poet's 30th Sonnet we find the same imagery:

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Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,[8]

" When to the *sessions* of sweet silent *thought*
" I summon up remembrance of things past."

" A leet," says Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616, " is a court or law-day, holden commonly every half year." To *keep* a leet was the *verbum juris;* the title of one of the chapters in Kitchin's book on Courts, being, " The manner of *keeping* a court-leet." The leet, according to Lambard, was a court or jurisdiction above the wapentake or hundred, comprehending three or four hundreds. The jurisdiction of this court is now in most places merged in that of the County Court. *Malone.*

[8] *I do beseech you,—*

Though *I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,*] Not to mention that, in this reading, the sentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewise highly absurd. I beseech you give yourself no uneasiness from my unsure observance, *though* I am vicious in my guess. For his being an ill guesser was a reason why Othello should not be uneasy: in propriety, therefore, it should either have been, *though I am not vicious,* or *because I am vicious.* It appears then we should read:

I do beseech you,
Think, *I perchance, am vicious in my guess,* ——.

Which makes the sense pertinent and perfect. *Warburton.*

That abruptness in the speech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be easily accounted for. Iago seems desirous by this ambiguous hint, *Though I*—to inflame the jealousy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expression that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pause in the speech, which Iago turns off at last to another purpose, and find a more certain cause of discontent, and a greater degree of torture arising from the doubtful consideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumstance of aggravation.

We may suppose him imagining to himself, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus, *Though I—know more than I choose to speak of.*

Vicious in my guess does not mean that he is an *ill guesser,* but that he is apt to put the worst construction on every thing he attempts to account for.

Out of respect for the subsequent opinions of Mr. Henley and Mr. Malone, I have altered my former regulation of this passage; though I am not quite convinced that any change was needful. *Steevens.*

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As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,[9]
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
You 'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,

I believe nothing is here wanting, but to regulate the punctuation:

Iago. *I do beseech you* ——
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,— &c. *Henley.*

The reader should be informed, that the mark of abruption which I have placed after the word *you*, was placed by Mr. Steevens after the word *perchance*: and his note, to which I do not subscribe, is founded on that regulation. I think the poet intended that Iago should break off at the end of the first hemistich, as well as in the middle of the fifth line. What he would have added, it is not necessary very nicely to examine.

The adversative particle, *though*, in the second line, does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and studiously clouded sentence like the present, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, strict propriety may well be dispensed with. The word *perchance*, if strongly marked in speaking, would sufficiently show that the speaker did not suppose himself *vicious in his guess*.

By the latter words, Iago, I apprehend, means only, "though I perhaps am mistaken, led into an error by my natural disposition, which is apt to shape faults that have no existence."
Malone.

[9] —— *I entreat you then*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

——— *and* of, *my jealousy*
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would *take no notice*. *Malone.*

To *conject*, i. e. to *conjecture*, is a word used by other writers. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Now reason I, or *conject* with myself."

Again:

"I cannot forget thy saying, or thy *conjecting* words."
Steevens.

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Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;[1]
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I 'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
make It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on:[2] That cuckold lives in bliss,

[1] Good name, *in man, and woman, dear my lord,*
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, *steals trash;* &c.] The sacred writings were here perhaps in our poet's thoughts: "A *good name* is rather to be chosen than great *riches*, and loving favour than *silver and gold*." *Proverbs*, ch. xxii, v. 1. *Malone.*

[2] ——— *which doth* mock
The meat it feeds on;] i. e. loaths that which nourishes and sustains it. This being a miserable state, Iago bids him beware of it. The Oxford editor reads:
——— *which doth* make
The meat it feeds on.
Implying that its suspicions are unreal and groundless, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his general think, as appears from what follows:
—— *That cuckold lives in bliss*, &c.
In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealousy, not that it was an *unreasonable*, but a *miserable* state; and this plunges him into it, as we see by his reply, which is only:
"O misery!" *Warburton.*

I have received Hanmer's emendation; because *to mock*, does not signify *to loath;* and because, when Iago bids Othello *beware of jealousy, the green-ey'd monster*, it is natural to tell why he should beware, and for caution he gives him two reasons, that jealousy *often* creates its own cause, and that, when the causes are real, jealousy is misery. *Johnson.*

In this place, and some others, to *mock* seems the same with to *mammock*. *Farmer.*

If Shakspeare had written—*a* green-ey'd monster, we might have supposed him to refer to some creature existing only in his particular imagination; but *the* green-ey'd monster seems to have reference to an object as familiar to his readers as to himself.

It is known that the *tiger* kind have *green eyes*, and always

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Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

play with the victim to their hunger, before they devour it. So, in our author's *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

" Like foul night-waking *cat*, he doth but *dally*,
" While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth —."

Thus, a jealous husband, who discovers no certain cause why he may be divorced, continues to sport with the woman whom he suspects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to punish. There is no beast that can be literally said to *make* its own food, and therefore I am unwilling to receive the emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer, especially as I flatter myself that a glimpse of meaning may be produced from the old reading.

One of the ancient senses of the verb—to *mock*, is to *amuse*, to play with. Thus, in *A Discourse of Gentlemen lying in London that were better keep House at Home in their Country*, 1593:

" A fine deuise to keepe poore Kate in health,
" A pretty toy to *mock* an ape withal."

i. e. a pretty toy to *divert* an ape, for an ape to *divert* himself with. The same phrase occurs in Marston's *Satires*, the ninth of the third Book being intitled " — Here 's a toy to MOCKE an ape," &c. i. e. afford an ape materials for *sport*, furnish him with a plaything, though perhaps at his own expense, as the phrase may in this instance be ironically used.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, the contested word—*mock*, occurs again:

" ——————— tell him
" He *mocks* the pauses that he makes."

i. e. he plays wantonly with those intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation.

Should such an explanation be admissible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this;—*Beware, my lord, of yielding to a passion which as yet has no proofs to justify its excess. Think how the interval between suspicion and certainty must be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuse her your bed, or drive her from your heart; but, like the capricious savage, must continue to sport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to destroy.*

A similar idea occurs in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

" ——— so lust doth *play*
" With what it loaths."

Such is the only sense I am able to draw from the original text. What I have said, may be liable to some objections, but I have nothing better to propose. That jealousy is a *monster* which often *creates* the suspicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted, according to Sir Thomas Hanmer's proposition; but is it *the* monster? (i. e. the well-known and conspicuous animal) or whence has it *green eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakspeare usually appropriates to jealousy. It must be acknowledged, that he afterwards characterizes it as—

" ——————— a monster,
" Begot upon itself, born on itself."

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But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,

but yet—

" —— what damned minutes tells he o'er," &c.

is the best illustration of my attempt to explain the passage. To produce Sir Thomas Hanmer's meaning, a change in the text is necessary. I am counsel for the old reading. *Steevens.*

It is so difficult, if not impossible, to extract any sense from this passage as it stands, even by the most forced construction of it, and the slight amendment proposed by Hanmer, renders it so clear, elegant, and poetical, that I am surprized the editors should hesitate in adopting it, and still more surprized they should reject it. As for Steevens's objection, that the definite article is used, not the indefinite, he surely need not be told in the very last of these plays, that Shakspeare did not regard such minute inaccuracies, which may be found in every play he wrote.

When Steevens compares the jealous man, who continues to sport with the woman he suspects, and is determined to destroy, to the tiger who plays with the victim of his hunger, he forgets that the meat on which jealousy is supposed to feed, is not the woman who is the object of it, but the several circumstances of suspicion which jealousy itself creates, and which cause and nourish it. So Emilia, at the end of the third Act in answer to Desdemona, who, speaking of Othello's jealousy, says:

" Alas the day! I never gave him cause;"

replies,—

" But jealous fools will not be answer'd so,
" They are not jealous ever for the cause,
" But jealous, for they are jealous; 'tis a monster
" *Begot upon itself, born on itself.*"

This passage is a strong confirmation of Hanmer's reading.

The same idea occurs in Massinger's *Picture*, where Matthias, speaking of the groundless jealousy he entertained of Sophia's possible inconstancy, says:

" —— but why should I nourish,
" A fury here, and with *imagin'd food*,
" Holding no real ground on which to raise
" A building of suspicion she was ever,
" Or can be false?"

Imagin'd food, is food created by imagination, the food that jealousy makes and feeds on. *M. Mason.*

In order to make way for one alteration, Mr. M. Mason is forced to foist in another; or else poor Shakspeare must be arraigned for a blunder of which he is totally guiltless. This gentleman's objections both to the text in its present state, and to Mr. Steevens's most happy illustration of it, originate entirely in his own misconception, and a jumble of figurative with literal expressions. To have been consistent with himself he should have charged Mr. Steevens with maintaining, that it was the property of a jealous husband, first to *mock* his WIFE, and afterwards to *eat* her.

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Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves![3]

In Act V, the word *mocks* occurs in a sense somewhat similar to that in the passage before us:

"*Emil.* O mistress, villainy hath made *mocks* with love!"
Henley.

I think myself particularly indebted to Mr. Henley for the support he has given to my sentiments concerning this difficult passage; and shall place more confidence in them since they have been found to deserve his approbation. *Steevens.*

I have not the smallest doubt that Shakspeare wrote *make*, and have therefore inserted it in my text. The words *make* and *mocke* (for such was the old spelling) are often confounded in these plays, and I have assigned the reason in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Vol. III.

Mr. Steevens in his paraphrase on this passage interprets the word *mock* by *sport;* but in what poet or prose-writer, from Chaucer and Mandeville to this day, does the verb *to mock* signify to *sport with?* In the passage from *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved, I think, incontestably, from the metre, and from our poet's usage of this verb in other places, (in which it is followed by a personal pronoun) that Shakspeare must have written—

"Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks *us by*
"The pauses that he makes."

See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V, sc. i, Vol. XIII.

Besides; is it true as a general position, that jealousy (*as* jealousy) *sports* or *plays with* the object of love (allowing this not very delicate interpretation of the words, *the meat it feeds on*, to be the true one)? The position certainly is not true. It is *Love*, not *Jealousy*, that sports with the object of its passion; nor can those circumstances which create suspicion, and which are *the meat it feeds on*, with any propriety be called the *food* of LOVE, when the poet has clearly pointed them out as the food or cause of JEALOUSY; giving it not only being, but nutriment.

"There is no beast," it is urged, "that can *literally* be said to make its own food." It is indeed acknowledged, that jealousy is *a* monster which often *creates* the suspicions on which it feeds, but is it, we are asked, "*the* monster? (i. e. *a well-known and conspicuous animal;*) and whence has it *green eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy."

To this I answer, that *yellow* is not the only colour which Shakspeare *appropriates* to jealousy, for we have in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—— shuddering fear, and *green-ey'd jealousy.*"

and I suppose, it will not be contended that he was *there* thinking of any of the tiger kind.

If our poet had written only—"It is *the* green-ey'd monster; beware of it;" the other objection would hold good, and some particular monster, κατ' ἐξοχην, must have been meant; but the words, "It is *the* green-ey'd monster, *which* doth," &c. in my

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Oth. O misery!

apprehension have precisely the same meaning, as if the poet had written, "It is *that* green-ey'd monster, which," &c. or, "it is *a* green-ey'd monster." He is *the* man in the world *whom* I would least wish to meet,—is the common phraseology of the present day.

When Othello says to Iago in a former passage, "By heaven, he echoes me, as if there were some *monster* in his thought," does any one imagine that any *animal* whatever was meant?

The passage in a subsequent scene, to which Mr. Steevens has alluded, strongly supports the emendation which has been made:

"——*jealousy* will not be answer'd so;
"They are not ever jealous for the cause,
"But jealous, for they are jealous; 'tis a *monster*,
"*Begot upon itself, born on itself.*"

It is, *strictly* speaking, as false that any monster can be *begot*, or *born*, on itself, as it is, that any monster (whatever may be the colour of its eyes, whether green or yellow) can *make* its own food; but, poetically, both are equally true of that monster, JEALOUSY. Mr. Steevens seems to have been aware of this, and therefore has added the word *literally:* "No monster can be *literally* said to make its own food."

It should always be remembered, that Shakspeare's allusions scarcely ever answer precisely on both sides; nor had he ever any care upon this subject. Though he has introduced the word *monster*,—when he talked of its *making its own food*, and being *begot by itself*, he was still thinking of jealousy *only*, careless whether there was any animal in the world that would correspond with this description.

That the words, *the meat it feeds on*, is meant, not *Desdemona* herself, as has been maintained, but *pabulum zelotypiæ*, may be likewise inferred from a preceding passage in which a kindred imagery is found:

"That *policy* may either last so long,
"Or *feed* upon such nice and waterish *diet*," &c.

And this obvious interpretation is still more strongly confirmed by Daniel's *Rosamond*, 1592, a poem which Shakspeare had diligently read, and has more than once imitated in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"O *Jealousy* ——
"*Feeding* upon *suspect* that doth *renew* thee,
"Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee."

In this and the few other places in which I have ventured to depart from the ancient copies, I have thought it my duty to state in the fullest and clearest manner the grounds on which the emendation stands: which in some cases I have found not easily accomplished, without running into greater prolixity than would otherwise be justifiable. *Malone.*

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Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;[4]
But riches, fineless,[5] is as poor as winter,[6]
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I 'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,[7]
Matching thy inference.[8] 'Tis not to make me jealous,

[3] —— *strongly* loves!] Thus the quarto; the folio—*soundly* loves. *Steevens.*

[4] Poor, *and* content, *is* rich, *and rich enough;*] So, in *Dorastus and Fawnia,* (the novel on which *The Winter's Tale* is formed) 1592: "We are rich, in that we are poor with content." *Malone.*

The same sentiment, which is sufficiently common, is amplified by Dryden in his *Indian Emperor:*

"We to ourselves will all our wishes grant;
"For nothing coveting, we nothing want." *Steevens.*

[5] *But riches, fineless,*] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *as poor as* winter,] Finely expressed: *winter* producing no fruits. *Warburton.*

[7] *To such* exsufflicate *and blown surmises,*] [Sir Thomas Hanmer—*exsuffolate.*] This odd and far-fetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by being printed—*exsufflicate.* The allusion is to a bubble. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts, to suspicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty show without solidity; or that, in consequence of such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the virtue of my wife. *Johnson.*

Whether our poet had any authority for the word *exsufflicate,* which I think is used in the sense of *swollen,* and appears to have been formed from *sufflatus,* I am unable to ascertain: but I have not thought it safe to substitute for it another word equally unauthorised. *Suffolare* in Italian signifies to *whistle.* How then can Dr. Johnson's interpretation of *exsuffolate* be supported? The introducer of this word explains it, by "whispered, buzz'd in the ears." *Malone.*

[8] —— *blown surmises,*
Matching thy inference.] That is,—such as you have men-

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To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:[9]
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I 'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd;[1] look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice[2] they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.[3]

tioned in describing the torments of jealousy. The part of Iago's speech particularly alluded to, is that where he says:

"But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
"Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!"
M. Mason.

[9] *Where virtue is, these are* more *virtuous:*] An action in itself indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application. *Johnson.*

I know not why the modern editors, in opposition to the first quarto and folio, read *most* instead of *more.*

A passage in *All 's Well that Ends Well,* is perhaps the best comment on the sentiment of Othello: "I have those good hopes of her, education promises: his disposition she inherits; which *makes fair gifts fairer.*" *Gratior e pulchro veniens et corpore virtus. Steevens.*

Most is the reading of the second folio. *Ritson.*

[1] *Out of* self-bounty *be abus'd;*] *Self-bounty* for inherent generosity. *Warburton.*

[2] —— *our country disposition* ——

In Venice —] Here Iago seems to be a Venetian. *Johnson.*

There is nothing in any other part of the play, properly understood, to imply otherwise. *Henley.*

Various other passages, as well as the present, prove him to have been a Venetian, nor is there any ground for doubting the poet's intention on this head. See p. 299, n. 6. *Malone.*

[3] *Is—not to* leave *undone, but* keep *unknown.*] The folio perhaps more clearly reads:

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Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd[4] to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,[5]—
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke

Is not to leav 't undone, but keep 't unknown. Steevens.

The folio, by an evident error of the press, reads—*kept* unknown. *Malone.*

[4] *And, when she seem'd —*] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those, who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought, puts an end to confidence.

The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue. *Johnson.*

[5] *To* seel *her father's eyes up, close as* oak,] The *oak* is (I believe) the most *close-grained* wood of general use in England. *Close as oak*, means, *close as the grain of oak.*

To *seel* is an expression from falconry. So, in Ben Jonson's *Catiline:*

" ——————— would have kept
" Both eyes and beak *seel'd* up, for six sesterces."
Steevens.

To *seel* a hawk is to sew up his eye-lids. See Vol. XIII, p. 392, n. 2.

In *The Winter's Tale*, Paulina says:

" The root of his opinion, which is rotten
" As ever *oak*, or stone, was *sound*." *Malone.*

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Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues,[6] nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success[7]
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think, but Desdemona 's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself, —

Iago. Ay, there 's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,[8]
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,

[6] *To grosser* issues,] *Issues*, for conclusions. *Warburton.*

[7] *My speech should fall into such vile* success—] *Success*, for succession, i. e. conclusion; not prosperous issue. *Warburton.*

I rather think there is a depravation, and would read:

My speech will fall into such vile excess.

If *success* be the right word, it seems to mean *consequence* or *event*, as *successo* is used in Italian. *Johnson.*

I think *success* may, in this instance, bear its common interpretation. What Iago means seems to be this; "Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such an infamous degree of success, as my thoughts do not even aim at. Iago, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have said *fall into success*, and *vile success*, because he would appear to Othello, to wish that the enquiry into Desdemona's guilt, might prove fruitless and unsuccessful. See *Hamlet*, Vol. XV. *Steevens.*

The following passages will perhaps be considered as proofs of Dr. Johnson's explanation:

"Then the poor desolate women, fearing least their case would sorte to some pitiful *successe*." *Palace of Pleasure*, bl. l.

"God forbyd all hys hope should turne to such *successe*."
Promos and Cassandra, 1578. *Henderson.*

[8] —— *a* will *most rank*,] *Will*, is for wilfulness. It is so used by Ascham. A *rank will*, is *self-will* overgrown and exuberant. *Johnson.*

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Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:[9]
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment[1]
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.[2]

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,[3]
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,[4]

[9] *You shall by that perceive him and his* means:] You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *strain his* entertainment —] Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. *Johnson.*

So, in *Coriolanus*: "— the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, and already in the *entertainment*." *Steevens.*

[2] *Fear not my government.*] Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *with a* learned *spirit,*] *Learned*, for experienced. *Warburton.*

The construction is, He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *If I do prove her* haggard,] A *haggard* hawk, is a *wild hawk*, a *hawk unreclaimed*, or *irreclaimable*. *Johnson.*

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Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,[5]
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.[6] Haply, for I am black;

A *haggard* is a particular species of hawk. It is *difficult to be reclaimed*, but not *irreclaimable*.

From a passage in *The White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612, it appears that *haggard* was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard?* fly to the stews."

Turberville says, that "*haggart* falcons are the most excellent birds of all other falcons." Latham gives to the *haggart* only the second place in the *valued file*. In *Holland's Leaguer*, a comedy, by Shakerly Marmyon, 1633, is the following illustrative passage:

"Before these courtiers lick their lips at her,
"I 'll trust a wanton *haggard* in the wind."

Again:

"For she is ticklish as any *haggard*,
"And quickly lost."

Again, in *Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools*, 1619: "—the admirable conquest the faulconer maketh in a hawk's nature; bringing *the wild haggard, having all the earth and seas to scour over uncontroulably*, to attend and obey," &c. *Haggard*, however, had a popular sense, and was used for *wild* by those who thought not on the language of falconers. *Steevens.*

[5] *Though that her* jesses *were my dear heart-strings,*] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. *Hanmer.*

In Heywood's comedy, called, *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617, a number of these terms relative to hawking occur together:

"Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her;
"Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her.
"So: seize her gets, her *jesses*, and her bells." *Steevens.*

[6] *I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,*
To prey at fortune.] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark. *Johnson.*

This passage may possibly receive illustration from a similar one in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 2, sect. i, mem. 3: "As a long-winged hawke, when he is first *whistled off the fist*, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayre, still soaring higher and higher, till he comes to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprung, comes down amaine, and *stoupes* upon a sudden." *Percy.*

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And have not those soft parts of conversation[7]
That chamberers[8] have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that 's not much;—
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:[9]
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;[1]

[7] —— parts *of conversation* —] *Parts* seems here to be synonymous with *arts*, as in *'Tis Pity she 's a Whore*, Act II, speaking of singing and musick:

" They are *parts* I love." *Reed.*

[8] —— *chamberers* —] i. e. men of intrigue. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:

" Fal'n from a souldier to a *chamberer*."

Again, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, ver. 4935:

" Only through youth the *chamberere*."

Thus, in the French *Poem:*

" Par la jeunesse la *chambriere*." *Steevens.*

The sense of *chamberers* may be ascertained from *Rom.* xiii. 13, where μη KOITAIΣ is rendered, in the common version, " *not in* CHAMBERING." *Henley.*

Chambering and *wantonness* are mentioned together in the sacred writings. *Malone.*

[9] *Prerogativ'd are they* less *than the base;*] In asserting that the base have more prerogative in this respect than the great, that is, that the base or poor are less likely to endure this forked plague, our poet has maintained a doctrine contrary to that laid down in *As you Like it*:—" Horns? even so.—*Poor men* alone? No, no; the *noblest* deer has them as huge as the *rascal*." Here we find all mankind are placed on a level in this respect, and that it is " destiny unshunnable, like death."

Shakspeare would have been more consistent, if he had written—

Prerogativ'd are they more *than the base?*

Othello would then have answered his own question: [*No:*] 'Tis destiny, &c. *Malone.*

Allowance must be made to the present state of Othello's mind: passion is seldom correct in its effusions. *Steevens.*

[1] *'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;*] To be consistent, Othello must mean, that it is destiny unshunnable by *great ones*, not by all mankind. *Malone.*

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Even then this forked plague[2] is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:[3]

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself![4]— *doth mock*
I 'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?

[2] ——*forked plague*—] In allusion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. *Johnson.*

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. *Percy.*

Dr. Johnson *may* be right. I meet with the same thought in Middleton's comedy of *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

" While the broad arrow, with the *forked head,*
" Misses his brows but narrowly."

Again, in *King Lear:*

" —— though the *fork* invade
" The region of my heart." *Steevens.*

I have no doubt that Dr. Percy's interpretation is the true one. Let our poet speak for himself. " Quoth she," says Pandarus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, " which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The *forked* one," quoth he; " pluck it out, and give it him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —— o'er head and ears a *fork'd* one."

So, in Tarleton's *News out of Purgatorie:* " — but the old squire, knight of *the forked order*, —."

One of Sir John Harrington's Epigrams, in which our poet's very expression is found, puts the matter beyond a doubt:

" Actæon guiltless unawares espying
" Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,
" Was plagu'd with *hornes;* his dogs did him devoure:
" Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
" With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
" And in your foreheads see your faults be written."

Malone.

[3] —— *Desdemona comes:*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads —*Look where she* comes. *Steevens.*

[4] *If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!*] i. e. renders its own labours fruitless, by forming so beautiful a creature as Desdemona, and suffering the elegance of her person to be disgraced and sullied by the impurity of her mind.—Such, I think, is the meaning.—The construction, however, may be different. If she be false, O, then even *heaven itself* cheats us with " unreal mockeries," with false and specious appearances, intended only to deceive. *Malone.*

The first of the foregoing explanations, is, I believe the true one.—*If she be false, heaven disgraces itself by creating woman after its own image. To have made the resemblance perfect, she should have been good as well as beautiful. Steevens.*

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Your dinner, and the generous islanders[5]
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith that 's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;[6]
[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* DES.
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,[7]

[5] —— *the* generous *islanders* —] Are the islanders of *rank, distinction.* So, in *Measure for Measure:*

" The *generous* and gravest citizens
" Have hent the gates."

Generous has here the power of *generosus,* Lat. This explanation, however, may be too particular. *Steevens.*

[6] *Your* napkin *&c.*] Ray says, that a pocket-handkerchief is so called about Sheffield in Yorkshire. So, in Greene's *Never too Late,* 1616: " I can wet one of my new lockeram *napkins* with weeping."

Napery signifies *linen in general.* So, in Decker's *Honest Whore,* 1635: " — prythee put me into wholesome *napery.*" Again, in Chapman's *May Day,* 1611: " Besides your munition of manchet, *napery,* plates," &c. Again, in *Hide Park* by Shirley, 1637: " A gentleman that loves clean *napery.*" *Naperia,* Ital. *Steevens.*

In the North of England, and in Scotland, this term for a handkerchief is still used. The word has already often occurred. See Vol. VII, p. 102, n. 1; and *Julius Cæsar,* Act III, sc. ii, Vol. XIV. *Malone.*

[7] —— *I 'll have the work* ta'en out,] That is, copied. Her first thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona. But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, in scene iv. *Blackstone.*

This scheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief

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And give it Iago:
What he 'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.[8]

Enter IAGO.

Iago. **How now! what do you here alone?**
Emil. **Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.**
Iago. **A thing for me?—it is a common thing.**
Emil. **Ha!**
Iago. **To have a foolish wife.**
Emil. **O, is that all? What will you give me now**
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. **What handkerchief?**
Emil. **What handkerchief?**
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. **Hast stolen it from her?**
Emil. **No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;**
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.[9]
Look, here it is.
Iago. **A good wench; give it me.**
Emil. **What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest**
To have me filch it?
Iago. **Why, what 's that to you?** [*Snatching it.*
Emil. **If it be not for some purpose of import,**

copied, and restoring the original to Desdemona, was, I suppose, introduced by the poet, to render Emilia less unamiable.

It is remarkable, that when she perceives Othello's fury on the loss of this token, though she is represented as affectionate to her mistress, she never attempts to relieve her from her distress; which she might easily have done by demanding the handkerchief from her husband, or divulging the story, if he refused to restore it.—But this would not have served the plot.

Shakspeare fell into this incongruity by departing from Cinthio's novel; for there, while the artless Desdemona is caressing the child of Othello's ancient, (the Iago of our play) the villain steals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle, without the knowledge of his wife. *Malone.*

[8] *I nothing, but to please his fantasy.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

I nothing know but for *his fantasy.* *Steevens.*

[9] —— *to the advantage,* &c.] I being *opportunely* here, took it up. *Johnson.*

So, Marlowe's *King Edward II:*

" And they stay time's *advantage* with your son." *Reed.*

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Give it me again: Poor lady! she 'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of 't;[1] I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMIL.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:[2]—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:[3]

[1] *Be not you* known of 't;] i. e. seem as if you knew nothing of the matter. The folio reads—Be not *acknown on 't;* meaning perhaps,—" do not acknowledge any thing of the matter."

This word occurs also in the seventh Book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses:*

" Howbeit I durst not be so holde of hope *acknowne* to be."

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie,* 1589, p. 212: " — so would I not have a translatour be ashamed to be *acknowen* of his translation." *Steevens.*

Again, in *The Life of Ariosto,* subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando,* p. 418, edit. 1607: " Some say, he was married to her privilie, but durst not be *acknowne* of it. *Porson.*

Be not you known of 't;] Thus the quarto, except that it has *on 't,* the vulgar corruption in speaking and writing, of *of 't* or *of it;* as is proved by various passages in these plays as exhibited in the folio and quarto, where in one copy we find the corrupt and in the other the genuine words: and both having the same meaning.

The participal adjective, found in the folio, is used by Thomas Kyd, in his *Cornelia,* a tragedy, 1594:

" Our friends' misfortune doth increase our own.
" *Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknown.*" *Malone.*

[2] *The Moor already* &c.] Thus the folio. The line is not in the original copy, 1622. *Malone.*

[3] —— *I did say so:*] As this passage is supposed to be obscure, I shall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealousy* (says he) *with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur,* &c.

" —— I did say so;
" Look where he comes!" ——

i. e. I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not per-

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Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,[4]
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.[5]

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?[6]

mit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *nor* mandragora,] The *mandragoras* or *mandrake* has a soporifick quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind.

So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I, sc. vi:

" —— give me to drink *mandragora*,
" That I may sleep out this great gap of time
" My Antony is away." *Steevens.*

See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I, sc. v, Vol. XIII. *Malone.*

[5] *Which thou* ow'dst *yesterday*,] To *owe* is, in our author, oftener to *possess*, than *to be indebted*, and such is its meaning here. *Johnson.*

See Vol. VII, p. 316, n. 8. *Malone.*

[6] *What sense had I* &c.] A similar passage to this and what follows it, is found in an *unpublished* tragi-comedy by Thomas Middleton, called *The Witch:*

" I feele no ease; the burthen 's not yet off,
" So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.
" Oh, 'tis a paine of hell to know one's shame!
" Had it byn hid and don, it had been don happy,
" For he that 's ignorant lives long and merry."

Again:

" Had'st thou byn secret, then had I byn happy,
" And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
" Now here I stand a stayne to my creation;
" And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
" The understanding of this base adultery," &c.

This is uttered by a jealous husband who supposes himself to have just destroyed his wife.

Again, Iago says:

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I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;[7]
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all,[8] had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!

" Dangerous conceits, &c.
" —— with a little act upon the blood,
" Burn like the mines of sulphur."

Thus Sebastian, in Middleton's play:

" When a suspect doth catch once, it burnes maynely."

A scene between Francisca and her brother Antonio, when she first excites his jealousy, has likewise several circumstances in common with the dialogue which passes between Iago and Othello on the same subject.

This piece contains also a passage very strongly resembling another in *Hamlet*, who says: " I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw." —Thus, Almachildes: " There is some difference betwixt my joviall condition and the lunary state of madnes. I am not quight out of my witts: I know a bawd from an aqua-vitæ shop, a strumpet from wild-fire, and a beadle from brimstone."

Steevens.

[7] *I slept the next night well, was free and merry;*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—

" I slept the next night well; *fed well;* was free and merry." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *if the general camp,*
Pioneers *and all,*] That is, the most abject and vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to the office of pioneer, as a punishment for misbehaviour.

" A soldier ought ever to retaine and keepe his arms in saftie and forth comming, for he is more to be detested than a coward, that will lose or play away any part thereof, or refuse it for his ease, or to avoid paines; wherefore such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some *abject pioner.*" *The Art of War and England Traynings*, &c. by Edward Davies, Gent. 1619.

So, in *The Laws and Ordinances of War*, established by the Earl of Essex, printed in 1640: " If a trooper shall loose his horse or hackney, or a footman any part of his arms, by negligence or lewdnesse, by dice or cardes; he or they shall remain in qualitie of *pioners*, or scavengers, till they be furnished with as good as were lost, at their own charge." *Grose.*

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Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed,[9] and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,[1]

[9] *Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,* ——
Farewel the neighing steed, &c.] In a very ancient drama entitled *Common Conditions*, printed about 1576, Sedmond, who has lost his sister in a wood, thus expresses his grief;

"But farewell now, my coursers brave, attraped to the ground!
"Farewell! adue all pleasures eke, with comely hauke and hounde!
"Farewell, ye nobles all, farewell eche marsial knight,
"Farewell, ye famous ladies all, in whom I did delight!
"Adue, my native soile, adue, Arbaccus kyng,
"Adue, eche wight, and marsial knight, adue, eche living thyng!"

One is almost tempted to think that Shakspeare had read this old play. *Malone.*

I know not why we should suppose that Shakspeare borrowed so common a repetition as these diversified *farewels* from any preceding drama. A string of *adieus* is perhaps the most tempting of all repetitions, because it serves to introduce a train of imagery, and as well as to solemnify a speech or composition. Wolsey, like Othello, indulges himself in many *farewels;* and the

"*Valete*, aprica montium cacumina!
"*Valete*, opaca vallium cubilia!" &c.

are common to poets of different ages and countries. I have now before me an ancient MS. English Poem, in which sixteen succeeding verses begin with the word *farewel*, applied to a variety of objects and circumstances:

"*Farewell* prowesse in purpell pall" &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,*] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakspeare as usual, paints from the life; those instruments accompanying each other being used in his age by the English soldiery. The fife, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. It is commonly supposed that our soldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the last rebellion: but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even used at all by them. It was first used within the memory of man among our troops by the British guards, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maestricht, in the year 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they served. This instrument, accompanying the drum, is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In

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The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war![2]

a curious picture in the Ashmolean Musuem at Oxford, painted 1525, representing the siege of Pavia by the French King where the Emperor was taken prisoner, we see *fifes* and *drums*. In an old English treatise written by William Garrard before 1587, and published by one Captain Hitchcock in 1591, intituled *The Art of Warre*, there are several wood cuts of military evolutions, in which these instruments are both introduced. In Rymer's *Fœdera*, in a diary of King Henry's siege of Bulloigne, 1544, mention is made of the *drommes* and *viffleurs* marching at the head of the King's army. Tom. XV, p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at ancient festivals, shows, and processions. Gerard Leigh, in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, describing a Christmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, says, "We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noyse of *drum* and *fife*," p. 119. At a stately masque on Shrove-Sunday, 1510, in which King Henry VIII was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry "of a *drum* and *fife* apparelled in white damaske and grene bonnettes." *Chron.* III, 805, col. 2. There are many more instances in Holinshed and Stowe's *Survey of London*.

From the old French word *viffleur*, above cited, came the English word *whiffler*, which anciently was used in its proper *literal* sense. Strype, speaking of a grand tilting before the court in Queen Mary's reign, 1554, says, from an old journal, that King Philip and the challengers entered the lists, preceded by "their *whifflers*, their footmen, and their armourers." Eccles. Memor. III, p. 211. This explains the use of the word in Shakspeare, where it is also literally applied. *King Henry V*, Act IV, sc. ult:

"—— behold the British beach
"Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
"Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
"Which, like a *mighty whiffler* 'fore the king,
"Seems to prepare his way."

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning, which it at present obtains in common speech, and became an appellation of contempt. *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, *a fellow hired to pipe at processions. T. Wharton.*

In the old dramatick piece, entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, 2d edit. 1630, *Tobacco* says to *Beer*:

"—— it will become your duty to obey me."

To which *Wine* replies:

"You our sovereign! a mere *whiffler!*"

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"—— he was known
"But only for a swaggering *whiffler*." *Steevens.*

[2] *Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!*] Sir. W. D'Avenant does not appear to have been scrupulous of adopting almost Shakspeare's own words. So, in *Albovine*, 1629:

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And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats[3]
The immortal Jove's dread clamour's counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord, ——

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Taking him by the Throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,[4]
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,[5]
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord, ——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;[5]
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep,[7] all earth amaz'd,

" Then *glorious war*, and all *proud circumstance*
" That gives a soldier noise, *for evermore farewel.*"
Steevens.

Fletcher has parodied this passage of *Othello*, in his *Prophetess*, which was first represented in May, 1622:

" —————— and to keep
" My faith untainted, *farewel pride, and pomp,*
" *And circumstance of glorious* majesty,
" Farewel, for ever!" *Malone.*

[3] —— *whose rude throats* —] So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. VI:
" From those *deep-throated* engines," &c.
The quarto, 1622, reads—whose *wide* throats. *Steevens.*

[4] —— mine *eternal soul,*] Perhaps the quarto, 1622, more forcibly reads—
—— man's *eternal soul*, ——.
Shakspeare might have designed an opposition between *man* and *dog*. *Steevens.*

[5] Thou hadst been *better have been born a dog,*] Thus, in Chapman's translation of the sixth *Iliad:*
" —— that *had been better born*
" *A dog*, than such a horrid dame." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *abandon all* remorse;] All tenderness of nature, all pity; in which sense, as Mr. Steevens has justly observed, the word was frequently used in Shakspeare's time. See p. 338, n. 5. The next line shows it is used in this sense here. *Malone.*

[7] *Do deeds to make heaven weep,*] So, in *Measure for Measure:*

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For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st[3] to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I 'll love no friend, since[9] love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay:—thou should'st be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,[1]
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I 'll have some proof: Her name,[2] that was as fresh

" Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven
" *As make the angels weep.*" *Steevens.*

[3] *That* liv'st —] Thus the quarto. The folio—that *lov'st* —. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *since* —] Thus the quarto. The folio—*sith*, an antiquated word, with the same meaning. It occurs again in p. 335, l. 8. *Steevens.*

[1] *By the world*, &c.] This speech is not in the first edition. *Pope.*

[2] —— Her *name*, &c.] The folio, where alone this speech is found—*My* name. Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read —*Her* name: but this, like a thousand other changes introduced by the same editor, was made without either authority or necessity. Shakspeare undoubtedly might have written—*Her* name; but the word which the old copy furnishes, affords also good sense. Othello's name or reputation, according to the usual unjust determination of the world, would be sullied by the infidelity of his wife. Besides, how could either transcriber or printer have substituted *My* for *Her*? *Malone.*

I have adopted Mr. Pope's emendation, which, in my judgment, is absolutely necessary.

Othello would scarce have said—" *My* name," and immediately after—" *mine own* face." The words—" *mine own*," very plainly point out that an opposition was designed between the once unsullied reputation of Desdemona, and the blackness of his own countenance. The same thought occurs in *Titus Andronicus*:

" —— your swart Cimmerian
" Doth make *your* honour of *his* body's hue."

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As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it.[3]—Would, I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, I will.
Iago. And may: But, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?[4]
Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats,[5] as hot as monkeys,

I may add—Would a *man* have compared his own reputation to the face of a *goddess?*

The query with which Mr. Malone's note concludes, is easily answered. In three late proof sheets of this work, a couple of the most accurate compositors in general, had substituted *palace, less,* and *catch,* instead of *tragedy, more,* and *ensnare.* *Steevens.*

[3] —— *If there be cords, or knives,*
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it.] So, in *Pericles:*
" *If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,*
" Untied I still my virgin knot will keep." *Malone.*

[4] *Behold her* tupp'd?] A ram in Staffordshire and some other counties is called a *tup.* So, in the first Act:
" —— an old black ram
" Is *tupping* your white ewe." *Steevens.*
The old copies have—*topp'd.* Mr. Theobald made the correction. *Malone.*

[5] *Were they as* prime *as goats,*] *Prime* is *prompt,* from the Celtic or British *prim.* *Hanmer.*
From *prim,* forward; French. *Ritson.*
So, in *The Vow-Breaker, or the Faire Maide of Clifton,* 1636:
" More *prime* than goats or monkies in their prides."
Again, in Churchyard's *Dreame,* 1593:
" Colde fortune may torment me sore,
" And so may shifts some time:
" Not hatred troubles men much more
" Than Venus in her *prime.*" *Steevens.*

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As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.
Oth. Give me a living reason[6] she 's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cry'd,[7]—*Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

[6] *Give me a* living *reason* —] *Living*, for speaking, manifest. *Warburton.*

Give me a living *reason* that *she 's disloyal,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio omits the word *that*, probably for the sake of the metre; but our poet often uses such words as *reason*, as a monosyllable. *Malone.*

How such words as *reason* can be pronounced as *monosyllables*, I am yet to learn. *Steevens.*

A *living* reason is a reason founded on fact and experience, not on surmise or conjecture: a reason that convinces the understanding as perfectly as if the fact were exhibited *to the life*. *Malone.*

What Othello here demands is *actual* proof, arising from some positive FACT. *Henley.*

[7] —— *and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then*
Cry'd,] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:
" —— then lay'd his leg o'er my thigh,
" And *sigh*, and *kiss*, and then *cry*, cursed fate," &c.
The omission of the personal pronoun before *lay'd* is much in our author's manner. See *King Lear*, Act II, sc. iv, Vol. XIV. *Malone.*

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Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;[8]
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.[9]

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I 'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;[1]
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that, —

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,[2]
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.[3]—Look here, Iago;

[8] —— *a foregone* conclusion;] *Conclusion*, for fact. *Warburton.*
A *conclusion* in Shakspeare's time meant an experiment or trial. See the last scene in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Vol. XIII. *Malone.*

[9] *'Tis a shrewd doubt*, &c.] The old quarto gives this line, with the two following, to Iago; and rightly. *Warburton.*
In the folio this line is given to Othello. *Malone.*
I think it more naturally spoken by Othello, who, by dwelling so long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to enforce it. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *yet we* see *nothing done;*] This is an oblique and secret mock at Othello's saying,—*Give me the ocular proof.* *Warburton.*

[2] —— that *was hers*,] The only authentick copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, read—or any, *it* was hers. For the emendation I am answerable. The mistake probably arose from *yt* only being written in the manuscript. The modern editors, following an amendment made by the editor of the second folio, read—*if 'twas* hers. *Malone.*
I prefer Mr. Malone's correction to that of the second folio, though the latter gives sense where it was certainly wanting. *Steevens.*

[3] *Now do I see 'tis* true.] The old quarto reads:
Now do I see 'tis time.
And this is Shakspeare's, and has in it much more force and solemnity, and preparation for what follows: as alluding to what he had said before:

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All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:[4]
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell![5]
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,[6]

" ——————— No, Iago!
" I 'll *see* before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;
" And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
" *Away at once with love* or jealousy."
This *time* was now come. *Warburton.*

[4] *All my fond love thus do* I blow to heaven:] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:
" Are these your fears? thus *blow them into air.*" *Malone.*
Marlowe's idea was perhaps caught from Horace:
" Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
" Portare ventis." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *from thy* hollow cell!] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—from the *hollow hell. Hollow*, Dr. Warburton considers as " a poor unmeaning epithet." *Malone.*
I do not perceive that the epithet *hollow* is at all unmeaning, when applied to hell, as it gives the idea of what Milton calls—
" —— the void profound
" Of unessential night,"
Or the *inane profundum* of Lucretius.
The same phrase indeed occurs in Jasper Heywood's translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, 1560:
" Where most prodigious ugly things the *hollow hell* doth hide."
Again, in Goulart's *Admirable Histories*, 1607, p. 626: " — cast headlong into places under-ground that were wonderful *hollow* ——where he had seen the persons of the wicked, their punishments," &c.
Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the eighth *Iliad*:
" Into the *hollow* dreadful hole which *Tartare* men do tel." *Steevens.*
Again, in *Paradise Lost*, B. I, v. 314, the same epithet and subject occurs:
" He call'd so loud, that all the *hollow* deep
" Of *hell* resounded." *H. White.*
Milton was a great reader and copier of Shakspeare, and he undoubtedly read his plays in the folio, without thinking of examining the more ancient quartos. In the first Book of *Paradise Lost*, we find:
" —— the universal host up sent
" A shout that tore *hell's concave.*" *Malone.*
See Vol. XII, p. 271, n. 6. *Steevens.*

[6] —— hearted *throne.*] *Hearted* throne, is the heart on which thou wast *enthroned. Johnson.*
So, in *Twelfth Night*:

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To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,[7]
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago.[8] Like to the Pontick sea,[9]
Whose icy current and compulsive course
knows Ne'er feels retiring ebb,[1] but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge[2]

" It gives an echo to the *seat*,
" Where love is *thron'd*."
See also *Romeo and Juliet*, Vol. XII, Act V, sc. i. *Malone.*

[7] —— *swell, bosom*, &c.] i. e. *swell*, because the fraught is of poison. *Warburton.*

[8] *Never, Iago*,] From the word *Like*, to *marble heaven*, inclusively, is not found in the quarto, 1622. *Malone.*

[9] *Like to the Pontick sea*, &c.] This simile is omitted in the first edition: I think it should be so, as an unnatural excursion in this place. *Pope.*

Every reader will, I durst say, abide by Mr. Pope's censure on this passage. When Shakspeare grew acquainted with such particulars of knowledge, he made a display of them as soon as opportunity offered. He found this in the 2d Book and 97th Chapter of Pliny's *Natural History*, as translated by Philemon Holland, 1601: " And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus."

Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, conceives this simile to allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whose impress, Camden, in his *Remains*, says, was the Caspian sea, with this motto, *Sine refluxu*.
Steevens.

[1] *Ne'er* feels *retiring ebb*,] The folio, where alone this passage is found, reads—Ne'er *keeps* retiring ebb, &c. Many similar mistakes have happened in that copy, by the compositor's repeating a word twice in the same line. So, in *Hamlet:*

" My *news* shall be the *news* [r. fruit] to that great feast."

Again, *ibidem:*

" The spirit, upon whose *spirit* depend and rest," &c.

instead of upon whose *weal*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[2] —— *a* capable *and wide revenge* —] *Capable* perhaps signifies ample, capacious. So, in *As you Like it:*

" The cicatrice and *capable* impressure."

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Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,[3]
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution[4] of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.[5]

Again, in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil,* by Nashe, 1592: "Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, Dæmon, a *capable* name, of Gods, of men, of devils."

It may, however, mean *judicious.* In *Hamlet* the word is often used in the sense of *intelligent.* What Othello says in another place, seems to favour this latter interpretation:

"Good; good;—the *justice* of it pleases me." *Malone.*

Capable, means, I suppose, *capacious, comprehensive. Steevens.*

[3] —— *by yond'* marble *heaven,*] In *Soliman and Perseda,* 1599, I find the same expression:

"Now by the *marble* face of the welkin," &c. *Steevens.*

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida,* 1602:

"And pleas'd the *marble* heavens." *Malone.*

[4] *The* execution —] The first quarto reads—*excellency. Steevens.*

By *execution* Shakspeare meant *employment* or *exercise.* So, in *Love's Labour 's Lost:*

"Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
"Which you on all estates will *execute.*"

The quarto, 1622, reads—*hand. Malone.*

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"In fellest manner *execute* your arms." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *let him command,*
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.] Iago devotes himself to wronged Othello, and says, *Let him command whatever bloody business,* and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but *of tenderness, to obey him;* not of malice to others, but of *tenderness* for him. If this sense be thought too violent, I see nothing better than to follow Mr. Pope's reading, as it is improved by Mr. Theobald. *Johnson.*

The quarto, 1622, has not the words—*in me.* They first appeared in the folio. Theobald reads—*Nor to* obey, *&c. Malone.*

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is undoubtedly the true one; and I can only claim the merit of supporting his sense of the word *remorse,* i. e. *pity,* by the following instances.

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Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio 's not alive.

In Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth *Æneid*, Dido says to her sister:

" Sister I crave thou have *remorse* of me."

Again in *King Edward III*, 1599, that Prince speaking to the citizens of Calais:

" But for yourselves, look you for no *remorse*."

Again, in *Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

" Who taketh no *remorse* of womankind."

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

" Here stand I, craving no *remorse* at all."

I could add many more instances, but shall content myself to observe that the sentiment of Iago bears no small resemblance to that of Arviragus in *Cymbeline*:

" I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
" And praise myself for charity." *Steevens.*

Before I saw Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakspeare, my opinion of this passage was formed, and written, and thus I understood it: " Let him command any bloody business, and to obey him shall be in me an act of pity and compassion for wrong'd Othello." *Remorse* frequently signifies pity, mercy, compassion, or a tenderness of heart, unattended with the stings of a guilty conscience. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV, sc. iii, the crimeless Eglamour is called *remorseful*. So, in *King Richard III*, Act III, sc. vii:

" As well we know your tenderness of heart,
" And gentle, kind, effeminate *remorse*."

So, in Holinshed's *Conquest of Ireland*, p. 13: " — to have *remorse* and compassion upon others distresses;" and in the Dedication, " to have regard and *remorse* to your said land." *Tollet.*

Some of the examples quoted by Mr. Steevens I have omitted, as I think those already inserted are sufficient to prove the meaning of the word. Mr. M. Mason says, he may venture to assert, that Shakspeare seldom, if ever, uses the word in any other sense. *Reed.*

If I am not deceived, this passage has been entirely mistaken. I read:

——— *let him command,*
An' *to obey shall be in me remorse,*
What bloody business ever —.

And for *if* is sufficiently common: and Othello's impatience breaks off the sentence, I think, with additional beauty. *Farmer.*

What bloody work soever.] So the quartos. The folios:

What bloody business ever. *Steevens.*

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Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:[6]
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her![7]
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own forever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you[8] where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.[9]

[6] —— at your *request:*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*as you* request. *Malone.*

[7] *O, damn her!*] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio: O damn her, damn her. *Malone.*

[8] *To tell you* &c.] This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[9] Clown. *I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and* by *them answer.*] This *Clown* is a fool to some purpose. He was to go seek for one; he says, he will ask for him, and by his own questions make answer. Without doubt we should read—*and* bid *them answer;* i. e. the world; those whom he questions. *Warburton.*

There is no necessity for changing the text. It is the Clown's play to wrench what is said, from its proper meaning. Sir T.

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Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.[1] [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes.[2] And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.[3]—How is 't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—

More hath briefly worked his character: "he plaieth the iester, nowe with skoffinge, and nowe with his overthwarte woords, to prouoke all to laughter." His design here was to propose such questions as might elicit the information sought for from him, and therefore, BY his *questions* he might be enabled to *answer*. *Henley.*

—— and *by* them answer.] i. e. and by them, *when answered*, for my own answer to you. The quaintness of the expression is in character. *By* is found both in the quarto, 1622, and the folio.

The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, printed in 1630, read—and *make* them answer. *Malone.*

[1] *To do this, is* within the compass of man's wit; *and therefore* &c.] So, in *King Lear:*

"I cannot draw a cart, nor eat wild oats;
"*If it be man's work I'll do it.*" *Malone.*

[2] —— *cruzadoes.*] A Portuguese coin, in value three shillings sterling. *Grey.*

So called from the cross stamped upon it. *Johnson.*

The exact value of a cruzado is here of no importance, nor does it appear precisely what it was in Shakspeare's time. By a mercantile friend I am informed, that there are at present three sorts. The imaginary one of the value of 2s. or 2s. ¼, like the English pound, is only a denomination, and not a coin. The two other sorts are really coins, and all the three differ in value. *Reed.*

[3] —————— till *Cassio*
Be call'd to him.] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads —*Let* Cassio be call'd to him. *Malone.*

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How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist:[4] This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;[5]
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.[6]

[4] *Hot, hot, and moist;*] Ben Jonson seems to have attempted a ridicule on this passage, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act V, sc. ii, where Sogliardo says to Saviolina: "How does my sweet lady? *hot and moist?* beautiful and lusty?" *Steevens.*

Ben Jonson was ready enough on all occasions to depreciate and ridicule our author, but in the present instance, I believe, he must be acquitted; for *Every Man out of his Humour* was printed in 1600, and written probably in the preceding year; at which time we are almost certain that *Othello* had not been exhibited. *Malone.*

[5] —— exercise *devout;*] *Exercise* was the religious term. Henry the Seventh (says Bacon) "had the fortune of a true *christian* as well as of a great king, in living *exercised*, and dying repentant."

So, Lord Hastings in *King Richard III*, says to a priest:

"I am in debt for your last *exercise*."

See Vol. XI, p. 95, n. 3. *Malone.*

[6] —— *The hearts of old, gave* hands;
But our new heraldry *is*—hands, *not* hearts.] It is evident the first line should be read thus:

The hands *of old gave* hearts;

otherwise it would be no reply to the preceding words,

"For 'twas that *hand* that gave away my *heart*."

Not so, says her husband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts; but the custom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expression of *new heraldry* was a satirical allusion to the times. Soon after King James the First came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets for money. Amongst their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a hand *gules* in an escutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our au-

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Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

thor: by which he insinuates, that some then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *money* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchase the *honour*. But the finest part of the poet's address in this allusion, is the compliment he pays to his old mistress Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raising money by this creation, was the reduction of Ulster, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulster. Now the method used by Elizabeth in the reduction of that kingdom was so different from this, the dignities she conferred being on those who employed their *steel*, and not their *gold*, in his service, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compared to her successor in this point of view: nor was it uncommon for the dramatick poets of that time to satirize the ignominy of James's reign. So, Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One says, *I will send thee to Amboyna in the East Indies for pepper*. The other replies, *To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd*. Again, in the same play, a Sailor says, *Despise not this pitch'd canvas, the time was, we have known them lined with Spanish ducats*. *Warburton.*

The historical observation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She says, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his suspicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank*, he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark, that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it. *Johnson.*

I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. III, p. 51, and Spelman's epigram there cited:

" ——— florentis nomen honoris
" Indicat in clypei fronte cruenta manus.
" Non quod sævi aliquid, aut stricto fortiter ense
" Hostibus occisis gesserit iste cohors." *Blackstone.*

The reader will not find the Epigram alluded to by Sir William Blackstone, in the page to which he has referred [in my edition], for I have omitted that part of his note, (an omission of which I have there given notice) because it appeared to me extremely improbable that any passage in that play should allude to an event that did not take place till 1611. The omitted words I add here, (distinguishing them by Italick characters) as they may appear to add weight to his opinion and that of Dr. Warburton.

" *I suspect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James the first in bestowing these honours, and erecting a new order of knighthood called baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condescend to accept. See Sir Henry Spelman's epigram on them,* GLOSS. *p. 76, which ends thus:*

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Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;

" ——— *dum cauponare recusant*
" *Ex verâ geniti nobilitate viri;*
" *Interea è caulis hic prorepit, ille tabernis,*
" *Et modo fit dominus, qui modo servus erat.*
See another stroke at them in Othello." *Malone.*

My respect for the sentiments of Sir William Blackstone might have induced me to print both them, and the epigram referred to, in both places, even if the preceding remark of Mr. Malone had not, in this second instance, afforded them an apt introduction. *Steevens.*

——— *our new* heraldry, *&c.*] I believe this to be only a figurative expression, without the least reference to King James's creation of baronets. The absurdity of making Othello so familiar with British heraldry, the utter want of consistency as well as policy in any sneer of Shakspeare at the badge of honours instituted by a Prince whom on all other occasions he was solicitous to flatter, and at whose court this very piece was acted in 1613, most strongly incline me to question the propriety of Dr. Warburton's historical explanation. *Steevens.*

To almost every sentence of Dr. Warburton's note, an objection may be taken; but I have preserved it as a specimen of this commentator's manner.

It is not true that King James created the order of baronets *soon* after he came to the throne. It was created in the year 1611.—The conceit that by the word *hearts* the poet meant to allude to the gallantry of the reign of Elizabeth, in which men distinguished themselves by their *steel*, and that by *hands* those courtiers were pointed at, who served her inglorious successor only by their *gold*, is too fanciful to deserve an answer.

Thus Dr. Warburton's note stood as it appeared originally in Theobald's edition; but in his own, by way of confirmation of his notion, we are told, that " it was not uncommon for the satirical poets of that time to satirise the ignominy of James's reign:" and for this assertion we are referred to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn.* But, unluckily, it appears from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, a MS. of which an account is given in Vol. I, that Fletcher's plays were generally performed at court soon after they were first exhibited at the theatre, and we may be assured that he would not venture to offend his courtly auditors. *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, indeed, never was performed before King James, being the last play but one that Fletcher wrote, and not produced till the 22d of Jan. 1625–6, after the death both of its author and King James; but when it was written, he must, from the circumstances already mentioned, have had the court before his eyes.

In various parts of our poet's works he has alluded to the custom of plighting troth by the union of hands.

So, in *Hamlet:*

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Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault:
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;[8]

" Since love our *hearts*, and *Hymen* did our *hands*
" Unite co-mutual in most sacred bands."

Again, in *The Tempest*, which was probably written at no great distance of time from the play before us:

" *Mir.* My husband then?
" *Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing
" As bondage e'er of freedom. Here 's my *hand.*
" *Mir.* And mine, with my *heart* in 't."

The hearts of old, says Othello, dictated the union of *hands*, which formerly were joined with *the hearts* of the parties *in them;* but in our modern marriages, *hands* alone are united, without *hearts.* Such evidently is the plain meaning of the words. I do not, however, undertake to maintain that the poet, when he used the word *heraldry*, had not the new order of baronets in his thoughts, without intending any satirical allusion. *Malone.*

[7] —— *salt and* sullen *rheum* —] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, for *sullen*, has *sorry. Malone.*

Sullen, that is, a *rheum obstinately troublesome.* I think this better. *Johnson.*

[8] *That handkerchief*
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;] In the account of this tremendous handkerchief, are some particulars, which lead me to think that here is an allusion to a fact, heightened by poetical imagery. It is the practice in the eastern regions, for persons of both sexes to carry handkerchiefs very curiously wrought. In the MS. papers of Sir John Chardin, that great oriental traveller, is a passage which fully describes the custom: " The mode of wrought handkerchiefs (says this learned enquirer,) is general in Arabia, in Syria, in Palestine, and generally in all the Turkish empire. They are wrought with a needle, and it is the amusement of the fair sex there, as among us the making tapestry and lace. The young women make them for their fathers, their brothers, and by way of preparation before hand for their spouses, bestowing them as favours on their lovers. They have them almost constantly in their hands in those warm countries, to wipe off sweat." But whether this circumstance ever came to Shakspeare's knowledge, and gave rise to the incident, I am not able to determine. *Whalley.*

Shakspeare found in Cinthio's novel the incident of Desde-

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She was a charmer,[9] and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give 't away,[1] were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there 's magick in the web of it:
A sibyl,[2] that had number'd in the world
The sun to make[3] two hundred compasses,

mona's losing a handkerchief finely wrought in Morisco work, which had been presented to her by her husband, or rather of its being stolen from her by the villain who afterwards by his machinations robbed her of her life. The eastern custom of brides presenting such gifts to their husbands, certainly did not *give rise* to the incident on which this tragedy turns, though Shakspeare should seem to have been apprized of it. However the preceding note is retained as illustrative of the passage before us. *Malone.*

[9] *She was a* charmer,] In *Deut.* xviii, 11, there is an injunction: "Let none be found among you that is a *charmer*." In Perkins's *Discourse of the Damned Art of Witchcraft*, 8vo. 1610, it is said that "Inchantment is the working of wonders by a *charme*;" and a *charm* is afterwards defined, "a spell or verse, consisting of strange words, used as a signe or watchword to the Devil to cause him to worke wonders." In this Discourse is an enumeration of the wonders done by inchanters, as raising storms and tempests, &c. and at the conclusion it is said: "—by witches we understand not those only which kill and torment, but all diviners, *charmers*, jugglers, all wizards, commonly called wise men and wise women; yea, whosoever do any thing (knowing what they do) which cannot be effected by nature or art." *Reed.*

[1] *To* lose *or giv 't away,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio —To lose *'t* &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *A sibyl,* &c.] This circumstance perhaps is imitated by Ben Jonson in *The Sad Shepherd:*

"A Gypsan lady, and a right beldame,
"Wrought it by moonshine for me, and star-light," &c.
Steevens.

[3] ——— *number'd* ———

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In her prophetick fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy,[4] which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.[5]

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?[6]

Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

The sun to make &c.] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio—to *course*. *Steevens.*

That is, numbered the sun's courses: badly expressed. *Warburton.*

The expression is not very infrequent: we say, *I counted the clock to strike four;* so she *number'd* the sun *to course*, to run *two hundred compasses*, two hundred annual circuits. *Johnson.*

I have preferred the original reading, because we have in *Hamlet:*

" When yon same star, that 's eastward from the pole,
" Had *made* his *course*, to illume that part of heaven."

Malone.

[4] *And it was dy'd in* mummy, &c.] The balsamick liquor running from *mummies*, was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptick virtues. We are now wise enough to know, that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary; and yet this fanciful medicine still holds a place in the principal shops where drugs are sold. So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

" —— make *mummy* of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries."

Again, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

" That I might tear their flesh in mammocks, raise
" My losses, from their carcases turn'd *mummy*."

Mummy, however, is still much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour that throws a warmth into their shadows. *Steevens.*

[5] —— which *the skilful*
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

—— with *the skilful*
Conserves, &c.

So, in the *Microcosmos* of John Davies of Hereford, 4to. 1605:

" —— *Mummy* made of the mere *hart* of love." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *rash?*] is *vehement, violent. Johnson.*

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Oth. Ha!
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch 't, let me see it.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief, ——
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.[7]
Oth. The handkerchief, ——
Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you; ——
Oth. The handkerchief, ——
Des. In sooth,
You are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit* OTH.
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:[8]

[7] *I pray, talk me of Cassio.*] This and the following short speech, are omitted in all the ancient editions but the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[8] *'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:*] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author intended the action of this play to be considered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at Cyprus, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable seems to have been in one continual progress, nor can I see any vacuity in which a *year or two*, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night of Othello's arrival, a feast was proclaimed; at that feast Cassio was degraded, and immediately applies to Desdemona to get him restored. Iago, indeed, advises Othello to hold him off awhile, but there is no reason to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer interval would increase the probability of the story, though it might violate the rules of the drama. See Act V, sc. ii. *Johnson.*

This line has no reference to the duration of the action of this play, or to the length of time that Desdemona had been married. What Emilia says, is a sort of proverbial remark, of general application, where a definite time is put for an indefinite.

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They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must dŏ 't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and impórtune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what 's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,[9]
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;[1]

Besides, there is no necessity for fixing the commencement of Emilia's *year or two*, to the time of the marriage or the opening of the piece. She would with more propriety refer to the beginning of the acquaintance and intimacy between the married couple, which might extend beyond that period. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *the* duty *of my heart,*] The elder quarto reads:
—— *the* duty *of my heart,* ——.
The author used the more proper word, and then changed it, I suppose, for fashionable diction; [" the *office* of my heart," the reading of the folio;] but, as fashion is a very weak protectress, the old word is now ready to resume its place. *Johnson.*

A careful comparison of the quartos and folio incline me to believe that many of the variations which are found in the later copy, did not come from the pen of Shakspeare. See *Hamlet*, Act V, sc. i, Vol. XV. That *duty* was the word intended here, is highly probable from other passages in his works. So, in his 26th Sonnet:

" Lord of my *love*, to whom in vassalage
" Thy merit has my *duty* strongly knit."

Again, in his Dedication of *Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton: " Were my worth greater, my *duty* would shew greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship." *Malone.*

Office may be the true reading. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— his goodly eyes—now turn
" The *office* and devotion of their view," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *But to know so must be my benefit:*]

" Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures,
" Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi." *Johnson.*

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So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.[2]

[2] *And* shut *myself up in some other course,*
To fortune's alms.] *Shoot* is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have—
And shut *myself up* ——. *Johnson.*
I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea seems taken from the confinement of a monastick life. The words, *forc'd content,* help to confirm the supposition. The meaning will therefore be, "I will put on a constrained appearance of being contented, and shut myself up in a different course of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief from the accidental hand of charity."
Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Macbeth:*
" —— and *shut up*
" In measureless content."
Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*
" Whose basest stars do *shut us up* in wishes." *Steevens.*
The quarto, 1622, reads—And *shoot* myself &c. I think, with Mr. Steevens, that it was a corruption, and that the reading of the folio is the true one.
Hanmer reads:
And shoot *myself* upon *some other course,*
To fortune's alms.
To fortune's alms means, waiting patiently for whatever bounty fortune or chance may bestow upon me.
We have the same uncommon phrase in *King Lear:*
" —— —— Let your study
" Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
" *At fortune's alms.*" *Malone.*
I cannot agree with Steevens in approving of the present reading, nor of course, in his explanation of this passage, but think the quarto right, which reads *shoot* instead of *shut.*—To say that a man will shut himself up in a course of life, is language such as Shakspeare would never make use of, even in his most whimsical or licentious moments.
One of the meanings of the verb *to shoot,* is to *push suddenly,* or to *push forward;* and in that sense it is used in this place. Cassio means to say, that if he finds he has no chance of regaining the favour of the general, he will push forward into some other line of life, and seek his fortune; but I think it probable we ought to read:
And shoot *myself* upon *some other course,*
instead of *up in* some other course. *M. Mason.*
Mr. M. Mason's explanation is a very forced one.—It appears from the information of Iago, that Cassio had not long been a soldier. Before Othello promoted him, for his good offices in respect to Desdemona, he was "a great arithmetician, a coun-

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Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour,[3] as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,[4]
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;[5]
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—
[*Exit* IAGO.
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,[6]
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense

ter-caster;" and now, being discarded from the military line, he purposes to *confine* or *shut himself up*, as he formerly had, within the limits of a new profession. *Henley.*

[3] —— *in* favour,] In *look*, in *countenance*. *Johnson.*
See p. 251, n. 9. *Steevens*

[4] —— *within the blank of his displeasure,*] Within the *shot* of his anger. *Johnson.*
See *Hamlet*, Act IV, sc. ii, Vol. XV. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *I have seen the cannon,*
When it hath blown &c.] In Iago's speech something is suppressed. He means to say, I have seen his ranks blown into the air, and his own brother puff'd from his side,—*and mean while have seen him cool and unruffled.* And can he now be angry? *Malone.*

[6] —— *some unhatch'd practice,*] Some treason that has not taken effect. *Johnson.*

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Of pain:[7] Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.[8]—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am[9])
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he 's indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio walk hereabout:

[7] *For let our finger ache, and it* indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain:] I believe it should be rather, Subdues *our other healthful members to a sense of pain. Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be supported by a passage in one of Desdemona's speeches to the Senate:

" My heart 's *subdued*
" *Even to* the very quality of my lord."

Again, in p. 347:

" —— and *subdue* my father
" Entirely *to* her love." *Steevens.*

To *indue* appears to have signified in Shakspeare's time, to *tincture*, to *embrue*, and is so used here. See *Hamlet*, Act IV, sc. vii, Vol. XV.

The words—*'Tis even so*, relate to what Desdemona has just conjectured. " *This is certainly the case;* some state affair has disturbed him." *Malone.*

How a member is to be *tinctured* or *embrewed to* any particular sensation, I am glad it is not my office to explain. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *the* bridal.] i. e. the nuptial feast; a Saxon word. Thus, in the ancient romance of *Ywain and Gawain:*

" The *bridal* sat, for soth to tell
" Till king Arthur come" &c.

Again, in *Gamelyn, or the Coke's Tale:*

" At every *bridale* he would sing and hop." *Steevens.*

[9] —— (*unhandsome* warrior *as I am*)] *Unhandsome warrior*, is evidently *unfair assailant. Johnson.*

See note on the same expression, Act II, sc. i. *Steevens.*

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If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* DES. *and* EMIL.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,[1]
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.[2]
Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?

[1] —— *in a more* continuate *time,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, has—a more *convenient* time. *Malone.*

A more *continuate* time is time *less interrupted,* time which I can call more my own. It gives a more distinct image than *convenient. Johnson.*

The word occurs again in *Timon of Athens,* sc. i:

" —— breath'd, as it were,
" To an untirable and *continuate* goodness."

See *Timon of Athens,* Act I, sc. i, Vol. XV.

[2] *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, " Pick out the work, and leave the ground plain;" but, " Copy this work in another handkerchief." *Johnson.*

So, in a comedy, by Middleton, called, *Women beware of Women:*

" —— she intends
" To *take out* other works in a new sampler."

Again, in the preface to P. Holland's Pliny, 1601: " Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and *take out* their patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decaied." Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia,* Book II: " — why doest thou in thy beautiful sampler set such a work for my desire to *take out?*" *Steevens.*

So, in Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii,* Vol. II, p. 578, 581, and 585: " to *take out* the arms," means, to copy them. *Tollet.*

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This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cuase:
Is it come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Woman, go to![3]
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now;
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I 'd have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?[4]
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I 'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.[5]
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Woman, go to!*] Old copies, unmetrically—
Go to, woman! Steevens.

[4] *Why, I pray you?*] This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *I must be circumstanc'd.*] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. *Warburton.*
Rather, I must give way to circumstances. *M. Mason.*
Particular circumstances and your own convenience have, I see, more weight with you than Bianca has. I must be postponed to these considerations. *Malone.*

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ACT IV..... SCENE I.

The same.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:[6]
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.[7]

[6] *Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?*
It is hypocrisy against the devil:] This observation seems strangely abrupt and unoccasioned. We must suppose that Iago had, before they appeared in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel and his nuns: To this we must suppose Othello here replies; and like a good protestant. For so the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, Shakspeare little heeds how these sentiments are circumstanced. *Warburton.*

Hypocrisy against the devil, means hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. *Johnson.*

[7] *The devil their virtue* tempts, *and they tempt heaven.*] The true key to the explanation of this passage may be found in *St. Matthew,* iv, 7. The poet's idea is, that *the devil tempts their virtues,* by stirring up their passions, and *they tempt heaven,* by placing themselves in such a situation as makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. *Henley.*

As the devil makes a trial of their virtue by often throwing temptation in their way, so they presumptuously make a trial whether the divine goodness will enable them to resist a temptation which they have voluntarily created for themselves, or abandon them to the government of their passions. *Malone.*

Shakspeare had probably in view a very popular book of his time, *The Beehive of the Roman Church:* "There was an old wife, called *Julia,* which would take the young men and maides,

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Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief, ——
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief, ——
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,[8]—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That 's not so good, now.

and lay them together in a bed. And for that they should not one byte another, nor kicke backewardes with their heeles, she did lay a crucifix between them." *Farmer.*

More probably from Fabian's *Chronicle*, Part IV, ch. 141:— "Of hym [Bishop Adhelme] it is wrytten that when he was styred by his gostly enemy to the synne of the fleshe, he to do the more tormente to hym selfe and of his body, wolde holde within his bedde by him a fayre mayden, by so longe tyme as he myght say over the hole sauter, albeit that suche holynes is no artycle of saynte Bennetis lore, nor yet for dyverse inconvenyence moost alowed by holye doctours."

Again, and yet more appositely, in Bale's *Actes of Englysh Votaryes*, 1548: "This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and at bedde, to *mocke the devyll with*," &c.—"he layed by hym *naked* the fayrest mayde he coude get" &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *As doth the raven o'er the infected house,*
Boding to all,] So, in *King John:*
"——— confusion waits,
"As doth the *raven on a sick-fallen* beast, —." *Steevens.*
—— *boding to* all —] Thus all the old copies. The moderns ungrammatically—
Boding to ill ———. *Johnson.*
The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:
"Thus like the sad presaging *raven*, that tolls
"The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
"And in the shadow of the silent night
"Does shake contagion from her sable wing." *Malone.*

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Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them,[9] cannot choose
But they must blab ——

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he 'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did, — I know not what he did.[1]

[9] *Convinced or* supplied *them,*] I cannot understand the vulgar reading. I read—convinc'd or *suppled.* My emendation makes the sense of the passage easy and intelligible: that there are some such long-tongued knaves in the world, who, if they through the *force of importunity extort* a favour from their mistress, or if through *her own fondness* they make her *pliant* to their desires, cannot help boasting of their success. To *convince,* here, is not, as in the common acceptation, to make sensible of the truth of any thing by reasons and arguments; but to *overcome, get the better of,* &c. *Theobald.*

So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— his two chamberlains
" Will I, with wine and wassel so *convince.*"

Again, in the same play:

" —— their malady *convinces*
" The great assay of art."

Dr. Farmer is of opinion that *supplied* has here the same meaning as supplicated. *Steevens.*

Theobald's emendation evidently hurts, instead of improving, the sense; for what is *suppled,* but *convinced,* i. e. subdued. *Supplied* relates to the words—" voluntary dotage," as *convinced* does to " their own importunate suit." *Having by their importunacy* conquered *the resistance of a mistress, or, in compliance with her own request, and in consequence of her unsolicited fondness,* gratified her desires. *Malone.*

Supplied is certainly the true reading, and with a sense that may be collected from the following passage in *Measure for Measure:*

" And did *supply* thee at the garden-house."

Or, rather, as may be inferred from the following sentence in Sir R. Cotton's *View of the Raigne of Henry III,* 1627: " Denials from Princes must bee *supplyed* with gracious usage, that though they cure not the sore, yet they may abate the sence of it." P. 12. *Supplied* is the old spelling of *suppled,* i. e. softened. *Steevens.*

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Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie ——
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that 's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged[2] for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion,[3] without some instruction.[4] It is not words, that shake me thus:—
Shuddering

[1] *'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.*] I believe that the line should be pointed thus:
'Faith, that he did I know not what; — he did. M. Mason.

[2] —— *To confess, and be hanged* —] This is a proverbial saying. It is used by Marlowe, in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633:
"Blame us not, but the proverb—*Confess, and be hang'd.*"
It occurs again, in *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*, 1607: And in one of the old collections of small poems there is an epigram on it. All that remains of this speech, including the words *to confess*, is wanting in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *shadowing passion,*] The modern editions have left out *passion. Johnson.*

[4] —— *without some* instruction.] The starts and broken reflections in this speech have something very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies. But the words we are upon, when set right, have a sublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *instruction* for *induction* (for so it should be read) has indeed sunk it into arrant nonsense. Othello is just going to fall into a swoon; and as is common for people in that circumstance, feels an unusual mist and darkness, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vast sublimity of thought, is compared to the season of the sun's eclipse, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the sun. This being the allusion, the reasoning stands thus: "My nature could never be thus overshadowed, and falling, as it were, into dissolution, for no cause. There must be an *induction* of something: there must be a real cause. My jealousy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, *words* only, could not shake me thus, and raise all this disorder. My jealousy therefore must be grounded on matter of fact." Shakspeare uses this word in the same sense in *King Richard III.*:
"A dire *induction* am I witness to."
Marston seems to have read it thus in some copy, and to allude to it in these words of his *Fame*:
"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous!" *Warburton.*
This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does

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To lip a wanton[7] in a secure couch,[8]
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.[9]

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.[1]
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,[2]
(A passion most unsuiting such a man)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

[7] *To* lip *a wanton* —]. This phrase occurs in *Eastward Hoe*, Act I:

" ——— *lip* her, *lip* her, knave." *Reed.*

[8] —— *in a* secure *couch*,] In a couch in which he is lulled into a false security and confidence in his wife's virtue. A Latin sense.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* " Though Page be a *secure* fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty," &c.

See also Vol. XII, p. 147, n. 1. *Malone.*

[9] *And, knowing what I am, I know what* she *shall be.*] Redundancy of metre, without improvement of sense, inclines me to consider the word *she*, in this line, as an intruder. Iago is merely stating an imaginary case as his own. *When I know what I am* (says he) *I know what the result of that conviction shall be.* To whom, indeed, could the pronoun *she*, grammatically, refer? *Steevens.*

[1] —— *list.*] *List*, or *liste*, is *barriers*, *bounds*. Keep your temper, says Iago, within the *bounds of patience.*

So, in *Hamlet:*

" The ocean over-peering of his *list*,
" Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste," &c.
Collins.

Again, in *King Henry V:* Act V, sc. ii: " — you and I cannot be confined within the weak *list* of a country fashion."

Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

" The very *list*, the very utmost bound,
" Of all our fortunes."

Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Act II, sc. i: "— you have restrained yourself within the *list* of too cold an adieu."

Chapman, in his translation of the 16th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, has thus expressed an idea similar to that in the text:

" ——— let thy heart
" Beat in fix'd *confines* of thy bosom still." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *ere while mad with your grief*,] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads:

" —— *o'erwhelmed with your grief.*" *Steevens.*

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The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,[3]
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;[4]
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,[5]
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTH. *withdraws.*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;

[3] —— *encave yourself,*] Hide yourself in a private place. *Johnson.*

[4] *That dwell in every* region *of his face;*] Congrave might have had this passage in his memory, when he made Lady Touchwood say to Maskwell—"Ten thousand meanings *lurk in each corner of that* various *face.*" *Steevens.*

—— region *of his face;*] The same uncommon expression occurs again in *King Henry VIII:*

"——— The respite shook
"The bosom of my conscience ——
"——— and made to tremble
"The *region* of my breast." *Malone.*

[5] *Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,*] I read:

Or shall I say, you 're all in all a *spleen,* ——.

I think our author uses this expression elsewhere. *Johnson.*

"A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a *spleen.*"—The old reading, however, is not inexplicable. We still say, such a one is *in* wrath, *in* the dumps, &c. The sense therefore is plain.

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"That, in a *spleen,* unfolds both heaven and earth —." *Steevens.*

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And his unbookish jealousy[6] must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith. she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?[7]
o'er me [*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer![8] I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh, that win. [*Aside.*

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me?[9] Well. [*Aside.*

[6] *And his* unbookish *jealousy —*] *Unbookish*, for ignorant. *Warburton.*

[7] *Do you triumph,* Roman? *do you* triumph?] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What* (says he) *you are now* triumphing *as great as a Roman? Johnson.*

[8] *—— a* customer!] A common woman, one that invites custom. *Johnson.*
So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*
" I think thee now some common *customer.*" *Steevens.*

[9] *Have you scored me?*] Have you made my reckoning? have you settled the term of my life? The old quarto reads—*stored* me? Have you disposed of me? have you laid me up? *Johnson.*
To *score* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a.

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Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble;[1] by this hand,[2] she falls thus about my neck; ——

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! —

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance. Spenser, in the first canto of his *Fairy Queen*, speaking of the Cross, says:

"Upon his shield the like was also *scor'd*."

Again, in Book II, c. ix:

"—— why on your shield, so goodly *scor'd*,
"Bear you the picture of that lady's head?"

But it was soon figuratively used for setting a *brand* or *mark* of disgrace on any one. "Let us *score* their backs," says Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra;* and it is employed in the same sense on the present occasion. *Steevens.*

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we find:

"—— I know not
"What *counts* harsh fortune *casts* upon my face," &c.

But in the passage before us our poet might have been thinking of the ignominious punishment of slaves. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Worse than a *slavish wipe*, or birth-hour's blot." *Malone.*

I suspect that—*wipe*, in the foregoing passage from *The Rape of Lucrece*, was a typographical depravation of—*wispe*. See Vol. X, p. 329, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[1] —— this *bauble;*] So the quarto. The folio—*the* bauble. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *by this hand,*] This is the reading of the first quarto. *Steevens.*

Instead of which, the editor of the folio, or rather the licenser of the plays, substituted—thither comes the bauble, *and* falls *me* thus, &c. *Malone.*

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Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew![3] marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I 'll take out no work on 't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she 'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CAS.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief!

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand:[4] and to see how he prizes

[3] —— *fitchew!*] A pole-cat. *Pope.*

Shakspeare has in another place mentioned the lust of this animal. He tells Iago, that she is as lewd as the *polecat*, but of better scent, the polecat being a very stinking animal. *Johnson.*

By "another place," Dr. Johnson means—*King Lear:*

"The *fitchew*, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
"With a more riotous appetite."

A *polecat* therefore was anciently one of the cant terms for a strumpet. *Steevens.*

[4] *Yours, by this hand:*] This speech is not in the original quarto, 1622. *Malone.*

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the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.[5] O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear![6]—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! —

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times: — And then, of so gentle a condition![7]—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that 's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago! —O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend;[8] for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

[5] *No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.*] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakspeare, is sure to be received, and as often counteracts his *pathos*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV, sc. viii:

" ——— throw my heart
" Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
" Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
" And finish all foul thoughts." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" ——— when he hath *sung*
" *The tiger would be tame.*" *Malone.*

[7] —— *And then, of so gentle a* condition!] i. e. of so sweet a disposition. So, in *King Henry V*: " Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth." *Malone.*

[8] *If you are so fond over her* iniquity, give her patent to offend;] So, in *King Edward III*, a tragedy, 1596:

" Why then *give sin a passport to offend.* *Malone.*

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Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That 's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.[9]

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a Packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the Packet, and reads.*

Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

[9] *With all my heart, sir.*] This does not relate to what *Lodovico* has just said, but is spoken by Othello while he salutes him. *Malone.*

I know not how the meaning of this speech can be ascertained, unless by reference to the salutation of Lodovico.

The distracted Othello, considering his own happiness at an end in this world, readily catches at the idea of future felicity suggested by the words—"'*Save* you, general!"

In his present reply, therefore, he must be supposed to welcome the pious wish expressed on his behalf.

In *Measure for Measure*, two replies of Angelo, equally equivocal, are derived from similar premises:

"*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!

"*Ang.* Amen!"

Again, at the conclusion of the same scene:

"*Isab.* 'Save your honour!

"*Ang.* From thee: even from thy virtue!"

If it be urged, that "*save* you" only means *preserve you in this* world, my sense of the passage will not be much weakened; as our protection—

"Even *here*, upon this bank and shoal of time,"

depends on the Almighty. *Steevens.*

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Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will* — [Reads.
Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them,[1] for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.
Oth. Indeed?
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. How, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,[2]

[1] —— *atone them,*] Make them *one*; reconcile them. *Johnson.*
The expression is formed by the coalescence of the words *at one*, the verb to *set*, or some equivalent being omitted. Thus, in the *Acts*: " — he showed himself to them as they strove, and would have *set* them AT ONE again." And in *The Beehive of the Romish Church*: " — through which God is *made* AT ONE with us, and hath forgiven us our sins." *Henley.*
See *Coriolanus*, Act IV, sc. vi, Vol. XIII. *Malone.*

[2] *If that the earth could teem* &c.] If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. *Johnson.*
Shakspeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear, says Othello, which falls from the false Des-

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Each drop she falls[3] would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress, ——

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again;[4] and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.[5]—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home:[6]—Get you away;

demona, would generate a crocodile, the most deceitful of all animals, and whose own tears are proverbially fallacious. "It is written," says Bullokar, "that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then he will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverbe, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to signifie such tears as are fained, and spent only with intent to deceive, or doe harme." *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616. It appears from this writer, that a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," of about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London, in our poet's time. *Malone.*

[3] *Each drop she* falls —] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *The Tempest:*

"—— when I rear my hand, do you the like,
"To *fall* it on Gonzalo." *Steevens.*

[4] *Sir, she can turn,* &c.] So, in *King Henry VI*, P. I:

"Done like a Frenchman; *turn and turn again.*" *Steevens.*

[5] —— *Proceed you in your tears.*] I cannot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Desdemona *to continue weeping*, which *proceed you in your tears*, (as the passage is at present pointed) must mean. He rather would have said:

—— *Proceed you in your tears?*—

What! will you still continue to be a hypocrite by a display of this *well-painted passion? Warner.*

I think the old punctuation the true one. *Malone.*

[6] *I am commanded* home:] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads, perhaps better:

I am commanded here—*Get you away*, &c.

The alteration, I suspect, was made, from the editor of the folio not perceiving that an abrupt sentence was intended. *Malone.*

I am commanded here, (without the least idea of an abrupt

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I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt! [*Exit* DES.
Cassio shall have my place.[7] And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies![8]
[*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?[9]

sentence) may be an indignant sentiment of Othello:—"I have an officer *here* placed over my head; I am now *under the command* of another:" i. e. of Cassio, to whom the government of Cyprus was just transferred. *Steevens.*

[7] *Cassio shall have my place.*] Perhaps this is addressed to Desdemona, who had just expressed her joy on hearing Cassio was deputed in the room of her husband. Her innocent satisfaction in the hope of returning to her native place, is construed by Othello into the pleasure she received from the advancement of his rival. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *Goats and monkies!*] In this exclamation Shakspeare has shown great art. Iago, in the first scene in which he endeavours to awaken his suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells him it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be "as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkies*."—These words we may suppose, still ring in the ears of Othello, who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatick exclamation:—Iago's words were but too true; now indeed I am convinced that they are as hot as "*goats* and *monkies*." *Malone.*

Though the words of Othello, cited by Mr. Malone, could not have escaped the deliberate reader's memory, a reference to a distant scene, but ill agrees with the infuriation of Othello's mind. His fancy, haunted by still growing images of lewdness, would scarce have expressed its feelings in recollected phraseology. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *whose solid virtue*
The shot of accident, *nor dart of* chance,
Could neither graze, *nor pierce?*] I cannot see, for my heart, the difference betwixt the shot of *accident* and dart of *chance*. The words and things they imply are purely synonymous; but that the poet intended two different things seems plain from the *discretive* adverb. Chance may afflict a man in some circumstances; but other distresses are to be accounted for from a different cause. I am persuaded our author wrote:

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Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.[1]

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

The shot of accident, *nor dart of* change, *&c.*
And, in a number of other places, our poet industriously puts these two words in opposition to each other. *Theobald.*
To *graze* is not merely to touch superficially, [as Dr. Warburton has stated] but to strike not directly, not so as to bury the body of the thing striking in the matter struck.
Theobald trifles, as is usual. *Accident* and *chance* may admit a subtle distinction; *accident* may be considered as the *act*, and *chance* as the *power* or agency of fortune; as, *It was by* chance *that this* accident *befel me.* At least, if we suppose all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation. *Johnson.*
I do not see the least ground for supposing any corruption in this passage. As *pierce* relates to *the dart of chance*, so *graze* is referred to *the shot of accident.* The expression is still used; we still say—he was *grazed* by a *bullet.*
For *graze*, Dr. Warburton arbitrarily substituted—*raze.* *Malone.*

[1] *A Room in the Castle.*] There are great difficulties in ascertaining the place of this scene. Near the close of it, Iago says to Desdemona, "Go *in*, and weep not," which would lead us to place it in the court before Othello's castle. These words may

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Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That 's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives[2]
Is foul of slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither;—go.—[*Exit* EMIL.
She says enough;—yet she 's a simple bawd,

indeed be explained to mean, "Go *into* the supper-room" (though I do not think that the meaning): but immediately afterwards Roderigo enters, and converses with Iago, which decisively ascertains the scene not to be in Othello's house: for Roderigo, who had given the first intelligence to Brabantio, of his daughter's flight, and had shortly afterwards drawn his sword on Othello and his partisans, certainly would not take the liberty of walking into his house at pleasure.

On the other hand, what Othello says early in the scene to Emilia—

"Leave procreants alone, and *shut the door;*"

and his subsequent address to her as he goes out, as decisively point out a room in Othello's castle as the place of the scene; and compel us to place the several interlocutors there, however inconsistent with Roderigo's entry, and Iago's address to Desdemona.

The truth is, that our poet and his audience, in this instance, as in many others, were content, from want of scenery, to consider the very same spot, at one and at the same time, as the outside and inside of a house. *Malone.*

[2] —— *of their wives* —] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*of her sex.* *Malone.*

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That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do 't.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy 's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [*To* EMIL.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.
[*Exit* EMIL.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.[3]

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

[3] *But not* the *words.*] This line is added out of the first edition. *Pope.*

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I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn[4]
hand

[4] —— time *of scorn* &c.] The reading of both the eldest quartos and the folio is—

—— *for* the *time* of scorn.

Mr. Rowe reads—*hand* of scorn; and succeeding editors have silently followed him.

I would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy:

—— *the* time *of scorn.*

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*—the time when we are to be judged—*the day of judgment*—the instant when we suffer calamity—*the moment of evil*; and why may we not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of scorn?* Thus, in *King Richard III*:

" Had you such leisure in *the time of death?*"—

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

" To help king Edward in his *time of storm.*"

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

" So sings the mariner upon the shore,
" When he hath past the dangerous *time of storms.*"

Again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

" I 'll poison thee; with murder curbe thy paths,
" And make thee know a *time of infamy.*"

Othello takes his idea from a clock. *To make me* (says he) *a fixed figure* (on the dial of the world) *for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at!*

By *slow unmoving* finger our poet could have meant only—*so slow that its motion was imperceptible.* Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* the Messenger, describing the gait of the demure Octavia, says—

" ———— she creeps;
" Her *motion* and her *station* are as one:"

i. e. she moved so slowly, that she appeared as if she stood still.
Steevens.

In the clocks of the last age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts, when he wrote the passage in the text. [See Vol. VIII, p. 30, n. 7.]

The *finger* of the dial was the technical phrase. So, in *Albovine King of the Lombards*, by D'Avenant, 1629:

" Even as the *slow finger of the dial*
" Doth in its *motion* circular *remove*
" To distant figures, —."

D'Avenant was a great reader of Shakspeare, and probably had read his plays, according to the fashion of the time, in the folio, without troubling himself to look into the quarto copies.

Unmoving is the reading of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads —*and moving*; and this certainly agrees with the image pre-

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To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;[5]
Where either I must live, or bear no life;[6]
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

sented and its counterpart, better than *unmoving*, which can be applied to a clock, only by licence of poetry, (*not appearing to move*) and as applied to *scorn*, has but little force: to say nothing of the superfluous epithet *slow;* for there needs no ghost to tell us, that that which is *unmoving* is *slow*. *Slow* implies some sort of motion, however little it may be, and therefore appears to me to favour the reading of the folio.

I have given the arguments on both sides, and, from respect to the opinions of others, have printed *unmoving*, though I am very doubtful whether it was the word intended by Shakspeare. The quarto, 1622, has—*fingers;* the folio—*finger*. *Malone.*

Perhaps we should read—*slowly moving finger at*. I should wish to reject the present reading, for even the word *slow* implies some degree of motion, though that motion may not be perceptible to the eye. *The time of scorn* is a strange expression, to which I cannot reconcile myself; I have no doubt but it is erroneous, and wish we had authority to read—*hand* of scorn, instead of *time*. *M. Mason.*

If a certain culprit, in one of his soliloquies (after the execution of a late sentence in the corn market) had been heard to exclaim:

" —— but, alas! to make me
" A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
" To point his slow unmoving finger at, ——
" O! O!"

he would, at once, have been understood, by *the* TIME *of scorn*, to mean the HOUR *of his exposure in the pillory;* and by *its slow unmoving* FINGER, *the* HOUR-INDEX *of the dial that fronted him.*—

Mr. Malone, in a subsequent note, hath remarked that "*his* for *its* is common in our author;" and in respect to the epithet *unmoving*, it may be observed, with Rosalind, not only that *time travels in divers places with divers persons*, but, that for the same reason, it GALLOPS *with the thief to the gallows*, it *apparently* STANDS STILL *with the perjured in the pillory*. Whatever were the precise instance of disgrace to which Othello alluded, the text in its present state, is perfectly intelligible; and, therefore, should be preserved from capricious alterations. *Henley.*

[5] —— *garner'd up my heart;*] That is, *treasured* up; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined. *Johnson.*

[6] *Where either I must live, or bear no life;*] So, in *K. Lear*:
" Whereby we do exist, or cease to be." *Steevens.*

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Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads[7]
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell![8]

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,[9]
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon?[1] What committed!

[7] —— *a* cistern, *for foul toads* &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
" A *cistern* for scal'd snakes ——." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *turn thy complexion there!* &c.] At such an object do thou, *patience,* thyself *change colour;* at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look as grim as hell.* The old editions and the new have it:

" *I* here look grim as hell."

I was written for *ay,* and not since corrected. *Johnson.*

Here in the old copies was manifestly an error of the press. See the line next but one above. Mr. Theobald made the correction. *Malone.*

[9] —— *O thou weed,*] Dr. Johnson has, on this occasion, been unjustly censured for having stifled difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore observe, that Othello's speech is printed word for word from the folio edition, though the quarto reads:

" O thou *black* weed!"

Had this epithet, *black,* been admitted, there would still have remained an incomplete verse in the speech: no additional beauty would have been introduced; but instead of it, a paltry antithesis between the words *black* and *fair.* *Steevens.*

The quarto, 1622, reads:

" O thou *black* weed, *why* art so lovely fair?
" *Thou* smell'st so sweet, that the sense aches at thee," &c.
Malone.

[1] *Was this fair paper,* &c.] Massinger has imitated this passage in *The Emperor of the East:*

" —— can you think
" This master piece of heaven, this precious vellum
" Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,
" Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom
" In capital letters writ upon 't?" *Steevens.*

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Committed![2]—O thou publick commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,[3]
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,[4]
From any other[5] foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

[2] *Committed!*] This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the first quarto. For the peculiar sense in which the word—*committed*, is here used, see *King Lear*, Act III, sc. iv, Vol. XIV. See also, Decker's *Bell-man's Night Walkes*, &c: "But what doe they? marrie, they doe that which the Constable should have done for them both in the streets; that is to say, *commit, commit!*" *Steevens.*

This word in Shakspeare's time, beside its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love.—Hence perhaps it is so often repeated by Othello.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's CHARACTERS, (*A Very Woman*) 1614: "She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that, she may go for a maid, but she has been lain with in her understanding." The word is used in the same sense in *King Lear*:

"*Commit* not with man's sworn spouse."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. I:

"—— if all *committers* stood in a rank,
"They 'd make a lane, in which your shame might dwell."
Malone.

[3] *The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind." *Malone.*

[4] *If to preserve this* vessel *for my lord,*] This expression, as well as many others, our author has borrowed from the sacred writings: "—— to possess his *vessel* in sanctification,"—1 *Thess.* iv, 4. *Malone.*

[5] —— *any* other —] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—any *hatred. Steevens.*

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Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there 's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*
Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. 'Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?[6]
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water.[7] Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The smallest opinion on my great'st abuse?[8]

[6] *Who is thy lord?*] This, and the following speech, are omitted in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *answer I have none,*
But what should go by water.] Camden has preserved an *Epitaph on Queen Elizabeth*, which concludes with a similar conceit:

" I think the barge-men might with easier thighs
" Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes:
" For how-so-ere, thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
" Sh' ad *come by water*, had she come by land." *Steevens.*

These lines are to be found in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, and probably were written by him. They are not as an epitaph. *Reed.*

[8] —— *on my great'st abuse?*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1622, which Dr Johnson thought preferable to the reading of the folio—*on my least misuse.* *Malone.*

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Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What 's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord has so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.[9]

Iago. Why did he so.

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I 'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fye, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

[9] —— *upon his* callet.] *Callet* is a lewd woman; so called (says Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. This head-dress is mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetick Lady:*

"The wearing the *callot*, the politick hood."

The word is likewise found in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, a satyre, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date:

"Yf he call her *calat*, she calleth hym knave agayne."

On the books of the Stationers' Company is the following entry: Recevyd of Alexandre Lucye for his lycence for printinge of a boke intituled the——orders of *Calletts* or drabbys." 1563.

Steevens.

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Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor 's abus'd by some most villainous knave,[1]
Some base notorious[2] knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions[3] thou 'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal[4] naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.[5]

Emil. O, fy upon him! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,[6]
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

[1] —— *some* most villainous *knave,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—some *outrageous* knave. *Malone.*

[2] —— *notorious* —] For *gross,* not in its proper meaning for *known. Johnson.*

[3] —— *such* companions —] The same term of degradation has already occured and been explained in *Julius Cæsar,* Act IV, sc. iii, Vol. XIV. In *King Henry IV.* P. II, Vol. IX, p. 65, Dol Tearsheet also says to Pistol: "I scorn you, scurvy *companion.*" *Steevens.*

Companion, in the time of Shakspeare, was used as a word of contempt, in the same sense as *fellow* is at this day.

So, in the *Widow's Tears,* by Chapman, 1612: "How now, base *companion?*"

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy,* 1605:

"And better 'tis, that *base companions* die,
"Than by their life to hazard our good haps." *Malone.*

[4] —— *the* rascal —] Thus the quarto, 1622; folio *rascals.* Emilia first wishes that *all* base fellows were detected, and then that heaven would put a whip in every honest hand to punish in a signal manner that villainous knave, particularly in her thoughts, who had abused the too credulous Moor. *Malone.*

[5] *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *the seamy side without,*] That is, *inside out. Johnson.*

This idea has already occurred. In a former scene, Iago speaks of Roderigo as of one—

"Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side outward." *Steevens.*

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What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:[7]—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;[8]
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.[9]

Des. If 'twere no other, —

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay:[1]

[7] *Here I kneel:* &c.] The first quarto omits these words and the rest of the speech. *Steevens.*

[8] *Either in* discourse of thought, *or actual deed;*] Thus the old copies. So, in *Hamlet:*

" O heaven! a beast that wants *discourse of reason,*
" Would have mourn'd longer."

The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read—discourse, *or* thought. *Malone.*

Notwithstanding the instance given in favour of the old reading, I suspect, on the authority of the following note, that Mr. Pope's correction is defensible. *Steevens.*

The three ways of committing sin mentioned in the Catholick catechisms are—in *thought, word, and deed.* C.

The same words remain in our Liturgy. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *and he does* chide with *you.*] This line is from the quarto, 1622. *Steevens.*

To *chide with* was the phraseology of the time. We have, I think, the same phrase in one of our poet's Sonnets. *Malone.*

The same phrase indeed occurs in p. 266, but perhaps with a somewhat different construction:

" And *chides with* thinking." *Steevens.*

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Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DES. *and* EMIL.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance;[2] but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

[1] *And the great messengers of Venice stay :*] Thus the quarto. The folio poorly reads:

The messengers of Venice stay the meat. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *and* acquittance;] This is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. The folio reads—and *acquaintance.*

Acquittance is requital. So, in *King Henry V:*

" And shall forget the office of our hand
" Sooner than *'quittance* of desert and merit."

See also *Hamlet* Act V, sc. ii, Vol. XV. *Malone.*

See also Vol. IX, p. 15, n. 9. *Steevens.*

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Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.[3] But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.[4]

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission[5] come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right.

[3] —— *your suspicion is not without* wit *and* judgment.] Shakspeare knew well, that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *snipe* on his sagacity and shrewdness. *Malone.*

[4] —— *take me from this world with treachery, and devise* engines *for my life* &c.] To *devise engines,* seems to mean, to contrive racks, tortures, &c. *Ritson.*

So, in *King Lear:*

" —— like an *engine,* wrench'd my frame of nature."
Steevens.

[5] —— *there is especial commission* —] Shakspeare probably wrote—*a special* —. *Malone.*

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He sups to-night with a harlot,[6] and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time,[7] and the night grows to waste:[8] about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *He sups to-night with a* harlot,] The folio reads—a *harlotry*, which may be right. Our author has the expression—"a peevish self-will'd *harlotry*," in two plays. *Ritson.*

[7] —— *It is now* high *supper-time*,] I believe we should read:

It is now nigh *supper-time*, —. *M. Mason.*

The old reading is the true one. There is no phrase more common than—"*high* time to go to bed—to get up," &c. *High* time, is *full*, *complete* time.

Thus Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*:

"*High* time now 'gan it wax for Una fair
"To think of those her captive parents ——."

Again:

"*High* time it is this war now ended were."

Clarendon is frequent in his use of this expression. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *and the night grows to* waste:] I suppose Iago means to say, that *it is near midnight*. Perhaps we ought to print—*waist*. Both the old copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623, read—*wast*, which was the old spelling of *waist*.

So, *Hamlet*:

"In the dead *wast* [*waist*] and middle of the night."

See note on that passage in *Hamlet*, Vol. XV, Act I, sc. ii.

See also, *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:

"—————— ere the day
"Be spent to the *girdle*, thou shalt be free."

The words, however, may only mean—*the night is* wasting apace. *Malone.*

The last is certainly the true explanation. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Sir, March is *wasted* fourteen days." *Steevens.*

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SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O,—Desdemona, ——

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTH. LOD. *and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All 's one:—Good father![9] how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her:[1] she had a song of—willow,

[9] —— *Good father!*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads —all 's one, good *faith*. *Malone.*

[1] —— *and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,*
And did forsake her:] I believe that *mad* only signifies *wild*, *frantick, uncertain. Johnson.*

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An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head[2] all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

A I.

Des. *The poor soul*[3] *sat sighing*[4] *by a sycamore tree,*
[Singing.] *Sing all a green willow:*[5]
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:

Mad, in the present instance, ought to mean—*inconstant.* *Ritson.*

We still call a wild giddy girl a *mad-cap:* and, in *The First Part of King Henry VI,* are mentioned:

" *Mad,* natural graces that extinguish art."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" Come on, you *mad*-cap."

Again, in *Love's Labour 's Lost:* " Do you hear, my *mad* wenches?" *Steevens.*

[2] —— *I have much* to do,
But to go hang my head —] *I have much* ado to do any thing *but hang my head.* We might read:
Not *to go hang my head.*
This is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play. The rest seem to have been added for the sake of amplification, or of ornament. When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it. *Johnson.*

From *I have much to do,* to *Nay, that 's not next,* was inserted after the first edition, as was likewise the remaining part of the song. *Steevens.*

[3] *The poor soul* &c.] This song, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads; the lines preserved here differ somewhat from the copy discovered by the ingenious collector. *Johnson.*

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The fresh streams[6] *ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;*
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Pr'ythee, hie thee; he 'll come anon.—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,[7]
Nay, that 's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?
Emil. It is the wind.
Des. *I call'd my love, false love;*[8] *but what said he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court mo women, you 'll couch with mo men.[9]

[4] —— *sat* sighing —] The folio reads—*singing*. The passage, as has been already observed, is not in the original copy printed in 1622. The reading of the text is taken from a quarto of no authority printed in 1630. *Sighing*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is also the reading in the black-letter copy of this ballad, in the Pepys Collection, which Dr. Percy followed. *Malone.*

[5] *Sing all a green willow:* &c.] In the *Gallery of Gorgious Inuentions*, &c. 4to. 1578, there is also a song to which the burden is—

"Willow, willow, willow, sing all of greene willow;
"Sing all of greene willow shall be my garland."

Sig. L. ii. *Steevens.*

[6] *The fresh streams* &c.] These lines are formed with some additions from two couplets of the original song:

"*The cold streams ran by him,* his eyes wept apace;
"O willow, &c.
"The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;
"O willow, &c.
"The mute birds sate by him, made tame *by his mones;*
"O willow, &c.
"*The salt tears fell from him, which soften'd the stones:*"
Malone.

[7] *Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,*] In the original:

"Let nobody blame me, her scorns I *do* prove,
"O willow, &c.
"She was born to be fair; I to die for her love." *Malone.*

[8] *I call'd my love, false love;*] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were properly added when it was accommodated to a woman. *Johnson.*

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So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.[1]—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo 't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring;[2] nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the

[9] —— *you 'll* couch *with mo men.*] This verb is found also in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

" —— O, if thou *couch*
" But one night with her, ——." *Malone.*

It is used likewise in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— *couching* with the lawyer's clerk." *Steevens.*

[1] *I have heard it said so.*] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *for a* joint-ring;] Anciently a common token among lovers. They are mentioned by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, 544: " With tokens, hearts divided, and *halfe rings.*"

The nature of these rings will be best explained by a passage in Dryden's *Don Sebastian:*

" —— a curious artist wrought them,
" With *joints* so close as not to be perceiv'd:
" Yet they are both each other's counterpart:
" Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
" (You know those names are theirs) and, in the midst,
" A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
" Now, if the rivets of those rings inclos'd,
" Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye:
" But if they *join*, you must for ever part." *Steevens.*

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whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage,[3] as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think,[4] it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;[5]
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having[6] in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them:[7] they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; Is 't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.[8]

[3] *To the vantage,*] i. e. to boot, over and above. *Steevens.*

[4] *But, I do think,* &c.] The remaining part of this speech is omitted in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[5] *And pour our treasures into foreign laps;*] So, in one of our author's Poems:

" Robb'd other beds' revenues of their rents." *Malone.*

[6] —— *our former having* —] Our former allowance of expence. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *have* sense *like them:*] *Sense* is used here, as in *Hamlet,* for *sensation,* or *sensual appetite.* See *Hamlet,* Act III, sc. iv, Vol. XV. *Malone.*

[8] —— *instruct us* to.] Mr. Malone, in the following note, has described and rejected a correction which I have received on

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Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage send,[9]
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V..... SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.
[*Retires to a little distance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry.[1] Now, whether he kill Cassio,

the authority of the following passage in *Pericles*. Till this instant I had supposed this passage itself to need amendment:

" Your honour and your goodness *teach* me *to* it."

Perhaps no rhyme was intended. *Steevens.*

This passage, [in *Othello*] as has been already observed, is not in the quarto, 1622. The reading of my text [*so*] is that of the folio, 1623. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the second folio, read—instruct us *to*. Our poet, for the sake of rhyme, often uses an uncommon phraseology; I have therefore adhered to the authentick copy. *Malone.*

[9] —— *Heaven me such* usage *send,*] Such *uses* is the reading of the folio, and of the subsequent editions; but the old quarto has,—such *usage* send. *Usage* is an old word for *custom*, and, I think, better than *uses*. *Johnson.*

[1] *I have rubb'd this young* quat *almost to the sense,*
And he grows angry.] This is a passage much controverted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a *gudgeon;* not that a *gudgeon* can be *rubbed* to much *sense*, but that a man

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Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain:[2] **Live Roderigo,**
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,[3]
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

grossly deceived is often called a *gudgeon.* Mr. Upton reads—*quail,* which he proves, by much learning, to be a very cholerick bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnat,* which is found in the early quarto. Theobald would introduce *knot,* a small bird of that name. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple,* which by rubbing is made to smart, or is *rubbed to sense.* Roderigo is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *scab. To rub to the sense,* is *to rub to the quick. Johnson.*

The same explanation appeared in *The British Magazine,* p. 425, in the year 1748. *Reed.*

So, in *The Devil's Law-Case,* 1623: "O young *quat!* incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook,* 1609: "— whether he be a *young quat* of the first yeeres revennew, or some austere and sullen-fac'd steward," &c.

Such another thought occurs in Ben Jonson's *Catiline:*

"—— must have their disgraces still new *rubb'd,*
"*To make them smart,*" &c.

Again, in the Preface to Robert Dallington's *Method of Travel, shewed by taking the View of France, as it stood in the Yeare of our Lord,* 1598: "— and be assured that where it *rubbeth* the French itche *till it smart,*" &c.

Again, in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Batrachomuomachia:*

"And this it is that *rubs* the *angry* sore
"Of my offence ——." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *my* gain:] The quartos read—my *game. Steevens.*

[3] —— *that I* bobb'd *from him,*] That I *fool'd* him out of. A *bob* formerly signified a mock, or jeer. Cole renders it in his *Dictionary,* 1679, by *sanna,* as he does *bobb'd* by *illusus. Malone.*

To *bob* for fish is likewise a technical term among those who delight in angling. Thus, in a well-known line describing a giant's occupation:

"He sat upon a rock, and *bobb'd* for whales." *Steevens.*

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Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou diest.
[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at* CAS.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine. [*Draws, and wounds* ROD.

Rod. O, I am slain! [IAGO *rushes from his post, cuts* CAS. *behind in the Leg,*[4] *and exit.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace:[5]—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart[6] those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

[4] —— *in the leg,*] Iago maims Cassio in the *leg*, in consequence of what he had just heard him say, from which he supposed that his body was defended by some secret armour. *Malone.*

[5] *And your fate hies apace:*] Thus the first quarto. The second quarto and the folio read—And your *unblest fate hies.* *Steevens.*

[6] *Forth of my heart* &c.] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads—*For of.* *Steevens.*

Mr. Whalley observes to me that the reading of the quarto is the true one. *Forth* signifies both *out* and *from*. So, in *Hamlet:*

" *Forth* at your eyes your spirits wildly peep."

Again, in Jonson's *Volpone:*

" *Forth* the resolved corners of his eyes."

Mr. Henley had also made the same observation, and in proof of it produced the following passages from *King Richard III:*

" I clothe my naked villainy
" With old odd ends, stol'n *forth* of holy writ."

Again:

" 'Faith, none but Humphrey Houre, that call'd your grace,
" To breakfast once, *forth of* my company." *Reed.*

For off [once proposed by Mr. Steevens] is the conjectural reading introduced by the editor of the second folio, and is one of a thousand proofs of capricious alterations made in that copy, and without any regard to the most ancient editions. The origi-

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Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit* OTH.

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?[7] murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:[8]
These may be counterfeits; let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, *with a Light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who 's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?[9]

nal reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *Mount Tabor, or the Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner*, 1639: "— whilst all this was acting, there came *forth of* another door at the farthest end of the stage, two old men," &c. *Malone.*

[7] —— *no passage?*] No passengers? nobody going by? *Johnson.*

So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Now in the stirring *passage* of the day." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *a heavy night:*] A *thick cloudy* night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid. *Johnson.*

So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Upon the *heavy* middle of the night." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *whose noise is this, that cries* on *murder?*] Thus the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623; and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy, 1605:

"Who *cries on murder?* lady, was it you?"

That line is a parody on one in *The Spanish Tragedy.*—The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, for *cries on*, substituted *cries out*, and has been followed by all the modern editors. *Malone.*

To "cry *on*" any thing, is not, I believe, a phrase more ancient than to "cry *out*" on any thing. In *King Henry IV*, P. II, these prepositions act together in one line:

"And that same word even now *cries out on* us."

Perhaps they would both also have been employed in the passage under consideration, but that the structure of our author's

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Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did you not hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.
Iago. What 's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To* LOD. *and* GRA.
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That 's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[IAGO *stabs* ROD.
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?[1]
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.*
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy; Here 's Cassio hurt
By villains.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is it, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I 'll bind it with my shirt.

verse required only one of them.—I mention these circumstances, that the enormous guilt of the second folio, and its copiers, may be in some degree extenuated. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *are you of good, or evil?*] So, in *Hamlet:*
" Art thou a spirit of health? or goblin damn'd?"
Steevens.

* *As you shall* prove *us,* praise *us.*] i. e. as you shall *find* us *value* us: The word *praise* in the sense in which it is here used, is obsolete. *Am. Ed.*

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Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is 't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter:[2] So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gntlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.[3]—
Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,[4]
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure;—O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that 's well said;—the chair:— [*A Chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[*To* BIANCA.
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

[2] *Lend me a garter:* &c.] This speech is omitted in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

[3] *To be a party in this injury.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—to *bear a part in this*. *Malone.*

[4] *Alas! my friend, and my dear* countryman,] This passage incontestably proves that Iago was meant for a *Venetian*. *Steevens.*

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Iago. [*to* BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [CAS. *and* ROD. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen:[5]—Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness[6] of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare,[7] we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.[8]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what 's the matter; what 's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:[9]—

[5] —— *good* gentlemen:] Thus the folio. The quarto reads —*gentlewoman.* *Steevens.*

That the original is the true reading, may be collected from the situation and feelings of the parties on the scene. No reason can be assigned why *Lodovico* and *Gratiano* should immediately quit the spot where they now are, before they had heard from Iago further particulars of the attack on Cassio, merely because Cassio was borne off: whereas, on the other hand, his mistress, Bianca, who has been officiously offering him assistance, would naturally endeavour to accompany him to his lodgings. *Malone.*

There seems to me to be a very good reason assignable why these two gentlemen should immediately quit the spot on Cassio's being borne off, viz. to assist him or see him properly taken care of, rather than to stay and gratify their curiosity. Respect for the person appointed Othello's successor, if not personal regard, would, I should think, naturally have dictated such a proceeding, had they not been stopped by Iago's desiring them not to go. *Reed!*

[6] —— *the* gastness —] So, the folio. The quartos read—*jestures.* *Steevens.*

[7] *Nay, if you* stare,] So, the folio. The quartos read—*stirre.* *Steevens.*

[8] —— *guiltiness will speak,*
Though tongues were out of use.] So, in *Hamlet:*
" For murder, though it have no tongne, will speak
" With most miraculous organ." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *Pr'ythee, Emilia,*

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What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fy, fy upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fy upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.[1] [*Exeunt.*

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:] In the last scene of the preceding Act Iago informs Roderigo, that Cassio was to sup with Bianca; that he would accompany Cassio to her house, and would take care to bring him away from thence between twelve and one. Cassio too had himself informed Iago, Act IV, sc. i, that he would sup with Bianca, and Iago had promised to meet him at her house. Perhaps, however, here Iago chose to appear ignorant of this fact, conscious that he had way-laid Cassio, and therefore desirous of being thought ignorant of his motions during the evening. *Malone.*

Yet, how happens it, that Bianca, instead of replying—*He supp'd* &c. did not answer, addressing herself to Iago:

Why, you well know,
He supp'd *&c.*

The former line being imperfect, some such words might have been omitted. Or perhaps, our author was unwilling that Bianca should say in the presence of Iago's wife, that he too had been of Cassio's supper-party; and hence this seeming inconsistency. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *or* fordoes *me quite.*] To *fordo*, is to undo, to ruin, to destroy. So, in *Hamlet:*

" —— did, with desperate hand,
" *Fordo* its own life."

Again, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

" If God were so pleased, I would that were *fordonne*."
Steevens.

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SCENE II.

A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA *in bed asleep. A Light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it[2] to you, you chaste stars![3]—
It is the cause.—Yet I 'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Takes off his Sword.*
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.[4]
Put out the light, and then put out the light:[5]

[2] *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—*

Let me not name it —] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning, I think, is this:—I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but *it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause. Johnson.*

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. He may, however, mean—It is the *cause* of chastity and virtue, that I maintain. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *you* chaste *stars,*] For the epithet—*chaste*, applied to the *stars*, there is perhaps no classical authority. Statius, when Achilles, disguised in a female habit, had proved his manhood on Deidamia, observes that—

" —— risit chorus omnis ab alto
" *Astrorum*, et teneræ rubuerunt cornua *Lunæ*."

Hence we may infer that an occurrence offensive to the *moon*, was anciently supposed to put the less prudish *stars* (" *Diana's waiting-women*") in good humour. *Steevens.*

[4] *Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.*] This is the second attempt of Othello to justify what he has undertaken. First he says, *It is the cause*, i. e. his own *cause;* now he is willing to suppose himself the preventer of mischief to others.
Steevens.

[5] *Put out the light, and then put out the light:*] It should be thus printed:

Put out the light, and then—put out the light!

The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light

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If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,

of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites.

Warburton.

This has been considered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* dispute about it with the *author himself* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a spirit to it which I fear was not intended. It seems to have been only a *play upon words. To put the light out* was a phrase for *to kill.* In *The Maid's Tragedy,* Melantius says:

" —— 'Tis a justice, and a noble one,
" *To put the light out* of such base offenders." *Farmer.*

This phrase is twice used in Sidney's *Arcadia,* for killing a lady, p. 460 and 470, edit. 1633.

Again, in an unpublished play called *The Second Maiden's Tragedy,* by George Chapman, licensed by Sir George Buc, October 31st, 1611: (now in the library of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who honoured me with the use of it:)

" —— O soul of cunning!
" Came that arch subtilty from thy lady's counsel,
" Or thine own sudden craft? confess to me
" How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions,
" *Or all thy light goes out.*" *Steevens.*

Put out the light, and then put out the light.] This is one of the passages to which I alluded to in a note on *As you Like it,* Vol. V, p. 148, in which, by a modern regulation, our poet's words have obtained a meaning, which in my opinion was not in his thoughts. Mr. Upton was the first person who introduced the *conceit* in this line, which has been adopted since his book appeared, by pointing it thus:

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light! &c.

I entirely agree with Dr. Farmer, that this regulation gives a spirit to this passage that was not intended. The poet, I think, meant merely to say,—" I will now put out the lighted taper which I hold, and then put out the light *of life;*" and this introduces his subsequent reflection and comparison, just as aptly, as supposing the latter words of the line to be used in the same sense as in the beginning of it, which cannot be done without destroying that equivoque and play of words of which Shakspeare was so fond.

There are few images which occur more frequently in his works than this. Thus, in *King Henry VI,* P III, the dying Clifford says:

" Here *burns* my *candle out,* ay, here it dies."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" Out, out, brief candle!"

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Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,[6]
Thou cunnign'st pattern of excelling nature,[7]
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume.[8] When I have pluck'd thy rose,[9]
I cannot give it vital growth again,

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

" This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
" Then out it goes."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

" Fair torch, burn *out thy light*, and lend it not
" To *darken* her, whose *light* excelleth thine!"

Let the words—*put out her light*, stand for a moment in the place of *darken her*, and then the sentence will run—*Burn out thy light, fair torch, and lend it not to put out her light, whose light is more excellent than thine.* In the very same strain, says Othello, " *let me first extinguish the light I now hold, and then put out the light* of life. But how different in effect and importance are these two acts! The extinguished taper can be lighted again, but the light of life, when once extinguished, can never, alas, be relumined!

The question is not, which regulation renders the passage most elegant and spirited, but what was the poet's idea.—I believe, however, that Shakspeare wrote—and then put out *thy* light; and the reading of the original quarto in a subsequent line, " — but once put out *thine*," seems to me to countenance this emendation.

In *The Merchant of Venice* the word *light* is used with equal ambiguity:

" Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*." *Malone.*

[6] —— *put out* thine,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—put out *thy light*. I have chosen the former reading for the sake of measure, and to escape a useless repetition of the word—*light*. *Steevens.*

[7] *Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,*] So, in *Palmerin D'Olivia* 1588, p. 1: " — those that beheld her, esteemed her for the chiefest piece of workmanshipp that ever nature framed." *Reed.*

[8] *That can thy light* relume —] Thus the folio. The first quarto—*return:* the second quarto—*relumine.* *Steevens.*

Our poet has *illume* for *illuminate*, in *Hamlet:*

" Had made his course, to *illume* that part of heaven,
" Where now it burns." *Malone.*

[9] —— thy *rose*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,—*the* rose Again, the quarto reads:

" —— I 'll smell *it* on the tree."

The folio:

" I 'll smell *thee* on the tree." *Steevens.*

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It needs must wither:—I 'll smell it on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow 's heavenly;[1]
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who 's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul.[2]

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

[1] —— *This sorrow 's heavenly;*] This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion.

I wish these two lines could be honestly ejected. It is the fate of Shakspeare to counteract his own pathos. *Johnson.*

Perhaps the poet would not have retained both these images, had he published the play himself, though in the hurry of composition he threw them both upon paper. The first seems adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile, the second from a passage in the scripture. *Steevens.*

" Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." *M. Mason.*

[2] —— *I would not kill thy soul.*] So, in the First Part of the *Straunge and Wonderful Adventures of Don Simonides*, &c. bl. l. 4to. 1581: " — for that her Master would putte her Mistris to shrifte, before he destroyed her bodie, yet *to the savegarde of her soule.*"

Sir W. D'Avenant has also borrowed this thought in his *Albovine King of Lombardy*, 1629:

" I am not fraught with devil's spleen; I would
" Not hurt *thy soul.*"

Othello appears to have been a favourite of his author; for he has bestowed on him that piety which he had refused to *Hamlet* See *Hamlet*, Act III, sc. iii, Vol. XV. *Steevens.*

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Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humph!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.[3]
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death 's unnatural, that kills for loving.[4]—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so: What 's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou 'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:

[3] *Since* guiltiness *I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.*] Read:
Since guilt *I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear,*
Guiltiness has been already misprinted for *guilt.* [See p. 397, line 7.] It is impossible that Shakspeare should lengthen a word merely to spoil his metre. *Ritson.*

The chivalry of criticism does not, in my opinion, require us to defend the old copies (those grannams of the stage, *balba de nare locutæ*) when they so grossly offend against the laws of metre. In the earlier part of this work I have got rid of some of their deformities, but in this and a few of the latter plays I have been content with exposing them, being certain that their notoriety will hereafter prove the means of securing a privilege which, respecting the present editors, may be litigated. *Steevens.*

[4] *That death 's unnatural, that kills for loving.*] This thought is likewise found in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice,* a poem, by H. L. 16mo. 1597:

" Unnatural, which kill where you should kisse."

Again, in our poet's *King Richard III:*

" It is a quarrel most unnatural,
" To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee." *Malone.*

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Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:[5]
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.[6]
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He 'll not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.[7]

[5] *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:*] This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me* kill thee with the rage of a *murderer* when *I thought to have sacrificed thee* to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.

It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads,—*thou dost stone* thy *heart;* which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be,—*thou forcest me* to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the *murdered* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy punishment should have been *a sacrifice* atoning for thy crime.

I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. *Johnson.*

Thy heart, is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. *Malone.*

[6] *That he hath*—us'd thee.] The quarto, 1622, exhibits this line thus:

That he hath—uds death. *Malone.*

[7] —— *hath* ta'en order *for 't.*] i. e. has *taken measures.* So, in Holinshed's *Reign of King John:* "— he *took* such *order* for him, that he was despoiled of all his goods and benefices." p. 174. *Steevens.*

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Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives,[8] my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive, ——
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.[9]
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late.[1] [*He smothers her.*

Again, in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

"I will *take order* for that presently." *Malone.*

[8] *Had all his hairs been lives,*] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatick performances prior to Shakspeare's *Othello*. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

"Know, Cæsar, had I now as many lives
"As there are stones, or *hairs* upon my head,
"I would," &c.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

"—————— but if all
"*My hairs were lives*, I would not be engaged
"In such a cause."

Again, in *Hieronymo*:

"Had I as many lives as there be stars —." *Steevens.*

King and no King, as appears by Sir Henry Herbert's papers, was produced in 1611. *Malone.*

[9] *Being done,*
There is no pause.] The first quarto omits this speech. *Steevens.*

[1] *It is too late.*] After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the sacred name thrice repeated. As this must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies. *Steevens.*

This alteration was probably made in consequence of the statute of the 3d of James I, c. 21, which lays a penalty for the profane use of the name of God, &c. in stage-plays, interludes, May-games, &c. *Tollet.*

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Emil. [*within*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.

Emil. [*within*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who 's there?

Emil. [*within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She 's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were 't good?
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What 's the best?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:[2]
O, insupportable! O heavy hour![3]
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What 's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the Door.*

The statute was necessary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (those of Chapman in particular) abound with the most wanton and shocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in such an irreverend manner on the stage. *Steevens.*

The alteration was undoubtedly made by the Master of the Revels. *Malone.*

[2] *My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:*] "Filium unicum adolescentulum habeo: ah! quid dixi habere me? imo habui, Chreme." *Ter. Heautont. Steevens.*

[3] *O* heavy *hour!*] In the first scene of this Act we have "——a *heavy* night." This epithet likewise occurs in a sense somewhat unusual in *Letters from the Paston Family*, Vol. II, p. 193: "— it is demyd yt my Lady wolde herafter be the rather myn *hevy* Lady for yt delyng —." *Steevens.*

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Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder 's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;
And makes men mad.[4]

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd![5]

[4] *It is the very error of the moon;*
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;
And makes men mad.] So, in *The Play of the Wether*, by John Heywood, 4to. bl. l:

" On my fayth I thynke the moone be at the full,
" For frantyke fansyes be then moste plentefull."

Steevens.

[5] *O, falsely, falsely murder'd!*] It cannot be supposed that a person who had been effectually *strangled* or *smothered*, could speak again; for if the power of breathing returned after the instrument of suffocation was removed, no act of violence had in reality taken place by which the conclusion of life could be brought on. But such is the peculiar fate of Desdemona, that she is supposed to be smothered, revives to acquaint us that *she smothered herself*, and then dies without any ostensible cause of death. I am of opinion that some theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello says—

" —— Not dead? not yet quite dead?
" I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
" I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—
" *So, so.*"

He then stabs her, repeating the two last words, as he repeats the blow. Thus, Virgil:

" —— *sic, sic* juvat ire sub umbras."

After the repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again, with propriety, and yet very soon expire; as says Cassio of Roderigo:

" —— even but now he spake,
" After long seeming dead."

The first resolution of Othello was to poison her, but from this measure he is dissuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to use the poniard; but, his tenderness awaking, he

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Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewel:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewel. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;[6]
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.[7]

cannot bear to deform those beauties which he had so often approached with other sensations, and for different purposes. Therefore, says he,

"——I'll not shed her blood,
"Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
"And smooth as monumental alabaster."

And this resolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averse to employing those means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect.

If this apparent want of a play-house direction had occasioned any absurdity in the original representation of the play, probably it is glanced at by Ben Jonson in *The Alchemist*, Act V: "Didst hear a cry, said'st thou? Yes, sir, like unto a man that had been *strangled* an hour, and could not speak." *Steevens.*

The Alchemist was first represented in the year 1610, and this passage is found in the original copy printed in that year. *Malone*

[6] *She 's, like a liar, gone to* burning hell;] Here is nothing faulty in this passage, but it may be read—

She 's, like a liar, gone to burn in hell.

The vulgar denunciation of future vengeance is,—I think, *you 'll burn in hell* for this. *Whalley.*

So, in *King Richard II:*

"That hand shall *burn in* never-quenching fire, —."
Steevens.

[7] *She turn'd to* folly, *and she was a whore.*] *Folly*, signifies here, as in the sacred writings, *depravity of mind.* So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

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Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.[8]
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity;[9] Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio.
Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;[1]
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance,[2] woman? I say, thy husband.
Emil.[3] O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love![4]—

"Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture *folly*." *Malone.*
So, in *Deuteronomy*, xxii, 21: "— she hath wrought *folly* in Israel, to play the *whore*" &c. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *false as water.*] As water that will support no weight, nor keep any impression. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *this* extremity;] Perhaps our author wrote—to this *extreme*. The measure demands a shorter word than the former. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"'Twixt my *extremes* and me this bloody knife
"Shall play the umpire." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *that told me first;*] The folio reads—that told me *on her* first. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *iterance,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*iteration*. *Steevens.*

[3] *Emil.*] The first quarto omits this and the following speech. *Steevens.*

[4] —— villainy *hath made mocks with love!*] *Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of a violent passion. *Johnson.*

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My husband say, that she was false?
Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband; Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt.[5] O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter!—How now, general?
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain;

I have sometimes thought that these words might mean that, "villainy hath play'd on its object under a pretence of kindness." So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— the surfeited grooms
" Do *mock* their charge *with snores*."

But in this I have very little confidence. *Malone.*

[5] *Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,*
As I have to be hurt.] She means to say,—*I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict.* *Johnson.*

This sentiment is more expanded in *King Henry VIII*:

" —— I am able now, methinks,
" (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
" To endure more miseries and greater far,
" Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Again, in *King Henry VI*, Part II:

" More can I bear than you dare execute."

Of this last line there is no trace in the old play on which Shakspeare formed *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* *Malone.*

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Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue.[6]
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;
My mistress[7] here lies murder'd in her bed.
All. O heavens forefend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't;—O villainy!
I thought so then;[8]—I 'll kill myself for grief.—

[6] —— *charm your tongue.*] By this expression, *Charm your tongue*, the poet meant no more than to make Iago say,—"Apply some power, strong as *charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing less can stop its volubility." So, in *King Henry VI*, Part III:

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue.*"

Again, Ben Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels:*

"—— *charm* your skipping tongue."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. V, c. ix:

"That well could *charm his tongue*, and time his speech."

Again, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:

"The surest way to *charm* a woman's tongue,
"Is—break her neck:—a politician did it."

The same phrase is also employed by Chapman in his version of the fifth *Iliad:*

"Downe from the chariot he fell, his gay arms shin'd and rung,
"The swift horse trembled, and his soule for ever *charm'd his tongue.*

Pliny informs us, that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase, to *charm* a tongue, might have originated. *Steevens.*

[7] *My mistress* &c.] This line, and the following six speeches, are wanting in the first quarto. *Steevens.*

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O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! O! [*Hanging over his Wife.*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father 's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.[9]

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed;[1] Cassio confess'd it:

[8] *I thought so* then;] i. e. at the instant when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago: for even *then* Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose, and therefore asks her husband—

"What will you do with it?" &c.

See p. 326. *Steevens.*

[9] *Yea, curse* his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.] So, in our author's 144th Sonnet:

"———— my female evil
"Tempteth *my better angel from my side.*" *Malone.*

——*reprobation.*] Both the first and second folio read—*reprobance. Steevens.*

[1] *A thousand times committed;*] This is another passage which seems to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include. *Johnson.*

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; ——.

And again:

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.

I am not convinced from these passages only, that a longer space is comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include.

What Othello mentions in the first instance, might have passed still more often, before they were married, when Cassio

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And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;

went between them; for she, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in respect of Othello, might have done so in respect of Cassio, when there was time enough for the occurrence supposed to have happened. A jealous person will aggravate all he thinks, or speaks of; and might use a *thousand* for a much less number, only to give weight to his censure: nor would it have answered any purpose to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline*:

" —— spare your arithmetick;
" Once, and a million."

The latter is a proverbial expression, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Emilia's reply perhaps was dictated by her own private experience; and seems to mean only, " that it is too soon to judge of a husband's disposition; or that Desdemona must not be surprised at the discovery of Othello's jealousy, for it is not even a year or two that will display all the failings of a man."

Mr. Tollet, however, on this occasion has produced several instances in support of Dr. Johnson's opinion; and as I am unable to explain them in favour of my own supposition, I shall lay them before the public.

Act III, sc. iii, Othello says:

" What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
" I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
" *I slept the next night well*, was free and merry:
" I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

" On Othello's wedding night he and Cassio embarked from Venice, where Desdemona was left under the care of Iago. They all meet at Cyprus; and since their arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. Iago had not then infused any jealousy into Othello's mind, nor did he suspect any former intimacy between Cassio and Desdemona, but only thought it ' apt and of great credit that she loved him.' What night then was there to intervene between *Cassio's* kisses and *Othello's* sleeping the next night well? Iago has said, ' I lay with *Cassio* lately,' which he could not have done, unless they had been longer at Cyprus than is represented in the play; nor could Cassio have kept away, for the space of a whole week, from Bianca." *Steevens.*

In confirmation of Johnson's observation, that this and several other passages tend to prove that a larger space of time is comprized in the action of this play than the scenes include, we may cite that in which Emilia says, " That her husband had a hundred times woo'd her to steal Desdemona's handkerchief."

M. Mason.

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It was a handkerchief,[2] an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the air;[3] wind

[2] *It was a handkerchief,* &c.] Othello tells his wife, Act III, sc. iv:

" —— that handkerchief
" Did an Egyptian to my mother give."

And here he says:

It was a handkerchief ——
My father gave my mother.

This last passage has been censured as an oversight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.

This circumstance of the handkerchief is perhaps ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster:* " — you shall see me do *the Moor;* master, lend me your *scarf.*" *Steevens.*

I question whether *Othello* was written early enough to be ridiculed by *The Poetaster.* There were many other *Moors* on the stage.

It is certain at least, that the passage:

" Our new heraldry is *hands,* not *hearts,*"

could not be inserted before the middle of the year, 1611. *Farmer.*

If the allusion in *The Poetaster* (which was printed in 1601) were to *Othello,* it would fix its date much earlier than I conceive it to have been written.—But the allusion in the passage quoted, is not to *Othello,* but to an old play called *The Battle of Alcazar,* 1594.—In *The Poetaster,* Pyrgus, who says, " you shall see me do the *Moor,*" proceeds in the same scene, and repeats an absurd speech of the *Moor's,* in *The Battle of Alcazar,* beginning with this line:

" Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?"

which ascertains the allusion to be to that play. *Malone.*

[3] *No, I will speak as* liberal *as the* air;] The folio reads:

I 'll be in speaking liberal as the north.

Liberal is free, under no control. So, in *Hamlet:*

" Which *liberal* shepherds give a grosser name."

This quality of the North wind is also mentioned in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona,* 1612:

" And let th' *irregular* North wind sweep her up."

Again, in *Jeronymo,* i. e. the first part of *The Spanish Tragedy,* 1605:

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Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not. [IAGO *offers to stab his Wife.*
Gra. Fy!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest.
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife? [IAGO *stabs* EMIL. *then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?[4]—Precious villain!

"Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the sea." *Steevens.*
No, I will speak as liberal as the air;] The quarto, 1622, reads:
I 'll be in speaking liberal as the air.
The text is formed out of the two copies. *Malone.*

[4] *Are there no stones in heaven,*
But what serve for the thunder?] Othello does not demand a thunderbolt for Iago. He only asks, if there are no lesser degrees of chastisement more proportioned to the guilt of mortals ready to drop down on such villains as Iago, though Omnipotence withholds its thunder, as too noble an instrument for the punishment of crimes like his?

The same thought occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609:

"Is there no thunder left? or is 't kept up
"In stock, for heavier vengeance?"

Shakspeare might, however, mean, does heaven reserve its thunder only to make a noise? has it no implements of mischief to punish as well as terrify?

"—— quum fulmina torques,
"Necquicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes
"Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miscent?"
Steevens.

Steevens's last explanation of this passage appears to be just, his first was unnatural. We cannot suppose that Othello in the paroxysm of resentment, agitation, and despair, should think

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Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I 'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt* MON. *and* GRA.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick;[5]—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

any crimes more heinous than that of Iago.—It is difficult indeed to conceive a crime that demanded a heavier vengeance. *M. Mason.*

The meaning, I think, is,—Has not Heaven one supernumerary bolt, to hurl directly at the head of this atrocious villain? Must all the stores of its arsenal be reserved for common and ordinary thunder, which, though sometimes destructive, is in the usual course of nature not specifically pointed at a particular object?

" ——— Magne regnator deûm,
" Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
" Ecquando sævâ fulmen emittes manu,
" Si nunc serenum est?——
" Cur dextra, divûm rector atque hominum, vacat
" Tua, nec trisulcâ mundus ardescit face?
" In *hunc tones, hunc figas?*" *Malone.*

[5] —— *I will play the swan,*
And die in musick; &c.] This, and the two former lines of the speech, are wanting in the first quarto.

The same thought has already occurred in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— he makes a swan-like end,
" Fading in musick," ——.

Again, in *King John:*

" —— This pale faint swan,
" Who chants a woful hymn to his own death." *Steevens.*

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It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;[6]—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

[6] —— *the* ice-brook's *temper;*] In the first edition it is—*Ise-brooke's temper.* Thence corrupted to *Ice-brook's. Ebro's temper:* the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world, the Catalonian fusees. *Pope.*

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red-hot into very cold water. *Johnson.*

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following passage in Martial. It was undoubtedly the *brook* or *rivulet* called *Salo* (now Xalon) near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the *icy* quality of the waters, they were indebted for their stubborn temper:

" Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo
" Et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,
" Quam *fluctu tenui* sed inquieto
" *Armorum Salo temperator* ambit."

Again:

" Quibus remissum corpus astringes brevi
" *Salone* qui ferrum *gelat.*"

Again:

" Pugio, quem curvis signat brevis orbita venis,
" Stridentem *gelidis* hunc *Salo* tinxit aquis."

Again, in *Justin,* l. 44: " Præcipua his quidem ferri materia sed aqua ipsa ferro violentior; quippe temperamento ejus ferrum acrius redditur; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in *Bilbili* fluvio aut Chalybe tingatur. Unde etiam Chalybes fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præstare dicuntur." These parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms. *Steevens.*

I incline to read:

It is a sword of Spain, 'tis ebroes *temper.*

If we suppose that the words ['tis ebroes] were huddled together either in transcribing or composing, thus, ['tisebroes] the compositor in running it over with his eye, might (to make it sense as he thought) add a couple of letters and divide the words thus [*th*'isebro*k*es] which is nearly as it stands in the old quarto.

I doubt whether *ice-brooks* are usual in the climate of Spain. *Blackstone.*

—— *the* ice-brook's *temper;*] The quarto, 1622, has—*Ise brookes,* which is only the old spelling of *Ice-brooke's,* the reading of the folio. Sir William Blackstone doubts whether *ice-brooks,* are usual in the climate of Spain. How that fact may be, I know not; and I am confident Shakspeare did not inquire.

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Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh:[7] I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:[8]—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;[9]
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench![1]

[7] *A better never did itself sustain*
Upon a soldier's thigh:] So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1634:
" ——— On his thigh a sword
" Hung by a curious baldricke, when he frowns,
" To seal his will by; *better, on my conscience,*
" *Never was soldier's friend.*" *Malone.*

[8] *I have made my way through more impediments*
Than twenty times your stop.] So, in *Coriolanus*, sc. i:
" —— cracking ten thousand curbs
" Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
" Appear in your impediment." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *though you do see me* weapon'd;] This uncommon participle is used by Sidney in his *Arcadia*. *Malone.*

[1] —— *O ill-starr'd* wench!] This and the six preceding lines, are omitted in the first quarto. *Wench* originally signified only a young woman. *Cassandra*, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, says of herself:
" O wretched *wench*, where may I first complayne?"
Again:
" Therefore, sweet *wenche*, helpe me to rue my woe."
The word is used without any dishonourable meaning in the Bible: " Now Jonathan and Ahimaaz stayed by En-rogel; (for they might not be seen to come into the city:) and a *wench* went and told them; and they went and told king David." 2 *Sam.* xvii. 17.

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Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a Chair, and* Officers, *with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That 's he, that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet;[2]—but that 's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[OTH. *wounds* IAGO.
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither; I 'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.[3]
Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice[4] of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.

And again, by Gawin Douglas, in his version of the *Æneid*:
" —— audetque viris concurrere *virgo*."
" This *wensche* stoutlye rencounter durst with men."
Steevens.

[2] —— *towards his feet;*] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. *Johnson.*

[3] *For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.*] The same thought has already occurred in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —— 'Tis well thou 'rt gone,—
" If it be well to live." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *In the practice* —] In the *snare*, by the *stratagem.* *Johnson.*

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Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.[5]
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross![6]
Lod. Now here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim[7]
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O pernicious the caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,[8]

[5] *Dear general, I never gave you cause.*] Our poet probably without knowing it, has used the words of *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Hieronymo, *I never gave thee cause?*"

This phrase, a very familiar one, is also employed in p. 353, l. 11:

"Alas, the day! *I never gave him cause.*" *Malone.*

[6] Oth. *O villain!*
Cas. *Most heathenish, and most gross!*] Read, for the sake of both sense and metre:
Oth. O villainy!
Cas. *Most heathenish, and most gross. Ritson.*

[7] —— *in the interim* —] The first copy has—in the *nick*. It was, I suppose, thought upon revisal, that *nick* was too familar. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *confess'd, but even now,*] The quarto, 1622, reads—

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That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away. *Them*
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am;[9] nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Júdean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe;[1] of one, whose subdu'd eyes,

confess'd *it even* now. The folio—confess'd *it, but* even now. The word *it* was manifestly caught by the compositor's eye glancing on the subsequent line. *Malone.*

[9] *Speak of me as I am;*] The first quarto reads,—*Speak of them as they are.* The present reading, which is the reading of the folio, has more force. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *of one, whose hand,*
Like the base Júdean, *threw a pearl away,*
Richer than all his tribe;] I have restored *Judian,* from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occasioned probably by the word *tribe* just after: I have many reasons to oppose this opinion. In the first place, the most ignora t Indian, I believe, is so far the reverse of the *dunghill-cock* in the fable, as to know the estimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the thought itself would not be just. Then, if our author had de-

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Albeit unused to the melting mood,[2]

signed to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago observed, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*; and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to the reading *Judian*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to: which is much less obvious: but has Shakspeare never done this, but in this single instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the story so little obvious as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the Lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called MARIAM, *the Fair Queen of* JEWRY. I shall only add, that our author might write *Judian* or *Judean*, (if that should be alledged as any objection) instead of *Judæan*, with the same licence and change of accent, as, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second syllable of Euphrates in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewise taken by Spenser, of whom our author was a studious imitator. *Theobald.*

Like the base Júdean.] Thus the folio. The first quarto, 1622, reads—*Indian*. Mr. Theobald therefore is not accurate in the preceding note, in his account of the old copies. *Malone.*

The elder quarto reads *Judian*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet*, where an ill player is described—

"—— to out-herod Herod."

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Cressida*, a lover says of his mistress—

"There she lies a PEARL."—

And again:

"Why she is a *pearl*, whose price" &c. *Warburton.*

I cannot join with the learned criticks in conceiving this passage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of India, in respect of *pearls*, or the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jepthah and his daughter.

Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another person who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with some circumstances of the *meanest villainy*, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *base* in the former and most common sense, whose

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Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuse with it; and the crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the *furiis agitatus amor*, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it; as there was *spirit* at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an instance in Virgil, Book XI, where, after Camilla and her attendants have been described as absolute Amazons—

" At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon,
" Unum exerta latus pugnæ pharetata Camilla.—
" Et circum lectæ comites," &c.

we find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themselves, to Hippolita or Penthesilea, surrounded by their companions:

" Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis
" Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
" Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cum se martia curru
" Penthesilea refert."

What is this but bringing a fact into comparison with itself? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-supposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remembered. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare, the following tale; though, at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name:

" A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the 'change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shown at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificoes, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applica-

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Their medicinal gum:[3] Set you down this:

tions to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly into the sea before them all."

Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scattered remains of that vindictive nation.

Shakspeare's seeming aversion to the Jews in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen my supposition; and as that nation, in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falstaff is justifying himself in *King Henry IV*, he adds, "If what I have said be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew Jew," i. e. one of the most suspected characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of *Macbeth*; and the vigilance for gain, which is described in Shylock, may afford us reason to suppose the poet was alluding to a story like that already quoted.

Richer than all his tribe, seems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light; and may mean, that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a set of men generally trading in them.* Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the course of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the similes of the Euxine sea flowing into the Propotick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The rest of his speeches are more free from mythological and historical allusions, than almost any to be found in Shakspeare, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the design of this character he seems to have meant it for one who had spent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of use to him in his military capacity. It should be observed, that most of the flourishes merely ornamental were added after the first edition; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations sometimes forgot his original plan.

The metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman, may, for aught I know, be very common: but in the instances Dr. Warburton has brought to prove it so, there are found circumstances that immediately show a woman to have been meant. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"HER BED IS INDIA, there SHE lies a *pearl.*
"Why SHE is a *pearl* whose price hath launch'd" &c.

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And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,

In Othello's speech we find no such leading expression; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

Either we are partial to discoveries which we make for ourselves, or the spirit of controversy is contagious; for it usually happens that each possessor of an ancient copy of our author, is led to assert the superiority of all such readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the last edition. On this account, our present republication (and more especially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of these diversities than were ever before obtruded on the publick. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feast of *thats* and *whiches;* and thenceforward it may be prophecied, that all will unite in a wish that the selection had been made by an editor, rather than submitted to their own labour and sagacity.

To this note should be subjoined (as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring a conviction with them) that the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction. When mistakes have such effects, who would regret having been mistaken, or be sorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation sometimes has to the right, though he has not been so lucky as to produce at once authorities which could not be questioned, or decisions to which nothing could be added? *Steevens.*

I abide by the old text, "the base *Judian.*" Shakspeare seems to allude to *Herod* in the play of *Mariamne:*

" I had but one inestimable *jewel* ——
" Yet I in suddaine choler cast it downe,
" And dasht it all to pieces." *Farmer.*

The words quoted by Dr. Warburton from *Hamlet* do not prove what they are adduced for. The *Herod* there alluded to, was a character in one of the ancient *Mysteries.* [See *Candlemas-Day, or the Killing of the Children of Israel,* a Mystery, in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama,* Vol. I.]

I once thought that the accent here given to *Júdean* was a strong objection to this reading: and that the word must have been *Judéan* or *Judæan,* (as a derivative from *Judæa*) which would not suit the metre. But the objection was founded on a mistake; for derivative words of this kind were thus accented in Shakspeare's time. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* we have in the old copies, " an *Epicurian* rascal," which ascertains the pronunciation of that word to have been different formerly from what it is now. The word is thus spelt by North also, in his translation of Plutarch. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Keep his brains fuming, Epicurean cooks."

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"Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk[4]
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that 's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this
[*Falling upon* DES.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.[5] [*Dies.*

So, in *Hamlet*, we have the *Nemean* lion (which is written in the old copy *Nemian*).

Those who would adopt the original reading, *Indian*, may urge in its support that the pearl naturally brings a people of the East to Shakspeare's mind; the connexion in his time being considered so strong, that a contemporary author has distinguished the inhabitants of *India* by an epithet founded on the circumstance of their abounding in pearls:

" —— where the bright sun with his neighbour beams
" Doth early light the *pearled Indians*."

Cornelia, a tragedy, by T. Kyd, 1594.

On the other hand, the word *tribe* is strongly in favour of the reading of the text, and I have now no doubt that it is the true one.

Webster, in his *Appius and Virginia*, appears to have had this passage in his thoughts:

" —— Had your lordship yesterday
" Proceeded as 'twas fit, to a just sentence,
" The apparel and the *jewels* that she wore,
" *More worth than all her tribe*, had then been due
" Unto our client." *Malone.*

[2] —— *whose subdu'd eyes,*
Albeit unused to the melting mood,] So, in our poet's 30th Sonnet:

" Then can I drown *an eye unus'd to flow*." *Malone.*

[3] *Their* medicinal *gum:*] Thus the quarto, 1622. This word is also used by our author in *The Winter's Tale;* and occurs in the works of two of our greatest poets—Milton and Dryden. *Steevens.*

I have preferred the reading of the folio [medicinable] because the word occurs again in *Much Ado about Nothing:* " — any impediment will be *medicinable* to me." i. e. salutary. *Malone.*

[4] *Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk* —] I am told that it is immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boasting of his own audacity. *Steevens.*

[5] *Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.*] So, in the Second Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

" Yet let me kiss my lord before I dye,
" And let me dye with kissing of my lord." *Steevens.*

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Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O Spartan dog,[6]
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed; [*To* IAGO.
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;[7]

[6] *O Spartan dog,*] The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind. *Hanmer.*

They are again mentioned in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

" When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
" With *hounds of Sparta.*" *Henley.*

The Spartan dogs in our poet's contemplation, were *blood-hounds.* See Vol. I, p. 344. *Malone.*

[7] —— *To you, lord governor,*
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;] Rymer, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor strength of judgment to make a critick, as appears from his *Edgar*, and his *Remarks on Shakspeare*, had yet just enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticism on the *Poets of the last Age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, transcribed from the French commentators on *Aristotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and insolence. Almost the only remark on Shakspeare, which, I think, deserves an answer, is upon Iago's character, which he thus censures: *To entertain the audience* (says he) *with something new and surprising, against common sense and nature, he would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false, ungrateful rascal, instead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing soldier, a character constantly worn by them for some thousand of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of sense, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Aristotle*, that each character should have manners convenient to the age, sex, and condition.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores, *&c.*

says Horace. But how has our critick applied it? According to this rule it is confessed, that a soldier should be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatick character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only soldier in this play been Iago, the rule had been transgressed, and Rymer's censure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* must have given the character of the soldiery, which had been unjust and unnatural. But if a *number* of the same order be represented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this according to nature and com-

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The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*[8]

mon sense. Now in this play there are many of the order of the soldiery; and all, excepting Iago, represented as open, generous, and brave. From *these* the soldier's character is to be taken; and not from Iago, who is brought as an exception to it: unless it be unnatural to suppose there could be an exception; or that a villain ever insinuated himself into that corps. And thus Shakspeare stands clear of this impertinent criticism.

Warburton.

—— *the* censure —] i. e. the sentence. See Vol. II, p. 151, n. 2. *Steevens.*

See also Vol. VI, p. 197, n. 2. *Malone.*

[8] The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is in vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to enflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme.*

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but

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what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity. *Johnson.*

To Dr. Johnson's admirable and nicely discriminative character of *Othello*, it may seem unnecessary to make any addition; yet I cannot forbear to conclude our commentaries on this transcendant poet with the fine eulogy which the judicious and learned Lowth has pronounced on him, with a particular reference to this tragedy, perhaps *the most perfect* of all his works:

"In his viris [tragediæ Græcæ scilicet scriptoribus] accessio quædam Philosophiæ erat Poetica facultas: neque sane quisquam adhuc Posin ad fastigium suum ac culmen evexit, nisi qui prius in intima Philosophia artis suæ fundamenta jecerit.

"Quod si quis objiciat, nonnullos in hoc ipso poeseos genere excelluisse, qui nunquam habiti sunt Philosophi, ac ne literis quidem præter cæteros imbuti; sciat is, me rem ipsam quærere, non de vulgari opinione, aut de verbo laborare: *qui autem tantum ingenio consecutus est, ut naturas hominum, vimque omnem humanitatis, causasque eas, quibus aut incitatur mentis impetus aut retunditur, penitus perspectas habeat, ejusque omnes motus oratione non modo explicet, sed effingat, planeque oculis subjiciat; sed excitet, regat, commoveat, moderetur; eum, etsi disciplinarum instrumento minus adjutum, eximie tamen esse Philosophum arbitrari.* Quo in genere affectum Zelotypiæ, ejusque causas, adjuncta, progressiones, effectus, in una SHAKSPEARI nostri fabula, copiosius, subtilius, accuratius etiam veriusque pertractari existimo, quam ab omnibus omnium Philosophorum scholis in simili argumento est unquam disputatum." [Prælectio prima. edit. 1763, p. 8.] *Malone.*

If by "the most perfect" is meant the *most regular* of the foregoing plays, I subscribe to Mr. Malone's opinion; but if his words were designed to convey a more exalted praise, without a moment's hesitation I should transfer it to MACBETH.

It is true, that the domestick tragedy of *Othello* affords room for a various and forcible display of character. The less familiar groundwork of *Macbeth* (as Dr. Johnson has observed) excludes the influence of peculiar dispositions. That exclusion, however, is recompensed by a loftier strain of poetry, and by events of higher rank; by a supernatural agency, by the solemnities of incantation, by shades of guilt and horror deepening in their progress, and by visions of futurity solicited in aid of hope, but eventually the ministers of despair.

Were it necessary to weigh the pathetick effusions of these dramas against each other, it is generally allowed that the sorrows of Desdemona would be more than counterbalanced by those of Macduff.

Yet if our author's rival pieces (the distinct property of their subjects considered) are written with equal force, it must still be admitted that the latter has more of originality. A novel of

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considerable length (perhaps amplified and embellished by the English translator of it) supplied a regular and circumstantial outline for *Othello;* while a few slight hints collected from separate narratives of Holinshed, were expanded into the sublime and awful tragedy of *Macbeth.*

Should readers, who are alike conversant with the appropriate excellencies of poetry and painting, pronounce on the reciprocal merits of these great productions, I must suppose they would describe them as of different pedigrees. They would add, that one was of the school of Raphael, the other from that of Michael Angelo; and that if the steady Sophocles and Virgil should have decided in favour of *Othello,* the remonstrances of the daring Æschylus and Homer would have claimed the laurel for *Macbeth.*

To the sentiments of Dr. Lowth respecting the tragedy of *Othello,* a general eulogium on the dramatick works of Shakspeare, imputed by a judicious and amiable critick to Milton, may be not improperly subjoined:

"There is good reason to suppose, (says my late friend the Rev. Thomas Warton, in a note on *L'Allegro,*) that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the THEATRUM POETARUM, a book published by his nephew Edward Philips, in 1675. It contains criticisms far above the taste of that period. Among these is the following judgment on Shakspeare, which was not then, I believe, the general opinion."—"In tragedy, never any expressed a more lofty and tragick heighth, never any represented nature more purely to the life: and where the polishments of art are most wanting, as probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleases with a certain WILD and NATIVE elegance." P. 194.

What greater praise can any poet have received, than that of the author of *Paradise Lost? Steevens.*

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